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THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE

An Autobiography

Books by W. S. Rainsford

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THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE—1922

W. S. Rainsford

THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE

An Autobiography

BY

W. S. RAINSFORD

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DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
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TO

EMILY ALMA

(MY WIFE)

A WOMAN ABLE, LOVING, BRAVE

HER GIFTS AND HER CHARACTER HAVE EVER BEEN TO HER HUSBAND AND HER SONS AN INSPIRATION, A BENEDICTION, AND A DEFENSE

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THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE

An Autobiography

THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE

CHAPTER I

Introductory

I am not writing the story of my life for scholars. I can make no claims to scholarship myself. I am writing for my friends, for those I lived among, worked for, and learned to love —and who loved me.

I write now for I shall soon be an old man. I do not feel it; on the contrary, I can truly say I feel more in sympathy with all people round me, I understand them better, I can more readily put myself in their places, than I did when I, too, marched with the Column in the strenuous years that are past.

Still the young fellows now call me Sir! and that very plainly indicates they think I am growing old. So I shall take the hint and begin to write my biography before I grow any older.

I write it because I have a story to tell. I have been a very fortunate man. I have lived in great times. I have had a very interesting life. I have seen more of the world than have most men. I have done things I am sorry for and things I am proud of. I can say, I think with truth, that I have tried to serve my fellow men; and the older I grow, and the more I have seen of all sorts and conditions of men, the more profoundly I believe that they are worth serving. That is another reason.

Then for a third reason, I want to write. I have a profound dislike for biographies as they are poured forth on us to-day. Most of them have little value and some of them have no excuse. They are poor, sloppy stuff, and mislead those who take the trouble to wade through them. They say too much and too little. They are not true pictures of life. The men whose life stories they profess to tell would have repudiated them. Most men are written about to-day, as till lately, ac-

cording to a ghastly custom, they were buried—in their dress suits, the most uncomfortable, the most unnatural clothing man ever wore. There is, of course, decency in everything. You can't bury a man naked, nor can you strip him to his skin when you write about him. None of us can tell the whole truth about ourselves, and none of us knows the whole truth about any living soul but ourselves, so decency demands a measure of reticence.

But, so much admitted, few men stand forth as they really were in their biographies. Alas, it has already fallen to my lot to read the biographies of quite a number of my dear friends. I have not found in any one of them what seemed to me a faithful picture of the man I knew and loved.

It seems a point of honour with biographers generally to rub down a life as an upholsterer rubs down with a lump of pumice stone the surface of a bit of furniture, till it will take a satisfactory uniform polish. The result, as was to be expected, is a smooth thing, pleasant to look at and feel, but the storm-worn surface of the man, his twisted sinews and veins, the tendons and the thews of him that struggled and suffered and sinned and conquered—what is left of them? Were they ever there? Sometimes you feel you have to go back to the Bible or to the Renaissance, to Plutarch's Lives, or to that incomparable rascal, Benvenuto Cellini, for real biography.

It's not quite as bad as that, I hope; but let us as soon as we can and as far as we can do away with biographic camouflage. It may be necessary in war between enemies; there is no excuse for it in peace between friends; and when a man writes his life story he is surely among friends, and of his friends and for his friends he writes.

The men you loved to walk with and work with did not carry their hearts on their sleeves, but that they had hearts you soon found out, and as you came to know them you showed them a good deal of your own. We can help each other by trying, heartily, constantly trying, to be in our writings what we have tried to be in our lives, honest friends and kindly companions to those who honoured us with their company on life's highroad.

Such is life, and such should be the quality and complexion of a biography, and doubly so of an autobiography. You quarrel

sometimes, and make up, or part. Sometimes you tell stories. Sometimes life is very gray and sometimes very glad, and often it is neither, but just steady pushing; but always it is real, always interesting, always worth while. Such at least I have found it. And since some of those I have best known have asked me to try to tell my story I shall try to do so, and as truthfully as I can. I shall speak about my friends and acquaintances as I would wish they spoke about me, putting them down as I saw them. Men and women, most of them fine and true, stumbling often, falling sometimes, not unreal angels, winged and white and sexless, unpleasant to live with and incapable of raising a family. I have some interesting stories to tell about my friends and fellow soldiers, but I shall put down nothing so far as I am judge which those who have trusted me would be pained or harmed by my reporting, for from my own experience I have learned that though from a point of duty it may be right to confess when you have done wrong, no one outside of a novel ever does it without, from a worldly and professional point of view, making a grievous mistake.

No man is happy and really successful alone. We are made to work together, to supplement one another. Truly to live, to accomplish anything that lasts, you must do it with the aid of others. You need the stimulus of their support, the restraint of their criticism. A few, perhaps, the very great of the earth, have stood and toiled and died alone, but there are very few of the very great. I have been more than fortunate in my association with my fellows. In my relation with them I have suffered from some serious faults of my own. I have a hasty and often an unbridled temper. I have never overcome a tendency to act too precipitately. My father truly said once in my hearing, "he jumps first, and looks afterwards." And thus I have offended and repulsed many I had no intention so to serve.

I never had even an ordinarily good gift of memory. I am occasionally haunted by a face, but never could remember a name. This is a serious handicap to a man who must draw others to him if he would accomplish anything; yet in spite of these two serious drawbacks I have been very happy on the whole in my association with my fellows. I have tried to understand them. I have tried very hard to put myself in their

places. Men and women have always been exceedingly interesting to me. I have found it easy to get their point of view, and once that is arrived at, oh! how charitable one has to be to the things, even the wrong things, they do. Lack of imagination, far more than of heart, is responsible, I am sure, for our failures better to understand and to aid each other.

I can honestly say I have tried to serve those that I have tried to understand. One tires of many things in a long life. One tires of all sorts of pleasures. But of helping a fellow marcher, no man tires. To put a half-fledged bird back in the nest, to help a lame dog over a stile, any one can do it, and no one who has acquired the habit grows tired of the job.

I have implied that to understand people came easily to me. I think it did. On the other hand, to be quite honest, I have been aware of a lack of permanence, of persistence, in my interest, a sort of come-easily-go-easily quality in it, of which I have been and am ashamed. That I have never overcome it, I fear. Perhaps we humans have no facile gift without its concomitant weakness. I am not excusing the weakness; I am trying to state the fact, to indicate things that with me made for failure as well as others that made for success. I can truthfully say that I have tried to be true to my fellows, to be worthy of their confidence and affection. Sometimes I have been accused of failing in this, but if so it was not of intention. I have often got myself into very serious trouble in the effort to be absolutely true. I cannot accuse myself of having ever willingly and knowingly betrayed a confidence, though to have done so on more than one occasion would have greatly smoothed my way. People in this world presume sometimes on their belief that, no matter what course they themselves may elect to pursue, those they have been associated with must keep the highroad they left them on. That is an unfair, a one-sided view to take, and some take it pretty successfully. A clergyman cannot take it, and I have never taken it. So far, then, as I can, I will avoid dwelling in these reminiscences on the few unfair, unkind, and unjust things that have been done to me. I have been more kindly treated than I deserved by multitudes, and unkindly and unfairly treated by very few indeed, and if I had been wiser in my treatment of these very few, no doubt it would have been better for me. In this

world we suffer more severely for our mistakes than for our sins.

Well, if I am to get on with my story, I must shorten my introduction. If I do not, no one will read it through, and this I very specially desire that all my friends should do. I wonder as I look back on my life from boyhood's days to 1906, when I resigned the rectorship of St. George's, New York, at the sustained and faithful support I received from all sorts of people. Especially do I wonder at my support in New York City. I was very poorly fitted to be the rector of a great parish in a great city. I was inexperienced, very imperfectly educated, and had little knowledge of the world. Many of those I was thrown with disagreed radically with me, and were, owing to training and environment, quite opposed to the theories I advocated and the reforms I strove to effect. Theologically and sociologically they were antagonistic, yet the support they gave me was enthusiastic. Looking back on it all, I am amazed. I suppose I had some quality of leadership that they recognized, though, frankly, I was not myself conscious of possessing it. I did see things I wanted to do. I did believe they should be done, and I bent such powers as I had to the doing of them. Anyway, it is but the truth to say I ever and always had from my people the most loyal and generous support.

To call our American people materialistic is folly. They are in everything, in business, in art, in social effort, and religion, too, the most idealistic people of all time. Too idealistic, if anything (see our seventy-six different religious sects). They forgive their leaders' blunders. They ignore and forget their failures. They encourage them to go on and try again. I know England and Ireland, I know Canada, and much as I like the British and Canadian people, I say that our people are the most stimulative, the most long-suffering, the most encouraging people to work with, if only you can convince them you are trying to do your poor best. They prove often to-day the truth of Jesus' splendid forecast, "Give to man and it shall be given to you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over shall *men* give into your bosom." So please, dear reader of this my story, when I speak of things done, aims achieved or partly achieved, remember I do not imply that I accomplished them. It is impossible always to

pause and explain that the credit given was not due to me alone, to my foresight or my persistence, but here once for all let me state it.

During the four years I was assistant rector of St. James Cathedral at Toronto, during the twenty-four years I was Rector of St. George's, my young clergy, my large and very heterogeneous band of religious volunteer workers, my sometimes doubting but always loyal vestry, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the intelligent and the ignorant, we all strove, we all worked together, and it was unity of purpose that gave us the success, and it was great, that we won. If I had been a wiser and a better man much more might have been accomplished, for no man ever had more loyal or more loving supporters.

I venture then on an autobiography, because I have a story worth the telling. I have seen things worth seeing. I have known men and women worth knowing, and I have had some small part in accomplishing things worth doing. I have travelled rather far, sometimes in lands not yet well known; sometimes among tribes not known at all, when first I met with them. I have spoken what I believed was the truth, and in speaking of it I have had a real joy. I have come into close and sometimes intimate contact with the poor man and the rich, with the savage and the saint, with labour unionist and multimillionaire, and I can truly say I have loved men of one type and of all types and have found them well worth loving. I had some gift of speaking; I found I could move men when I spoke. I doubt if I have any special gift of writing. Still I shall hope that those who take the trouble to read my story from end to end may find in it some things to interest, some things to amuse, and let me hope, too, that I shall not altogether fail at the close of my life in being of some service to those who, like myself, have been obliged to give up old, well-loved creeds and have only very partially succeeded in finding new ones. I have written much about my religious life. It meant all in all to me. I have dwelt on its changes. They were costly and painful, but as I look back I see that they were inevitable. I am very sure we are too reticent in speaking of our religious experiences. I shall therefore try to avoid such reticences. The clergy fail in leadership because they are too

often afraid openly to own that their own religious views have radically changed. Clergy and laity, we were all brought up that way. Religious matters are packed away, are not aired. The discussion of them is often left to the platitudinarians who have neither studied, nor thought, nor lived. We speak of trivial things, but those nearest our hearts we hide. If we spoke more frankly of what we really feel and believe we would help others and gain help ourselves. The influences that have forced changes on you have been at work on thoughtful men round you. If you have striven hard to retain the creed of your mother, simple, beautiful, all satisfying as it was to her, and have striven in vain; if some dear old belief that had lighted many a dark hour and helped you on many a rough and lonely mile has had to go, and a new sense of loneliness comes over you, oh! my friend, my fellow soldier, speak out, tell your pain, tell your story, and you will find as I have found that you are not alone; others have had the same doubts, have made the same gradual surrenders, and are now groping like yourself toward the same conclusions; for surely we all are as the writer to the Hebrews said long ago, "parting with the things that can be shaken, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain."

Some who read this story of mine will criticize harshly my changes of faith, and perhaps still more harshly my so plainly recording them.

Coleridge says that the man who puts Christianity before truth will later put what he wants to believe before Christianity.

Jesus, face to face with martyrdom, summed up his mission in words clear beyond argument (here the record rings true; none dared invent such words for him): "To this end was I born, for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

To me it seems dishonest for one whose life was spent in trying to teach the meaning of that great man's life to practise any evasion when he tells the story of his own changes of creed. Jesus changed his creed. His message to men at the close of those three brief years differed from his message at their beginning. So I must write, so far as I am able, truly; and in my biography speak, as I tried to speak when I was younger, things that are true, or rather the truest I see.

Mine, then, is the story of an ordinary sort of boy, youth, and man, who sometimes made a success of things, and sometimes made a mess of things, but who, in success or failure, found one golden thread always lying on the earthen floor of even the darkest windings in life's maze. If you have not already found it, I beg you look for it now. It is easy to find. Hold fast to it, and you will never quite lose either your way or your courage. I am persuaded it is the best guide we have to real influence, happiness, and true religion. This is my golden clue: "Try to serve your fellows with all your heart and you will not be far from your God!"

CHAPTER II

Earliest Memories

We lose the proper sense of the richness of life—if we do not look back on the scenes of our youth with imaginative warmth.—G. Meredith.

Later pages are sometimes dim in a life's story, but not the opening pages—these in mine I remember well. Certain things fasten themselves in the memory, others are uprooted and forgotten. Is there any rule governing generally their retention or their loss?

There are of course vital moments, epoch-making experiences, which no sane mind can forget—as when you first looked on that strange cold thing, the dead face of a friend. Or when you first stared death full in the face for yourself. Or when from head to foot your body thrilled at the first kiss of a woman who loved you. Or when in awful expectancy you waited and waited outside the door beyond which love and agony were giving to the world your firstborn. To forget such hours would be to cease to be.

But for the rest, at least in my own case, the most vital memories I have are associated with some compelling perception of beauty. It is Beauty that seems to have the power of stamping an impression on our mind tablets from which pitiless time so easily blots out a multitude of things we would fain remember.

Let me go back more than fifty years to a day in the late fall of 1869, when, very weary and very hungry, after a long life-and-death struggle through one of the densest and darkest forests in the world, unmapped and untracked in those days, I, staggering to the crest of a great mountain range, looked down and out on a jagged outline, vast, rocky, ribbed with frozen waterfalls, lifting its ramp to the clear winter sky. Somewhere it was in the wilderness of the Canadian Alpine country, north

of the United States boundary line. I cannot place it exactly now—there were then no detailed maps when we two, my future brother-in-law and I, helped by two wavering and very homesick Hudson Bay Indian guides, struggled through its awful solitudes. Winter was almost on us. Snow very deep. The wild sheep and goats were our only trail makers. Windfalls of pines, sometimes thirty feet in height, had barred our way forward and shut us in. Our provisions were almost gone; our horses were skeletons. Each night by the fire, our Indians told tales of starvation and death, or chanted the weird howling song, their homesick song they called it, as they begged us to turn back to the land we had left, of sunshine and of buffalo.

Weeks we had passed in struggle with the encompassing forest. Not a standing forest only of living stems, but a dead forest cumbering the ground, fallen trees matted together by ages of frost and storm. The living, spreading veils over the dead; gray, pendent veils of moss thirty feet high, that shut out air and sunlight. But we—that unforgettable evening—*we had burst through at last.* We had crossed the Rocky Mountains, had done what they said could not be done, crossed them by a trail of our very own. And now, standing on the topmost ridge of the Great Divide, our sun shone in a kindlier sky, and showed us a great sweep of more open country, falling, falling away to the Pacific Sea.

The iron gates of an iron land closed behind us that evening. The dreadful darkness, the voiceless gloom of the solitudes we had passed through, was beneath our feet and behind us. On the foothills to westward the sinking sun was shining, and the snows were crimson in its light. The forest itself was wrapped in purple, and over all that splendid, lonely mountain-land the penetrating peace of a windless evening fell.

I stood by my weary horse's head and drank it all in, and I see that glorious panorama now. Surely it was life itself I was gazing on, its fierce struggle almost hopeless at times; no force in our puny selves fitted to grapple with its pitiless, unyielding might. But the thing had to be done, the path had to be cut, the range had to be crossed—and when it is all over, then at last some miraculous, transmuting spell of beauty falls on it all and we are at peace; we are thankful for every hour of the struggle, and we know *life is good.*

But why do we know life is good? Because it is the beauty of it, not the pain of it, that ever lives within us. The beauty we remember, the pain we forget. Marlowe emphasizes this when, in a mighty line, he sums up the story of all the tragedies and losses of the old world's first great venture into a newer time:

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

A nation in arms to avenge Beauty, the one thing worth living and dying for.

If we had ears to hear or eyes to see, we would know that the story of Troy, the song of Homer, are reacted and resung even on the slovenly streets of our great cities to-day. When the Fourth Avenue cars were still towed by horses I had occasion constantly to use them. I came to know some of the drivers, and, I am afraid, sometimes broke the Company's rule of not talking to the man that drove. One man, an Irishman, I came to know better than the rest. Wages were low then, and reports of a change were in the air, and I asked him if, like many others, he would leave the line. "No, sorr," said he, "I would not miss passing that Tower" (we were passing Stanford White's beautiful campanile on Madison Square Garden) "for fifty cents a day." (That was the extra wage the street-car drivers were demanding.)

Yes, a thing of beauty touching our struggling lives may put heart and hope into the best, yes, and into the worst of us. Into the poor, unknown Irishman who preferred the thing of beauty he had grown to love, to a much-needed raise of wages, quite as truly as into the Captain of Industry who could delight himself in his private gallery. When we learn to love her, Beauty helps us all to believe, not only in the best things we know, but in the best things we dream. Though he could not talk about it or well explain what he felt, or why he felt it, so much had poor Stanford White's lovely tower done for my Irish street-car driver.

I have a distinct memory of a little cottage, covered with sweet white jasmine, its bay window opening on the ground. Of a small lawn, sloping down to a tiny brook that trickled along with pools in it. In these I saw little black things darting

about; Father said they were "pinkeens." He caught one for me and, as it lay in his hand, I wondered exceedingly how the black thing I saw in the water as I looked down on it from his shoulder could change into the silvery flat thing that lay broadside in his hand.

That was my first lesson in natural history, and very vivid it is to me still. I could not have been two years old then, and I am told that reminiscences of so early an age are unusual. If so, I must have somehow used up, when I was very little, too much of what gifts of memory were allotted me, for now, of things that happened only yesterday, my mind is a poor registrar.

That was at Coolock, a modest Dublin suburb, where I was born, October 30, 1850.

My boyhood story begins in the old town of Dundalk, and it is a beautiful part of it that I most distinctly remember. I see still, as clearly as I saw with a little boy's eyes sixty-five years ago, the graceful sweep of the purple hill line as the Mourn Mountains gradually sank to the sea. It was the view from the old red brick Vicarage window at Dundalk, where we all lived together till I was fifteen years of age. Very beautiful it was, but the foreground was commonplace enough. A gray-green salt meadow, and beyond it, for more than a mile, mud flats through which a shallow river ran, widening and deepening as it formed the little half-deserted port, where at low tide, at every possible angle, the colliers and fishing smacks lay tilted, waiting for the incoming tide to straighten them up. There was no beauty there, just a slovenly port on a muddy coast; but that lovely heather-covered line of mountain, the slopes patched with ripe fields of yellow barley, lifted all the flat marshes on both sides of the river into beauty that was its own.

I must say a word about these mud flats, by the way, before I leave them. While I was very little, those mysterious mountains were a far-off wonderland to me. I came to roam them and claim them later, but the mud flats were near, and had a fascinating interest of their own. Little crabs hid in the edges of the sea grass, and strange small fishes squirmed into the mud at the bottom of the shallow pools of brackish water left there when the tide ran down. They were an awfully dirty playground, and far out from our meadow's edge I could not

go, for the mud was too deep; but how interesting they were, and what wonderful things they hid!

As I grew older I wanted to know the names of the sea birds, too, that came to feed on them: the different wild ducks that fed on the flats as soon as the tide went down; the long-necked diving cormorants that used to perch on the tops of the wooden piles that marked the narrow, twisting channel's course; the plovers and curlews with long curved bills, and the flocks of little, flashing sand-pipers that kept running on the very edge of the salt water as it rose and fell. Father knew the names of them all, and was my willing instructor.

But I must get away from the flats of the bay and the dreamy mountains, and tell of my boyhood's home, and Father and Mother who made it.

ANCESTRY

On my father's side we claim an ancient lineage, and we were taught to be proud of it. I cannot vouch for its complete accuracy, but must give an outline of it as it was given to me. Spelling was held to be of little importance in those bygone times, and I am told that in my family history there have been almost seventy variants in spelling the name. The common custom, too, of adding to their own names those of the chief manors they acquired either by marriage or by less legitimate means, adds to the confusion. This makes the accurate working out of a genealogy no easy matter. My great-grandfather did, however, for many years patiently attempt the task, and produced a family tree of imposing height and girth. Alas! a fire consumed it, and a good many other things of interest to us.

Reduced to a few lines it comes to this: when Rollo the Norseman swept over Normandy in the Tenth Century, he had among his band one Guy Rainsford. This Guy Rainsford must have amounted to something as a fighting man, for he managed to secure for himself and his descendants a very large share of the conquered province. One of these Rainsfords was Archbishop of Rouen two centuries later. Other of Guy's descendants crossed to England in 1066 with the Conqueror, and very soon seem to have firmly settled themselves in three different parts of England—in Essex, in Cornwall, and in Lancashire. From the Lancashire men we claim descent.

Some of them "took the Cross" in the Thirteenth Century, and followed Prince Edward, afterward Edward I, to the Holy Land, changing their older coat of arms for the Cross and their family motto for the Crusaders' motto, "In Hoc Signo Vinces." The family flourished in the times of Edward III—one of them then held Calais for the King—and seems to have been pretty badly cut up, as were most ancient English families, in the Wars of the Roses.

During or after those troublous times, some of the Lancashire Rainsfords came to Ireland. They lived within the Pale in Elizabeth's times, and were loyal servants of the English Crown. Under Elizabeth and James and Charles, they prospered, and acquired considerable landed property. When the Stewarts' fortunes fell, theirs fell with them. Some fought on William the Third's side. In those days my direct ancestor was a stout Orangeman, and his name you can see proudly cut on the pedestal of the equestrian statue erected to the Conqueror of the Boyne. It stands near Carlisle Bridge, in Dublin, and looks down on the Liffy. The wandering instincts of the family, by the way, had not died down, for in the Seventeenth Century one Robert Rainsford, with others, secured a grant from Warwick House, London, December 2, 1631, to build a town in New England. This was Boston. An island in that harbour is called after him, and many years ago I saw, on the corner of one of the old crooked streets of the lower town, his name.

One of the strange things about the Irish race has been its power of absorbing those immigrant peoples who cast in their lot with the Celt. The descendants of Strongbow's Knights and Cromwell's Irreconcilable Ironsides have both given to Ireland some of her most resolute champions against English misrule. My forebears, after the days of William III, seem soon to have fallen into the haphazard ways of the country. The family gradually fell from its high estate. It did not, in England or Ireland or in America, produce men of marked ability. The New England branch was deported to New Brunswick when Boston surrendered to Washington's army; and hardship and salt codfish together proved so unfavourable that, as one of them told me some years ago, they had not been able to produce a first-class lawyer, doctor, or parson since 1780.

In Ireland we fooled away our property, and so it was that

what of it came to my father was a small estate indeed. And with his life the entail ended of Rainsford Lodge, County Wicklow, the modest house in which he was born.

My mother was the daughter of Stephen Dickson, the Rector of Dungarvan, in the south of Ireland. Her great-grandfather was a friend and schoolmate of Charles James Fox, at Eton. From their school days a life-long affection united the two men, and the Great Commoner made his friend Bishop of Down. I think his was the only Episcopal appointment Fox made. Mother treasured some relics of that great-grandfather. One of them I have still, the only piece remaining of a silver tea-and-coffee service which Fox gave the Bishop.

Mother's people were a fighting stock, too. Her great-uncle was one of Wellington's Brigadiers, and later was made Governor of Halifax, Sir Jeremiah Dickson.

DUNDALK

My father was appointed to the vicarage of Dundalk by the Earl of Roden, the patron of the living, in 1852. The Earl was a kind and constant friend to our family.

Dundalk was then, and is still, a straggling, untidy town, claiming some ten thousand inhabitants, the great majority of course being Roman Catholics. Its two long, badly paved streets crossed at the market place. Saturday, market day, the country folk for many miles round came to town to sell such things as they had to sell, from pigs, cows, and horses, to apples, potatoes, and fish. You heard Gaelic talked among the market stalls, and the homespun, gray-frieze, swallow-tailed coat, battered stove-pipe hat, stout worsted stockings, and tight corduroy breeches still marked the prosperous farmer.

Dundalk is an ancient town, well placed. It stands at the head of a considerable bay into which a short river rising in the near-by mountains runs. The ruins of an old castle stood some way back from the water—it had no doubt once commanded the port. Indeed, there are ruins of many old castles in that part of the country; Carlingford Lough, the next inlet to Dundalk Bay, to the northeast, was studded with them. Legend said Cromwell's cannon had pounded them into submission, but then, if all the stories of the great Protector's

cannon work in Ireland were true, he could never have left that country during his short and stormy career. But plenty of fighting, real enough, there had been near Dundalk. The great Robert Bruce's brother, Edward, was killed in an eventful battle near by; and Danish pirates, Irish kings, and English soldiers, from Strongbow's time till the last tragic, useless rising in 1798, had done what they could to foster in the neighbourhood the Irishman's love of fighting.

How hard I tried to get someone to tell me the story of it all, but I never succeeded. Between the Irish peasant and the class that owned the land and administered the law in those days there was "a great gulf fixed." Those who could tell the local stories were silent or had crossed the sea.

My first recollections of Dundalk were naturally of the old red-brick vicarage, with its row of elm trees facing the mountains and the sea; and next, the old church and two unusual things about it: its crooked spire, always threatening to tumble sideways off its base on the ivy-draped stone tower, and the Sunday morning collection, gathered from everyone in the congregation, in great long copper spoons. I never before or since saw such a steeple, nor have I been able to duplicate anywhere those copper spoons.

How the very old tower came to have that wooden, copper-sheathed monstrosity built on top of it no one knew, but there it stood, spite of its tipsy tilt to one side, defying wind and weather; and the weather had given to the copper sheathing a rich colouring that attracted me. Why, too, we had to put our pennies in those long-handled spoons where they rattled loudly no one knew: such was the custom of the church. The churchwardens, having made their rounds, marched solemnly with their several spoons, not to my father and the Holy Table, but to their own seats; only when church was dismissed did they bring them to the chancel and empty them with clangour on the table.

The first Sunday in the month a great silver salver stood up on the Communion table against the wall, and into it the spoonfuls were emptied, with a still louder clangour. My interest culminated then, for I was allowed to help Father and the churchwardens in counting the collection; in it appeared many strange coins, mostly copper, of course, of many coun-

ries and of many dates. Coins as to the value of which a more than reasonable doubt existed were apt to find their way into those spoons; more especially since their tops, half covered over, served admirably to hide from the most watchful churchwarden's eye the exact nature of the offering. The money was stacked in little piles of shillings on the Communion table. When there was silver (as on Communion Sundays and Sundays when there would be Missionary collections) in pounds, almost always the interesting question of valuation had to be solved. Were these half-pennies or pennies or farthings? Were these silver bits to be counted as threepenny or fourpenny, as sixpences or as shillings? It was all extremely interesting. I remember at one time Father had quite a collection of strange coins, for which of course he had paid, week by week, what he believed was an honest equivalent in coin of the realm. What became of it I can't remember.

The church was cruciform in plan; the pews, as was then usual in Ireland, were of different sizes, graded to express the importance of the families that had occupied them for generations. Some were large and square, even having a table, and sometimes a stove, in the middle. If you were not interested in the sermon you might be in your neighbours, for you looked full into their faces as often as at their backs. The Communion table, with its blue cloth (any other colour smelled of popery) stood under the ancient and ugly stained-glass window of the chancel. Facing the chancel, at the far end of the church, was the organ loft, and there sat such poor choir as was to be had. In the south aisle was another loft, divided into just two great pews, one for the Earl, the other for the local distiller.

I can see the old church on Sunday morning, as I write today, full to the doors, and not dimly some of the faces rise before me. Many a congregation I have faced since then, but few can I remember as well as this, and I think I am right in saying that those who formed it Sunday after Sunday were no ordinary crowd. There was the distiller, his two sons, and three daughters. To them we looked for the fashions. Dundalk whiskey had a more than local reputation in those days, and Mr. H—— had made some money and saved it. The family had social ambitions, and since, somehow, this came to be

understood, it gave rise to amusement; for a family tree counted for a good deal in Ireland, and the H——'s were supposed to have none. The curious thing was that one of Mr. H——'s children, the youngest son, did carve out for himself a very unusually brilliant social career. He entered the army and became, to the amazement of the whole countryside, equerry to the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII). He began by hard work, too, for he won by sheer ability a commission in the Royal Engineers, passing out of Woolwich near the head of his class; and he certainly made the most of his start.

Where centre aisle and side aisles met sat John Barton and his family, in a great square pew. John Barton was a very unusually gifted man; and, though he did not seem to know it, and his neighbours certainly did not, a man far ahead of his time. His was the brain that planned the Menai Straits Bridge, a marvel of engineering in those days. And sixty years ago I can remember hearing him argue with heat and at length that there must soon be a tunnel joining England and France—rank heresy then. He was intensely religious, one of the band that Father gathered round him as teacher and leader. All day he worked in his office, and most of his evenings were spent preaching where he was invited to preach. He was absolutely sure of his creed, as were all the Evangelicals of that time. The second advent was a certainty and all things pointed to its nearness.

I was rather afraid of Mr. Barton, for he had a habit of asking us boys straight and awkward questions—Were we converted? Had we accepted Jesus? And since I knew my bones ached during the more than two hours' Sunday service, preceded by a good hour and a half of Sunday School, also with hard seating, I did not feel that I had any right to indulge a settled conviction as to my own religious state. Father never asked us such questions, and Jack Barton, Mr. Barton's eldest son and my chum, fought as shy of questioning as I did. He and I were close friends. We helped each other into, and not always out of, many a scrape in early days. Our paths in life diverged. He became an engineer and, under Balfour's régime in Ireland, did such able work during the '80's and '90's that he received Knighthood at the hands of the King.

Near the Bartons' pew sat a very dashing fellow whom we all admired. His father, though he could ill afford it, indulged the family pride by purchasing for him a cornet's commission in a crack cavalry regiment—the Carbineers, and lower down, on the same aisle, sat under the shadow of the organ-loft John Murphy. I wish that I were able at all adequately to sketch my true friend, John Murphy. To him I owe a debt. When I first knew him he looked a soldier, straight and strong. He must have been about fifty. He might have been one of Cromwell's Ironside Captains, living in a later day. I saw his bedroom once. It fitted the man. A hard, narrow cot; no curtains on the windows, no carpet on the floor. He was an Orangeman and an uncompromising enemy of popery in any shape. His tenants were Roman Catholic to a man, and the local priests had more than once denounced him from the altar; and such anathema too often carried with it very grave consequences indeed. Unmoved, unarmed, John Murphy went his way. There was too often hard feeling between landlord and tenant then—often something worse; but his tenants seemed to like him. He was a magistrate, too, and never missed taking his duty on the bench; and such an office seldom helped a man's popularity; but John Murphy was so absolutely just that he won, on the bench and off, with Catholic and Protestant alike, respect if not regard. He never married, and lived by himself, two miles out of town. His friends told him he was sure to be shot, but he never carried arms and always walked alone. So much for John Murphy's outside. But, oh! how kind and fatherly and understanding he was to me, a boy. Once one of my boyhood escapades got to the ears of the police (the Irish Constabulary knew everything you did) and the story got to him. So he would have me out to spend the night in his grim, bare house, and advise me what and what not to do. There was a searching quality in his clear, gray eyes—you told him the whole truth and trusted him.

He won my boyish confidence by giving me his own. When he was a young man he had seriously practised mesmerism and found he had unusual mesmeric power. Over one of his grooms he had gained such power that, even when the man was alone, John Murphy noticed he would do unusual things, evidently quite unconsciously and at the bidding of his master's un-

spoken will. This turn of affairs alarmed John Murphy and he decided there and then never again to mesmerize any one. This happened, he told me, in early days, before his conversion.

He, too, took cottage meetings, and, like Mr. Barton, went round the country preaching among the Protestants. He had not Mr. Barton's eloquence, but he knew his Bible by heart, and the pose and carriage of the man won respect and acceptance among the Orangemen of the north. He never spent anything on himself. I do not think he laid any money by—his one purpose was to lead all over whom he had any influence into personal relations with a God and Saviour who were to him:

> . . . closer than breathing,
> Nearer than hands and feet.

Another face from the old church's dim interior: Miss Sheckelton lived in two bare but very clean rooms opposite the parish day school. She was small and old and not especially clever, but where she went she brought sunshine with her.

"Woe to you when all men speak well of you" has indisputable authority behind it. This dear old saint proved that to general deductions in morals, even the wisest and most inclusive, there are exceptions. No one ever was known to speak evil of Miss Sheckelton. With inspired tactfulness she went about doing good. She seemed to know what to say, and when to say nothing. Looking back now on my boyhood days, I can see how remarkable a woman she must have been to catch my interest and fasten herself in my memory as she certainly did. She was young, so really young. "Whom the gods love die young"—ah, no. It must have been some godly Puritan divine, with scholarship as bad as his complexion, who popularized that libel on human nature. What the poet really said was: "Those whom the gods love stay young till they die."

> There are in this loud stunning tide,
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of everlasting chime;
> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

One more face, old and weatherbeaten—the face of a sailor—I looked to see on Sunday with more lively expectancy than I looked for any of the others. He lived in a small cottage, only two rooms to it, several Irish miles away on the mountainside, but he never missed church. Wherever Father went preaching, he went, though he never attempted an address himself. He loved to talk to the converts, especially the young converts, for with any sort of a boy he could get on. When I grew old enough to walk the distance, I would drop in to that little, honeysuckle-covered cottage by the moorland when I was out for long rambles with my gun. On its wall hung strange dried fishes from far-off seas—great sharks' jaws with many rows of teeth, hooked tusks of the sperm whale, and the twisted ivory lance of the narwhal. Story after story I would draw from him of what he called the wild days of his youth. He was a little ashamed of them but I could see he liked telling of them, too.

The old church held about eight hundred people. These I have written of were leaders in it, and they and many others loved Father and Mother and were broken-hearted when we went away, in 1865, to London.

CHAPTER III

Father and Mother

Let us joyfully recognize all men, who, with whatever imperfection of doctrine or even of conduct, contribute materially to the work of human improvement.—August Comte.

I can give no true picture of my father and mother, I cannot explain the atmosphere and environment that surrounded my youth, if the Evangelical revival were left out. It is seldom referred to now, but it is well worth remembering. The one thing, real above all real things in our home, was Religion; and Religion meant the Puritan Evangelicism of the time. What strange banners the good and the brave in all the ages have chosen to fight under! Though long ago these banners have been furled and laid aside, let us reverently salute them still. They were carried by brave men. Those Irish Evangelicals were not, it is true, a great host, but they preached the truth of God as they saw it, and they influenced their time.

In their band, Father was a leader. He had a fine carrying voice. He had an Irishman's eloquence, and he profoundly believed that he held a commission to declare God's truth to men whether they "would hear or forbear." So he had power with the crowds that for many years listened to him, first in Ireland and then in Belgrave Square, London.

Doctor Mahaffy, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, has well described the men and the message they bore, and I quote from an article of his in the *Hibbert Journal* of April, 1903. I do this at some length, for if my own life story is to be helpful to those who find that their creeds are changing, I must make it clear what my boyhood's beliefs were and from what I broke away:

"The great Evangelical Movement" had been working in Dublin ever since the opening of the Nineteenth Century.[1] It was discountenanced by the bishops and the fashionable clergy, and did not become dominant till the very tactless rule of Archbishop Whately threw a vast number of the rich laity into the movement, who built free chapels, not under the Archbishop's control, and filled them with able popular preachers.[2] They emptied the parish churches and monopolized the religious teaching of the Protestant population.

The popular preachers of Dublin in 1850 differed from the early Puritans in that these thought an accurate knowledge of the original Bible essential, while their descendants were quite content with the Authorized Version. But so convinced were they of the vital importance of scripture, that I have actually heard a clergyman on a platform assert the verbal inspiration of the English Bible, on the ground that the same influence which guided the pens of the original writers could not have failed to guide, in the same manner, translators who were to make known to the English nation the message of the Gospel. Regarding then the Bible, as they understood it, as the absolute rule of faith, they nevertheless acquiesced in the formularies and ritual of the Church of England. They never quarreled with the Book of Common Prayer: they read through the service devotedly—even the Athanasian Creed received its due place—but the service was but a long prelude to the real work of the day, the sermon. For this purpose the minister retired, and reappeared in the lofty pulpit in a black preaching gown and bands.

In his discourse it was his absolute duty to set forth the whole Gospel (as he understood it) so that any stray person, or any member of the congregation in a contrite condition, might then and there attain conversion (which was always sudden) and find peace. These men were all Calvinists, as their forefathers had been; they were distinctly anti-ritualists. The doctrine of justification by faith was the cardinal point of their teaching. . . . They did not hesitate to preach that all those who had not embraced the dogma of justification by faith were doomed to eternal perdition. They believed as strongly as Massilon in "the small number of the elect." They were not afraid to insist on the eternity and very maximum of torture. On the other hand, they had the firmest belief in the future bliss of those who were saved, and upon their deathbeds looked forward with confidence to an immediate reunion with the saints who had gone before. They had strong hopes of seeing visions of Glory on their deathbeds.

They lived saintly lives, though they inveighed against the value of good works. They controlled their congregations as spiritual autocrats, though they denied all efficiency in Apostolic Succession. They were excellent and able men, proclaiming a creed that has over and over again produced great

[1] It is more correct to say since 1780. See "Cambridge Modern History," Vol. vi. 81–89. Doctor Mahaffy also fails to emphasize (probably from lack of space) the humanitarian influence of the movement. To it chiefly was due England's splendid and far-seeing protest against the Slave trade, her suppression of it in her own Dominions, and her protest against it everywhere. —W. S. R.

[2] My father was chaplain at one of these, the Molineux asylum in Dublin, before he came to Dundalk.—W. S. R.

and noble types of men, though most philosophers would pronounce it a cruel and even immoral parody of the teachings of the Saviour.

Doctor Mahaffy might have added that the majority of these men believed and preached in the imminence of the second coming of Jesus and the gathering to Him of His saints in the air, which belief indeed St. Paul, in his earliest teachings, held, as we see by the first of his epistles (I and II Thessalonians)—a belief he evidently modified if he did not abandon later.

The Evangelicals had, in the Eighteenth Century, saved the cause of real religion in England. Witfield and Wesley, loyal members of the national church, had, till they were driven forth from her fold, done all that men could do to bring about necessary reforms. They had gone to the poor, the neglected masses of the land, and had won multitudes to a real religious faith. In the best sense of the term, they were religious Democrats. The Evangelicals of the Nineteenth Century were their spiritual heirs. They, too, protested against the worldliness, ignorance, and supineness of the national church; and when all preferment was denied them, they went outside Episcopal boundaries, preaching on the streets and in the cottages of the poor.

The Roman Church usually burned her reformers, but sometimes, as in the case of St. Francis, she had the wit to canonize them. The English Church never burned hers, but uniformly she ignored and repressed them; and from a religious point of view, who shall say that repression was not in the end more fatal to her own life than if she had sent them to the stake? If only, when Wesley and his saintly band had risen in protest against her sloth, her gross materialism, and her slavish obedience to the corruption of the time, she had listened and repented! If, instead of driving Wesley forth from the church he loved, she had given him a seat among the Bishops, and set him free to preach the Gospel from John o' Groate House to Land's End, what new life, what splendid religious and national enlargement might she not have won! What weakness, shame, and division might she not have escaped!

The revival in the Eighteenth Century had its main root in England. In the Nineteenth, it began in Scotland, spread to Ireland, and, in a modified form, later influenced England profoundly. In England, however, its doctrinal forms were modi-

fied. The weakness of the movement lay in its crude dogmatism; its power in its appeal to the masses of the people neglected by the churches. The Evangelicals offered men "God's plan of salvation." God had done it all; there remained nothing for man to do but accept the finished work of Jesus. Lowell put this theory of Grace in the lines:

'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

Salvation was an arrangement entered into between the persons of the Trinity; all man had to do was to believe and accept it. It was a system of theological arithmetic so direct and simple that any could understand it. One of the most popular hymns of the time ran thus:

Cast your deadly doings down,
Down at Jesus' feet.
Stand in Him and Him alone,
Gloriously complete.

And again:

Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

It may seem strange that a doctrine so crude, so contrary to man's experience, should have been accepted by multitudes, but accepted it was. As a matter of fact, it was not more unreasonable than was Luther's of Justification by Faith, and both seemed to have the sanction and authority of great names, from St. Paul's time to our own. Good men who had little learning and no knowledge of history saw in it an understandable way of getting rid of their sins and drawing near to their God. The aim was a true aim, the instinct sincerely religious; and since this was the all-important matter, the cause of spiritual religion was for the time being advanced. Men who knew themselves heavily burdened, as was Pilgrim, saw again the great sin-bearing brother take on Himself their intolerable load. And like Pilgrim when his burden tumbled from his shoulders, they stepped out bravely on the narrow way that led to the far-off Celestial City.

Looking back on these days of hope and faith, many who took part in them know, all too surely, that the business of

saving souls and of helping on the Kingdom of God on Earth is not so simple a matter. Though it had no adequate vision of a Kingdom of God on Earth, though its belief in the end of the "dispensation," the nearness of Christ's coming, and the rapture of the saints tended to make it careless of social reforms, it stood for a real thing, for another effort of poor human nature to "arise and go to its Father." It was followed by reaction, of course; all religious movements have been; but it did good, drew men of all classes together, and as to its experiences and beliefs—who shall say? Perhaps to our children's children some of the things we think about God and sin and salvation will seem as crude and unacceptable as does the revivalist's gospel of fifty years ago to us to-day.

It has become the fashion to belittle those men, the work they did, and the message they delivered. But there is a debt owing to them, and a large debt. In the hymnology of the Eighteenth Century, and the first three quarters of the Nineteenth, the Evangelicals left us a precious legacy. If poetry is the evidence of vitality in any movement, then those men possessed it. In the hymns of Watts, Charles Wesley, and Cooper in the Eighteenth Century, and of Kelly, Heber, Lyte, and Neale in the Nineteenth, just to name a very few, those Evangelicals gave to our time, and bequeathed to succeeding times, a heritage that is priceless.

The Roman Catholic Church boasts its Newman and Faber, but the two or three great hymns of theirs that will hold their place for ever owe their inspiration, not to the Hierarchy those men submitted to, but to the spirit of the church and party they abandoned. They wrote them before they left the Anglican Church.

How much of hymns ancient and modern will live? Just the part borrowed from the Evangelicals. Since their time, neither the English national church nor the Protestant churches in England or anywhere else, nor the "sectlets" that have sprung up mushroom-like in a night, have produced any hymns as good. Nay, they have failed to produce any hymns at all.

If this seems too sweeping a statement, take the index of any good hymnal; study the names and dates of the authors of those hymns we love ourselves and teach our children, and you will find that ninety-five per cent. of them were written by the

men whose lives were changed and uplifted by the evangelical revivals of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries.

Dogmatism limited the Evangelicals, but their failure arose from also another grave error. They failed to enter into and to sympathize with the spirit of their time.

> The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.—*Song of Solomon*, ii, 11, 12, 13.

So sang an immortal lover, three thousand years or more ago. And in the last half of the Nineteenth Century, in many lands—in English-speaking lands especially—there was a new springtime in the hearts of men. In scholarship, architecture, poetry, literature, science, a new spirit sought expression. It cared nothing for a religion of "other-worldliness"; and the other-worldliness of Evangelism debarred it from understanding and entering into the spirit of that time.

The general assembly of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland made, in 1837, a pronouncement: "Amusements and all parties the object of which is simply pleasure ought to be abandoned." With this wholesale condemnation of one of the essential needs of human nature, the men I have been writing of thoroughly agreed; and with the result that a stamp of gloom and unnatural restraint was increasingly attached to evangelical religion. Thoughtful people began to see that it emphasized the visionary and ignored the actual; that if it had spiritual yearnings, it had no social outlook; that, in limiting the meaning of salvation, it had unconsciously distorted the teachings of Jesus; for nothing about that teaching was more certain than that the Kingdom of God, as He preached it, was meant to have a very real and actual expression here on earth, first in a reformed individual, and then in a transformed social order.

No one had heard of Nietzsche in those days, but that great radical would have found many of his ideas as to what was due to children practised in our home had he had the good fortune to visit it.

Father and Mother were Law, Light, and Love to us. Home was meant to be everything and it was everything to me. There were no distractions, no amusements, outside it. We were eight children; we formed a sort of unconscious Kindergarten of our own. We had to get together and get on together, for there were no other children to get on with. I remember when there were six of us, we all slept side by side in narrow beds in one big nursery. When the seventh came, I was sent up to the attic, and I did not approve the move, for it was lonely and cold up there.

What was true of our home was true of many others. Large families were the rule, and the large family has possibilities of education of the greatest value. Like a covey of partridges, the children are dependent on their own crowding for common warmth and comfort. All too soon Life scatters the covey, but the birds can take the better care of themselves, and of their progeny when parentage comes to them, for that earliest experience of communal life.

Father and Mother ruled our home. Hours were kept punctually; no one dreamed of being late for a meal or for family prayer, with which each day began and ended. Obedience was not a hardship, it was a matter of course. We all had to do things for each other, and did them, especially for Father and Mother, willingly. If I was good I was allowed to help Mother in her morning gardening. She rose at six to do it, as long as she had any health at all.

I contrast the memories of my home with what I see on all hands in families to-day. Children are taught chiefly to do things for themselves; to express themselves, to find their own *true* selves. All trash and humbug, half science, pseudo science, nothing else! Of course the aim of every enlightened parent is to help the child to find itself, to be its best self; so only can it succeed. This is the aim of true education. There is not, there cannot be, there never has been any other aim. The vital question is how to attain it.

If, even in earliest infancy, the very babies are taught to assert themselves, to express their own view of things, to have their own way, one of two things must happen. Either the child wins out and the parent gives in, or parental authority is attained only at the cost of perpetual argument and dispute.

All nature cries out against such an idea of child training. What is the stored-up experience of the parent for? That precious heritage, handed down through the ages, so painfully acquired and retained? What is it but a trust for the child? Acquired knowledge, experience, and care all surround it. These form the nest where the little things are brooded over; where, in warmth and safety, they are housed till flying time comes and life bids the use of the wings that parental love has strengthened and trained.

Use of the wings comes soon enough, comes inevitably. For pity's sake, for childhood's sake, don't let us be guilty of the folly which no swallow or sparrow could commit; don't push life over the nest edge till you have done your part to teach it life's true values. What possible value has the judgment of a child, say, of four years? Yet how commonly I have been forced to look on the folly, nay, the tragedy, of a poor, ignorant, theorizing mother arguing with her four-year-old little one. Ah, I have so often watched in following years the result in families known to me. There was no "nest" idea in the parents' mind, and so no such idea ever dawned in the children's mind. The fathers were absorbed in business, the mothers had compelling social engagements. Nurses and new theories of child culture, half understood or not understood at all, worked evilly. The growing intimacy of the child with both parents was impossible. And so the divinely intended, supreme value of parent to child and of child to parent was never known to either.

So far as the communal side of education goes, the children of the poor have an advantage over the children of the rich. Life's actualities, in their case, cannot be escaped; there are all-important things that must be done, and there are definite times for doing them The child falls into the habit of doing them, for it has to, and gains in the doing. The poor man's child cannot stop to argue the point before it has reached the time in its life when its opinions are of value; for if it does, it is pushed on one side by its more intelligent child competitors. It soon finds it must yield to the communal rule in life's school, or its place is at the foot of the class. I do not hesitate to say, and I do not speak as a mere theorist, that in the United States to-day, the poor man's child at ten years old, who has attended

the public school, is further on the road to good citizenship than is the child of the rich man. It stands to gain a truer view of its place in life, a far better knowledge of other children, and to learn one all-important lesson, the lesson of obedience, by the things it has suffered, if by no other way. It learns helpfulness, too, for all in the household of the poor *must* help or suffer. Its pleasures can only be had in so far as it guides itself by the laws of association. It must associate with its fellows or go without games. Here, as illustrating what home-making can be among the very poor, I will tell a story that I could not tell in St. George's pulpit, for members of the family I now write of were present in the congregation. I knew one little woman (four feet nine inches) who came to the United States thirty years ago with her husband and five little children. As soon as they landed the man was stricken with blindness. She had to work for all, and she did. They were often hungry, but she brought them all up. The boys have done well. One of the girls is a successful dramatic author. A few years ago all the children and the mother and father dined together on her birthday. After dinner the mother said: "This is my sixty-fourth birthday—the first easy year of my life. I thank God that he helped me to bear and bring up good children. I feel a little tired now; I will go and lie down." She went to her bed and did not leave it, dying peacefully in a few days. How slothful and meaningless do many lives seem by contrast with such lifelong heroism!

Certain things were not tolerated in our home; on them there could be no discussion. Untruthfulness, disobedience, were first. Cowardice, idleness, and cruelty to animals or neglect of our pets were a good second.

My memory of those very early years is far clearer than of happenings in later times, but I can only recall one act of deliberate disobedience and one lie I told, and the burning shame of both faults I can remember still.

You ask, can such relations between parents and children be established and maintained in these days? Of course they can. I have seen more of our modern life than most men. I have been consulted by many parents, and I know intimately some homes where still the balance of things, as I remember them in my own home, is maintained; where parents live before all

things for their children, and the children begin life under wise and loving discipline. Such are before all others happy and successful homes. The children "rise up to call such parents blessed," though in creed and custom they may have made far departure since childhood's days. They realize that the one thing, the supremely important thing they then learned, was a *true attitude to life*, and in that they found lasting happiness and usefulness.

In educational methods, of course, we have greatly improved. Young people have a knowledge (sometimes rather too superficial) of things we had no opportunity to know anything about sixty years ago. Teaching is better done. The individual capacities of the child are discovered and developed. All fine, and as it should be; but the real thing after all is to give the child a true spirit. Everything else is secondary—given that, and ultimate failure is unlikely. Fail in that, and all is failure. Somewhere Stevenson has put what I am trying to say with beauty and power: "A dogma changed is a new error, the old form is probably better; but a spirit imparted is a perpetual possession."

I suppose I must have been punished sometimes, but I have no recollection of it—we certainly were never struck—but to dispute for an instant the discipline of the home never occurred to us. We were taught to have no secrets from Father and Mother; taught that, in little troubles or big, they wanted to know all about it, and would help us out; and the custom of going to them about everything became firmly established. In these two important respects, little punishment and much coöperation and confidence, I think our home was unlike and in advance of most other homes, and that Father and Mother were the most wise, tender, and patient parents I ever knew.

The evenings we looked forward to. Then we all sat round the fire in the drawing room. Father and Mother sang to us (Mother had a sweet alto voice) and told us stories. Then, as we grew bigger, Father read to us, except when he had to go preaching (which we resented). And later still we, as well as our parents, sang. My eldest sister, Sarah (afterward Mrs. Herbert Watney), led us. She had a soprano voice.

Father read delightfully, explaining as he went. What an

introduction he gave us to "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," and then to "Pilgrim's Progress!" With Bunyan he was specially at home, and long questionings we had, some of them doubtful, as to the fitting parts played by the great and diverse company in that immortal epic of man's religious life. When we were done with Pilgrim, Father took up Christiana; but she and her children never thrilled us as Pilgrim did, though we did love Mr. Greatheart.

We were poor in those early Dundalk days. I learned afterward that the family income was just $1500—not much on which to feed and clothe and educate eight children—but it was so managed that we did not feel poor. There was always money to relieve the distress of our neighbours. We raised our own vegetables, had a cow, chickens, and pigs, and Father and Mother between them did even such rough work as salting down the bacon. I remember we thought Mother a wonderful cook; anything that was unusually nice she made for us herself, and she made most of our clothes.

Looking back on those years now, from 1855 to 1865, I can see that the strain on my mother was more than even her fine constitution and indomitable courage could endure. She gave her very life for the home. Her babies came too closely, one after the other; her sewing took all her evenings, her careful housekeeping and cooking her days. Her garden, while any vigour remained to her, was her delight and recreation. But when I was about ten years old, she gradually had to give up gardening. Arthritis, that later made her life a martyrdom, began to fasten its grip on her frail little body, and she was never afterward free from cruel pain till she died in 1887.

My father, Marcus Rainsford, was an unworldly, simple-minded man. Irish schools in his day were inadequate institutions, and one of these in Dublin he attended. In due course he entered Trinity College, and, with some difficulty, achieved a B. A. degree. He was born at Rainsford Lodge, County Wicklow, and inherited that unpretentious house and a small and encumbered estate from my grandfather, Ryland Rainsford. He was a lover of nature, though of natural history, except what he had picked up for himself, he knew nothing. He loved a horse and was an excellent judge of his points. In boyhood, he hunted with the "Kildare," a famous pack then,

and he told me, when he gave me my first mount on a donkey, that he went to his first "meet of hounds" on the same humble steed. He was a first-class horseman, hands and seat of the best, and could, years after, when he had long given up the hunting field as a worldly and sinful amusement, still take a horse over a good-sized gate and hold two pennies, one under each knee, without losing them.

When Vicar of Dundalk, he would groom his own horse and see to it that I did the same for my pony.[1]

He came honestly by his love for a good horse, and one family story in this line is worth repeating. An ancestor of ours held Brigade rank under Wellington in Spain, and prided himself on his Irish "chargers." At Salamanca his "galloper" had his horse shot under him. The Brigadier had, for the time being, to remount him on his own spare horse. The engagement was very heavy and the French fire close and deadly. Looking through the smoke, the Brigadier saw with fury that his young "aid" had turned sideways to the fire, and so sat his horse broadside on to it. "Damn you, sir," he roared, "what do you mean by turning my horse's flank to such a fire as this? Face the enemy, sir!"

He loved gardening, too, and was always at work among his flowers and vegetables long before we had breakfast, and we breakfasted early. Later, when our means were not so straitened and he could afford a man of all work, he confined himself to his roses. These were his joy and pride. He grew standard roses, budding varieties from England and France on wild hedgerow stock. These I used to dig up and bring to him from the countryside and he would give me a shilling a dozen for them. So the old, neglected Vicarage garden became a beautiful thing to see, for no one in Dundalk raised such roses as he did.

Father had the gift of making and keeping friends. Interesting people came to the house; missionaries from far-off lands were always welcome. One of these I specially remember came straight from Abyssinia, and told us stories of lions and

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[1] I should say here that Father made himself responsible for some quite large debts incurred by my grandfather, which he was not legally bound to pay. Morally, he felt he was bound, and the payment of these moneys kept us very poor during the early years of his tenure of Dundalk parish.

elephants. He also left with Father an ancient copy of the Coptic version of the New Testament. To him I owe my first boyhood's yearning to see strange lands.

Religion was everything to my parents. In daily life they consistently presented its beautiful reality to their children. They lived in the company of a God they loved and trusted. The incongruity of the doctrines they held with the life they lived and the love they gave was of course not apparent to me till long after. To them the Bible was not a "word of God," one among many words, but *the* Word of God, from the first letter to the last, His inspired and inerrant message to men; and in it we children were schooled as soon as we could understand English; and thankful I am for that rule of my home. I never had anything better than a smattering of Latin and an imperfect knowledge of New Testament Greek, but with the greatest religious poetry in the world, given us in an unequalled prose, that cultivates the taste and satisfies the ear, I was very thoroughly acquainted when I was ordained. It was the only thing I did know well, and that invaluable knowledge I owe to my mother.

Stevenson is everlastingly right: Religion is a spirit imparted, not a dogma handed down. What misery, hatred, and blood-shedding had been spared the world if the difference had been recognized.

We children were taught:

1. That the nature of all men born of Adam was altogether vile; no particle of good in it.
2. That the world we lived in was under God's curse and was to be burned up.
3. That it was God's eternal purpose to save a few out of it.
4. That the great majority of its inhabitants were destined to suffer eternally in a real hell fire.

People no longer believe these awful doctrines, you say. Why repeat them? Why dwell on the darker side of a religious movement which you confess had much good in it and profoundly benefited its time? I do so because, as I said in the introduction to this life story, one of my chief reasons for writing it is to insist on the comparative unimportance of creeds and doctrines. If true religion is to live, and men cannot live with-

out it, their creeds must change and doctrines once precious and useful perish.

The God who indwells man—the Holy Spirit, ever living, ever in action—pushes aside, transcends, finally destroys, those forms of words in which successive generations have sought, piously but vainly, to find a final expression for His voice. So much is inevitable. The Kingdom of good and of God can come by no other way. Jesus said the Gospel he preached was a SEED—a growing, expanding thing—Truth to be sown and re-sown, not to be husbanded in ecclesiastical granaries.

Not in the doctrines they held lay my parents' power—and power they had. Not to one of those doctrines could I subscribe now. Yet well I know that anything I am, anything worth while that I have done, I owe to the spirit they imparted, which indeed was a perpetual possession.

Facing the light, I point above and prove
There is a place no storms nor seasons move.
So hold I steadfast in their ordered way,
The falling shadows of a fleeting day.

CHAPTER IV

Schooldays

I had poor luck in the matter of schools. I never attended a really good one. My first was the Dundalk Grammar School; there was no other to go to. It was an ancient foundation fallen into decay. The Head was a good classical scholar of Trinity, Dublin, a well-meaning man, but unfitted for his work—harassed, too, I fear, by poverty. The assistant masters were gathered from anywhere. Poor devils, teaching boys they did not care for in order to make a bare living, and that was all they made.

In the matter of punishments we were better off than were most scholars, for in those days caning on hands and back was often inflicted to a cruel and nerve-breaking extent. Mr. ——, to his credit, discouraged the cane.

The Latin master used to wear shoes with very wide, sharp toes to them, and any mistake in answering a question drew a kick in the shin, launched with quite extraordinary promptitude and accuracy. The custom was for the class to stand round the master's desk, close up. The head master had very long arms, and instead of a kick he administered a box on the ear. As between the two, the kick was more painful, but the blow drew the attention of the whole school, and I preferred the kick.

There was one big schoolroom. The Sixth Form had a room of its own; all the rest of us were taught in groups in that big room, and so, if we did not stand close to the teacher's desk, it was impossible for scholar or master to hear what was said in class.

The English teacher, the man who should have introduced us to the greatest literature in the world, was utterly incompetent. He was an Englishman, a very high churchman—rare in those days—and, I am sorry to say, a blackguard. He

used to have day boys to meet him outside the school and go for country walks with him alone. What he did or tried to do on such occasions I cannot print. Boys who flouted him had not a good time in his class. There was a Frenchman, a lonely man, very much of a gentleman, who refused to punish us in any way. He taught foreign languages. We did not appreciate him, I fear, and his task was a hopeless one. I don't think he knew a single soul in the dull little town, and why a man of his tastes and breeding was reduced to such a method of making a pittance I never knew.

Irish schools were bad in the '60's. The custom of filthy talking among both boarders and day scholars was almost universal. Some boys made it a cult. Bullying of the little by the big was a matter of course and was quite brutal at times. The hours were long, seven to eight-thirty in the morning, ten to one, and two-thirty to four in the afternoon; no school on Saturdays after one o'clock.

To this school I went when I was twelve. I was then very much overgrown for my age, very tall and very thin and inclined to be a coward; self-conscious and shy when away from home. I had an unusually poor memory; all lessons were learned by heart, and this I found hard. I went to school determined to do my very best, but this first plunge into its waters, cold, strange, and filthy, was more than I had bargained for. I was just the sort of boy, though I did not know it, likely to fail with both master and scholar—and fail I certainly did. I had no friend or confidant in the school, no older boy to steer me. Jack Barton had been sent to Repton, and the older boarders found a serious grievance against me in my father's long sermons on Sunday, to which they were obliged to listen. My first days in that school were as miserable as any boy's well could be.

All new boys had to be "pinched"—it was the rule; and pinching meant that a big boy held you fast while another big boy took hold of small pieces of flesh, beginning at your knees and religiously going up to your shoulders and down your arms—took them between the bent knuckle of the thumb and the first finger tip, as in a pincers, and with a sharp twist almost drew blood. As a result your body was marked for weeks.

Then you were forced to fight any boy in your class who

wanted to fight you. A ring was formed—there was no escape. This I refused to do, and though heavily struck in the face several times, would not strike back. Naturally I was voted a coward. My mother told me it was wrong to fight; that was the reason I gave myself for not fighting, but really I had no stomach for it. I half believed myself a coward. However, I hid my bruises and pains as well as I could and said nothing about them at home.

Seeing that I made no resistance and told no tales, two of the big boarders, the worst of the lot, when early school was over one morning, locked me in, in the school porch, refusing to let me go home to breakfast, and when their breakfast was over poured a bucket of cold water and swill over my head and then let me go. I came home shivering—it was in winter—and my mother at once found out the truth and drew my story from me. I did not go back to school that day, but Father and Mother together made a formal call on the head master, and I never was bullied again. The incident didn't add to my popularity.

Gradually things improved. The Latin master found that I really was trying to learn my tasks, but that to get forty lines of Virgil by heart was something I could not do. He cut me down to twenty lines, and I did better.

So far as school was concerned at this time, life was rather gray. I never made a real friend among masters or boys. But of one day at that time I must speak—a red-letter day, an important day in my life, a day with my mother:

> I speak of one from many singled out,
> One of those blissful days that cannot die.

It was springtime, and I had had a spell of weakness and bad growing pains at night. I hated my lessons; I hated the dirty talk of the boys. Life was a burden and I was sick of it all. When I came back from early school to breakfast that morning, Mother looked at me and said: "Willie, you shall not go back to school to-day. You and I will go for a walk." Words cannot express what I felt, what amazement, what delight, what delicious peace and rest and joy. As soon as prayers were over she took me out with her. "Let us go to the Demesne," she said. Lord Roden's demesne was a semi-public park. It shoul-

dered itself up against the town, and in it was a modest red-brick lodge, the very occasional residence of the Earl whose "chaplain" my father was. The Demesne meant much to well-behaved Dundalk boys; all such had the run of it. There were acres of wild woodland; thickets that had once been orderly plantations and had fallen into disorder; walks once neatly kept were now half hidden by the brushwood. There was a great fruit garden, the gates always carefully locked, surrounded by a high brick wall on the inside of which wonderful pear and green gage plum trees were trained. A landscape architect of the time of George IV whose equerry the old Earl had been had planned a quite extensive system of artificial waters spanned in one place by a handsome stone bridge, and by the waters grew a tree of wonder—a real cedar of Lebanon. Reeds and water plants had choked the canals, and among them water hens and a very occasional wild duck nested. Then there were rabbits and wood pigeons. I once saw a real cock pheasant and more than once flushed a woodcock. Oh, the Demesne was a land of mystery and wonder, a place I dearly loved, and to it, that May morning, Mother and I went.

On a little knoll, under a beech tree, she sat down at last, and I at her feet. Of what she said to me that morning I remember nothing; but she drew me to her as never before. I felt she understood me. I felt I was not quite a failure. I can see now the first delicate, feathery green of the beech buds, as they came slowly out of their dark orange-brown sticky casings. I can see the blue flowers of the wild hyacinth and the pale yellow of the primroses that grew with them on that little knoll; and I never see a beech tree bursting into leaf in the springtime without thinking of that wonderful holiday morning spent with Mother more than fifty-five years ago.

She had so many things to do; she was no longer strong; she had eight small children and one maid of all work, yet she gave up the whole morning to me. If she knows anything now, she knows that I can never, never thank her for what she did that day; she put new hope and faith and confidence into her boy that morning.

We never had been so near each other, Mother and I, and yet —ah, the tragedy of things!—had we known it, the very new life she gave me then, the first beginnings of a boy's self-con-

fidence, were to take me very far away from much she held most necessary and most dear.

She bade me look forward and upward, and because she helped me as none other could to do both, she all unconsciously prepared me to break from a past that was all in all to her and struggle toward a future of which she always disapproved.

Oh, the tragedy of ties severed by forces quite beyond our power to measure or control!

As later years passed, I was much more away from home than were any of my brothers and sisters, and I seemed to get out of touch with my mother. She understood the others better than she did me. She wrote to me once that I was inclined heedlessly to change my opinions. I have no doubt she was right. When I got to the point of being unable to accept and believe some of the fixed doctrines of Evangelicism, she let me see that she was disappointed in me, that she resented my departing from my childhood's faith, and put it down to a boyish instability. She thought I was superficial, and I was; that I would not last. When I was twenty-six years old, after meditation and such honest self-searching as I was capable of, I made up my mind to leave England, at least for a time. It was a cruel wrench, but by far the bitterest part of it was my mother's disapproval. She could see neither sense nor reason in the step. She did not understand; I could not explain without causing her more cruel pain, keener disappointment in me. The only thing that held me to my decision was the conviction that I was trying to do the right thing as I saw it.

I remember well when I knelt by her chair and bade her good-bye, I thanked and blessed her for that May morning so many years behind us, which she gave to her spring-sick boy in the old Demesne. Two years, eventful for me, passed before I saw my mother again. I had faced a new world, without money or friends or influence, and in a modest way had made good. I think I had drunk at least as much of the heady wine of success as was good for me, and when I came back to Mother's bedside, I should have stayed there much longer than I did. I have blamed myself bitterly since for not putting all other things aside and giving myself up to her for a time, as Caroline (my second sister, a very noble woman) did. But it was holi-

day time; I was soon to be married; I was drinking great draughts at new fountains; and with Mother, life was even less articulate than it had been. She had never found it easy to express her inner self. So, though I constantly sat by her bedside, our truest selves did not touch. How hard it is for youth and vigour to realize the withdrawal, the enforced loneliness, that pain and bodily decay so inevitably bring to those who approach death! I can understand at seventy what I could not understand at twenty-eight.

There is a popular and quite untenable proposition, generally maintained by people in fine health, that suffering is a good thing in itself and makes for holiness. I saw the senseless cruelty of nature gradually beating to earth a beautiful and buoyant spirit—my mother.

No one ever bore agony more heroically than did she. She believed that God sent her suffering, and her faith never wavered, as month by month, year by year, pain crushed her lower and lower. Her frail body was spent, her mind was fading out, but her purpose held. Since God sent her agony, it was her part to endure; and so, resolute to her last breath, no drug that science knows for alleviating suffering should pass her lips.

And so, a soul triumphant, contemptuous of death and pain, avid of life, my mother passed. What heroism could be greater than hers? Well I know I was not worthy of her, but it was a great thing to have been her eldest son.

A POOR BOARDING SCHOOL

If I had poor luck in my first school, in my second, a private boarding school in Shropshire, I had no better.

That school and its master shall be nameless. It was very popular for a time with the extreme Evangelicals, as its declared purpose was to promote and guide the religious life of the scholars.

One year's experience of it taught me that its religion was a sham; as non-existent as its scholarship. We were preached at and prayed at, and spied on, but taught absolutely nothing. But it had one or two good points. If you gave signs of spiritual development, you were taken four times a year on a whole holiday to some place of interest remarkable for its beauty or

for its historic associations, some ancient castle or battlefield. Then it was near the "Wrekin," that wooded hill standing out of the Shropshire plain—a quite lovely roaming place not yet spoiled by holiday makers, where woodland wonders not found in Irish countryside could be had; where nightingales sometimes sang and real snakes were discoverable. And third, they fed us well. I have never tasted such apple dumplings before or since.

But, oh! how homesick that place made me! So let me go back again to my home, my real school, where unconsciously I was being prepared for life's battle; where there was no sham religion, but fine purpose and honest faith and love always.

Here I must tell another story of my mother, the story of a lesson she gave me that no school however good could have given. I did not want to go to a boarding school at all, and of course reasons were not given me—at least not detailed reasons, for it was not the custom to argue with us children. But the day before the little Dundalk steamer left, that sailed twice a week to Liverpool, my mother took me into her store room. In a corner of that room stood a large mahogany box lined, I remember, with green baize. That box and its contents were precious in her eyes, and well they might be, for in it was part of a fine silver service, presented long ago by a very great man to her great-grandfather the Bishop, who had been his schoolmate at Eton.

The great man was Charles James Fox. Father and Mother had been through hard times together, but the sale of that precious heirloom had never been thought of. To send me to school strained their narrow income, and so she sold her silver, and I remember in that out-of-the-way market, that precious Georgian coffee and tea service fetched just five shillings the ounce. It was broken up for old silver; that was what old silver fetched in Dundalk.

"Willie," she said, "I am selling this to send you to school. Won't you do your best there?" No poor schooling could make me forget that lesson or fail to keep the promise she asked me to make her, that I would learn my two verses of Scripture each morning when I was away.

When I was quite little, Mother taught me a verse of the Bible every morning. When I could read, I learned two for

her on week days and six on Sundays. In this way she helped me to form a habit that proved of greatest possible value. She saw that my memory was unusually poor, and she took an excellent way to develop the little there was of it.

People have said to me, when in some sermon or address I have aptly quoted verses from the Bible, or from some poet, "What a memory you have!" It was not memory; they were recognizing the results of habit. I have always had something worth remembering before me, either in book or manuscript, as I dressed in the morning. It takes me days to commit a few lines, but I choose the best, and their digestion and assimilation meant a full man.

A man can make a better day's march if he has something solid inside him in the morning. I commend the habit; it is disciplinary, and apart from the pleasure and strength it gives you, it very greatly helps to feed and brighten the lives of others.

Homes made good the defects of schools when I was a boy, or at least homes like mine did. Schools are now expected to make good the defects of homes, and they cannot do it. It is asking too much of the best of them. The trouble with modern child culture is too often that parents are not sufficiently absorbed in the upbringing of their children from earliest infancy. They do not realize that no social, no financial success, can in the long last do for their children what it is given them to do. Their children are not the supreme thing in life; other interests shoulder them aside; and when parental ignorance, sluggishness, or inattention beget their natural result, the young things are packed off to some school, where it is expected that early faults and wrong tendencies, which should never have been permitted to harden into habits, shall, by some miraculous influence of hired experts suddenly applied, be quite done away with, and so the past be remedied and the future assured.

CHAPTER V

An Irish Boy in London

When the Christmas holidays were over in 1865, when I bade my parents good-bye on the pier, and looked across the meadows at the old vicarage, as the little channel steamer made its careful way to the open sea, I little realized that I had bidden a last farewell to that dear home. The big garden where I had worked for my mother, my pony, the long tramps by the river-side or across the bogs to the mountain slopes, rambles at sunrise with my gun in the Demesne, all henceforth to be memories only; yet so it was decreed.

The wise, self-sacrificing love of my parents and happy circumstance combined to create for me during the most formative years of boyhood that rare and beautiful thing, an ideal home. I do not think that we children were in any special degree congenial companions to one another. We were singularly unlike, and as years passed we took our own courses in life and drifted widely apart. But I see now, as I look back on those bright happy years, that the secret of real success had been understood by my parents, and had, by loving care and leadership, and with a rare consistence, been impressed on us all—namely, a *lasting happiness*, *happiness that is worth while*, *depends on living for others*. We had unconsciously but really been taught to live for one another, and though we were poor, and had few or none of the costly distractions that are to-day supposed to be necessary to the making of a happy home, we certainly had in that old vicarage a rare good time. Our next home was to be in a city square.

I remember with what consternation I received the news at school. Father had been called to a London church, and to London we were all going. I knew the change would be great, but it was far greater than I dreamed. I had, however, one

immense consolation—if it was hard to leave Dundalk, it was delightful to bid good-bye to Doctor C——'s.

Our first abode was 48 Thurlow Square, S. W. There were Squares and Crescents and Terraces and Gardens by the score, as the great city sprawled out to the southwest, the houses in all of them built of colourless yellow brick, the front door of each one of them standing under the shadow of two stucco pillars that supported a small balcony overhead, where families that could afford the luxury stretched an awning, and kept boxes of sickly geraniums.

Eight country-bred children ranging from fifteen to three years old packed into a narrow city home, old ties wrenched away, no new ones formed as yet, our adored mother sickening in the city air and failing before our eyes—it was a gloomy prospect that lay before us children that first Easter, or so we voted it. I looked at my rod and hooks and flies, and thought of the streams I knew so well, where by now in the spring weather the trout would rise if you gave them the right fly. I hated the noisy streets, and our square garden with its half-alive shrubbery, to touch a twig of which blackened your hand with clinging soot.

The first Sunday in Father's church, St. John's, Halkin Street, Belgrave Square, was an ordeal. All of us sat in one long pew under the low heavy gallery that circled the dismal building. Mother sat next the door. The church was not yet quite full, but was filling rapidly with a congregation as influential and as fashionable as any in the town, though Father had been preaching for only two or three months. In our rough Irish clothes we must have contrasted sharply, that first Sunday, with the very smart people all round us. But if we did, that did not trouble us in those days.

We had loved the old church across the water, with all its queer nooks and corners, every one of them holding a friend, and we heartily disliked the new. Indeed it had nothing to recommend it but the man who filled its pulpit. Plain and ugly it was, the one attempt at outside decoration about it being four heavy stucco pillars standing in front, and supporting nothing to speak of, the plaster on them flaked and threatening to fall. On the inside, nothing to relieve the dull, monotonous ugliness of windows and walls. The shallow chan-

cel backed up against the dead wall of the Duke of "Somewhere's" house, so a chancel window was impossible. On Holy Communion Sunday mornings I used to look for the peeping neck of the extra bottle of wine showing underneath the fringe of the blue cloth covering of the Holy Table that did not quite reach the floor. A deep gallery extended all round, seating quite two hundred and fifty people; the pews on the floor seated some eight hundred and fifty more.

Many such chapels had been built in London during the Evangelical revival of the past seventy-five years. They were unnecessarily ugly, and of them all I think St. John's, Halkin Street, standing in the middle of the most fashionable part of London, was the ugliest. The music was execrable, the service slovenly, but the preacher won in good part the ear of London and held it for a time. I saw the Prince of Wales there more than once, and he asked that Father should be informally presented to him. Gladstone came sometimes, in spite of his avowed high-churchmanship. The Lord Chancellor, Cairns, was one of the first to rent a pew. Statesmen, soldiers, bankers, and many members of Parliament, as well as some of the first families in England that had been influenced by the Evangelical revival, attended regularly. The chapel was soon full, every seat rented; it was enough to turn any man's head, but Father was not in the very least changed by it. His sermons praised, his advice sought, his friendship courted by many of the great of the land, he still quietly went about his work with the same earnest regularity he had used in the poor Irish parish. In the mornings he shut himself in his study; in the afternoons he went from house to house visiting the sick and the well, several hours each day. Generally in the evening he dined out, and always went alone; for Mother's health, and her distaste, too, for new surroundings and new people, resulted in her never accompanying him. At first the callers at 48 Thurlow Square were innumerable, but since there could be none other than a return of cards by way of the mail, this soon ceased. So circumstances that none of us could control changed life for us all completely. Neither Father nor Mother could act differently. But the city had laid its compelling hands on us, and home, as we had known it till my sixteenth year, was but a memory.

The old book says: "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." So it fell out that first Eastertide I am writing of. The very day after our dolorous introduction to St. John's we had a surprise. Two dear discerning women, whose souls Father's sermons had comforted, marked that first day in church, the aspect of that packed pew of young, unaccustomed things, and 48 Thurlow Square had two visitors who would not be denied. The Misses Onslow were aunts of the Earl of that name, very considerable ladies indeed; they lived in a commodious house at Alresford, Hampshire.

What were we children going to do during the Easter holidays; were we going to the country?

Alas, no such luck.

Then we should go there with them, and go we did, no less than six of us.

So came my first taste of London's hospitality, and thoughtful and generous and warm-hearted it surely was then and always after to the family of the loved pastor.

They were old maids, but there was nothing old maidish about them. They were full of consideration for others, with a certain high-bred assurance that made the taking of any liberty with them impossible; charitable, refined, cultivated; in the best sense women of the world, full of genuine kindness and worldly wisdom, as well as Evangelical piety.

I might say that till then I had only seen England through the fence of Doctor C——'s school. My brothers and sisters had never crossed the water, so to all of us Upton was a revelation. Hampshire is one of the loveliest counties in England; at springtime it looks its best, and it gave us a great reception, that Easter of 1865. The old beech trees on the lawn were bursting into bud, primroses and wild hyacinths were aplenty, and there was a river, such a river as I had never dreamed of—clearer by far than were the Irish bog-coloured streams—that made its leisurely way through carefully tended watercress beds to the Itchen hard by.

Here let me tell a fishing story that has an interest for trout fishers. I noticed lately, in Viscount Grey's delightful book on fly-fishing in the Itchen that he says he was unable to get any fish even to rise to the wet fly on that river when he was a boy at Winchester School, in 1877. He tells the history of his repeated

failure with the wet, and growing success with the dry, fly. one trout in 1878, thirteen in 1879, and in 1880, seventy-six.

Now when I fished the Onslow water on the Itchen in 1865 and 1866, I certainly had only a boy's skill, and did not probably get out any better line than did Lord Grey at the same age. Yet, fishing *behind* Guilford Onslow, I always got some trout, and he, an excellent fisherman, filled his basket, using nothing but the *wet* fly. And afterward, fishing by myself, I several times filled a twelve-pound basket without any special difficulty. Now the interesting point about my fishing yarn is, what changed the customs of the Itchen trout between 1865 and 1877? That they cannot now be induced to take the wet fly is, I think, a fact beyond dispute.

Upton was comfort, plenty, and hospitality itself, but one thing Upton had very much in common with our own Irish home. Upton believed in and practised *order*. Its rule was generous, but by rule it ran. And so, to keep us out of trouble, those dear, wise ladies provided an ideal guard and guide, a retired sporting-farmer sort of man, who lived hard by their gate, and worshipped the ground they walked on, who had taught them when they were girls how to handle their first ponies, and their nephew, the Earl, how to shoot. Just the sort of man boys love was old man Jarvis. What walks and confabs I had with him! And what lore of bird and beast and fish was his! He loved to hand on to an appreciative boy all he knew. There was only one thing the Misses Onslow could not make him do; that was, go to church. He was a dear old heathen. But his little world was certainly the better for his having lived in it.

In later days many houses, some of them much greater than Upton, were hospitably opened to me, but none of them quite took its place. I went there to skate and shoot at Christmas, and to catch trout in its matchless chalk streams in the spring. Till Mother died, and we all had gone our several ways in the world, some of us went each year to Upton. When I came back from the United States, I went to visit the dear old place, but it held other mistresses and old Jarvis was dead.

The school problem came up again when Easter holidays were over. I succeeded in convincing my mother that Doctor C——'s, in spite of its religious advantages, was a waste of

Father's money and my time. I begged to be allowed to remain at home, and won out. My brothers and I went to a good grammar school in old Kensington Square.

It seemed, however, as though fate was against my gaining even that moderately good introduction to an education accorded to boys of my age. In the spring of the next year, I caught a bad cold and developed a persistent cough which, though it did not trouble me much, alarmed my mother. I was taken away from Kensington and sent for a long visit to my godfather's house on Lough Sheelan in Ireland.

The Hon. Somerset Maxwell, afterward Lord Farnham, was a devoted friend of my father's, and I can never be too grateful for his goodness to me. He and Mrs. Maxwell took as good care of me as if I had been their own, and though there were no other boys about, I had a great time swimming and fishing in the lake. Never was a lad more fortunate in his friends or in his holidays than I have been.

Arley, modestly called a cottage, was really a most comfortable country home. It stood surrounded by mossy lawns (and nowhere are there mossy lawns like those of Ireland) and quite immense rhododendron bushes, on the edge of the wide, deep, rocky, islanded Lough Sheelan. Opposite the house, perhaps more than a mile away, all that was left of some petty chieftain's stronghold, wrecked by the English in the days of Tyrone's Elizabethan rebellion, stood up boldly from the water. Round its base the herons would stand fishing, silent, immovable; and many a time, in the evening quiet, did I try to stalk them, in vain. Lough Sheelan had its brief season, for there was great fishing in the springtime. Then the May fly was hatched out, and rose to the surface, and fishers from many parts came, putting up at such rough quarters as could be had (for hotels there were none), to catch the famous yellow-sided Lough Sheelan trout. Well I remember their splashing rise. I suppose they are there still, and that you must wait, as I did, hour by hour, watching the bait of natural fly float out bravely to leeward of the fishing boat, well contented if once or twice in the long afternoon the shy denizens of the deep green water flashed upward to the lure.

I spent several months at Arley, just loafing; doing no studying. The truth was, though I did not know it, I had out-

grown my strength. I was over six feet high at sixteen, was very thin, and my cough still clung to me.

One memorable visit I made, before returning to London in the autumn; a visit that was destined to influence my after life. Castle Saunderson was the home of Edward Saunderson, nephew of Lord Farnham, and M. P. for the county. Mr. and Mrs. Saunderson became my life-long friends. I owe them more than I can say and I shall try to say part of it later.

At Castle Saunderson I entered a larger and more worldly social circle than any I had yet known. The tie that bound all the friends of my earlier days together was exclusively a religious tie. In those circles my father's name was everything. I was just my father's son. Castle Saunderson took me on my own showing. My host and hostess let me see they were interested in me personally. Naturally, such preference was new and delightful and stimulating. I remember I began to think more of how I looked, and to take an interest in my dressing. What charm, what wit, what delightful freedom from unnecessary convention the best Irish society had in those days, and how sure of itself it was! It was decaying even then, though it knew it not. It belonged to an order passing rapidly away; but never was there a society more brilliant or that knew better the rare secret of hospitality. Its men were gentlemen, clean and strong and unafraid; its women the most charming and, I still think, the most beautiful I have ever seen.

The Hon. Helena Saunderson was a daughter of Lord Ventry. She was then a young wife and a very beautiful woman. It was dear of her to take an interest in me. She saw I needed knocking into shape and sometimes she knocked pretty hard. She bossed and chaffed and criticized me unmercifully. She was the first pretty woman who had ever noticed me. She fascinated me utterly and I was her willing slave. Perhaps she did not know, certainly I did not, what a life-long service she did me.

Not only at Upton and Arley was I made welcome in those days. Many of Father's friends and admirers gave a kindly thought to his children, strange to London, and showed them kindness in hospitable ways, I, being the eldest, getting more than my share of it. Mother had no health, Father had no time to take us round, but volunteers there were who knew

London, and so parks, and museums, the Zoo, and the river, we enjoyed them all. I had one social adventure among "the great." I will tell the story. A dear old lady, the Duchess of Grafton, took somehow a fancy to me, and nothing would do but I must meet her nephew, a young swell who had just left Eton. He was older than I, and much too great a man to bother about me; he took my measure that first evening and I never met him again.

The dinner invitation was quite informal and was for the next evening. Father, to Mother's consternation, had accepted for me, and it never had occurred to him that the very limited resources of my wardrobe could not possibly meet the requirements of dinner at the Duchess's. To put it plainly, I had no dining-out suit. Evening dress could be hired if one knew where to go, which none of us did. Then, even if we had known, I believe all Jewry might have been searched in vain for a "ready made" that would have fitted my lanky body. Father had a happy thought—why not go in his old evening suit, the one in fact that he had been married in; now, of course, he wore clericals and did not need it. Well, the old broadcloth suit was found (black once, age had coloured it a bottle green), and I put it on. Mother was doubtful, Father hopeful, I miserable, but what better could any one of us do? It was woefully short in the arms and the back, and so tight in the chest that I was afraid to stand up.

The dinner was small, my hostess gracious and tactful, bent on putting me at my ease; the nephew much too great a swell to take any notice of me other than politeness to his aunt made necessary. I was beginning to forget my clothes when my very forgetfulness brought about the catastrophe. As I leaned forward in the middle of dinner to answer a question of my hostess, with a dull but quite audible rending sound that wretched coat burst asunder from collar to tail. I really wonder how I did it. I have muddled many a critical situation since then, but this first terrible time I did the right thing and did it at once. "Duchess," I said, "it is my father's wedding coat. I have not an evening suit of my own, and I had to put it on or refuse your most kind invitation." All joined at once in a kindly general laugh, and everyone including myself forgot the coat, and I had a very pleasant evening. Till her death, the Dowager Duchess of Grafton was one of my warmest friends.

CHAPTER VI

I Go Abroad

I had left Ireland in early autumn for Thurlow Square, and gone back to the grammar school at Kensington, but indoor life and study were too much for me, and the cough which had never quite left me grew worse. Father was to pay a visit to a Lady Bailey, whose place was on the Welsh border, and he took me there with him. There again I was fortunate in making new friends. Lady Bailey's chaplain, a witty little Welshman, who had travelled much and spoke many languages (he, by the way, was the only man I ever knew who could talk in Latin as readily as he could in French), took me under his wing. I had a right good time, but the mountains were too much for me, and my kind hostess said something to Father about a famous Doctor Quain and the south of France.

I did not feel really ill, and wanted to go back to Kensington, for I realized I was falling behind boys of my age, but my chest began to hurt when I walked fast or up hill, and I spat blood and had night sweats. In a fortnight Father and I returned home, and I was taken to see the most famous diagnostician then in London, Doctor Quain. A crowded waiting room, a long wait, and we were in the great man's sanctum. Father presented a letter of introduction from someone or other, and I was stripped and examined thoroughly. The doctor said nothing at first, but I did not like his look. He asked Father many questions about his own family and my mother's, and then he said, "Case of phthisis" (I did not know what that meant), "one lung badly congested, the other touched."

"What medicine do you recommend?" asked Father.

"Oh, medicine is no good; I only give him six months. Send him to the south of France. It is his only chance."

I saw that my father was staggered, but I didn't believe a

word of it, and this summary doom of Doctor Quain and his heartless way of putting it angered me. I didn't feel like dying and I did not intend to die. On the contrary, I felt a lot of life within me and was sure the doctor was wrong. What I did mind terribly was having to worry my suffering mother. Our home-coming that day I cannot forget.

Easy to say, "Send him to the south of France," but more easily said than done. Father's means were still straitened. Furnishing the London house had taken all his ready money, and though the seats in Belgrave Chapel were almost all taken, money earned in that way does not reach a poor man's pocket quickly. He owed nothing; he had never borrowed a penny in his life. The bitter result of Irish borrowing he had seen too much of as a boy. But cash he had not—and so how was I to go?

Well, as I shall tell more than once again in my story, the extraordinary thoughtful kindness of my own or my father's friends saved me from disaster. Our late hostess wrote, asking about the doctor's verdict, and by return of mail came a cheque and a suggestion that her chaplain should be my guardian and guide to safe quarters in the south of France. What better chance could there be?—what kinder or easier plan? A safe and comfortable journey with an experienced and sympathetic companion; one to whom the needs of a sick boy and the resources of a foreign land were equally well known. If I was not rich I surely was born lucky. Further money difficulties were solved just as soon as my godfather and Father's friends learned of the doctor's decree.

If I had had a scare, it certainly did not last long; and how delightful seemed the French countryside in that beautiful autumn weather! We journeyed by day, indeed by parts of a day, and took horses when we could. We stopped at old-fashioned inns in quaint towns, where landlord and landlady cooked delicious meals for us with their own hands, and drew from hidden underground cellars bottles of wine my Welshman knowingly called for, with unmistakably real cobwebs on them. Oh, it was a journey to be remembered! Every day of it I grew stronger, and every night of it, though the French feather beds almost smothered me, I slept sounder and longer, and even from the feather beds rose refreshed.

For we know the world is glorious,
And the Goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children take their fling;
And Life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table,
In the fellowship of Spring.

Richard Hovey's ringing lines were not written for many a day after our escapade, but my little Welshman would have sung them heartily to their splendid tune had he known them.

So we sauntered through France, and drove through Switzerland, slipped through a corner of Austria, and so to the wonderful Italian lakes and Genoa.

In Genoa harbour I saw a relic of real war. Part of the sadly battered Italian fleet lay there, Lissa's shot marks on them still unrepaired.

At Genoa we engaged a carriage to take us along the road to Mentone. Only one other road I know of in Europe is as beautiful; that is the road from Salerno to Sorrento (not, be it remembered, from Sorrento to Salerno). We took four or five days for the last leg of our journey. That land of flowers and fruit, of gray olive trees and old forts, of overhanging mountains ending in red cliffs as they stepped down into that blue, blue sea had not then become the crowded health-holiday resort that junketing Europe knows to-day. And so, by it, without crowding or hurry, we came at last to our goal.

My friend went boarding-house hunting the day after our arrival, and chose for me a charming room in a comfortable and quite commodious house standing back some hundred yards from the shore, and surrounded on all sides by orange and lemon trees. It was in the east bay of the town, not far from the Rochés Rouges, which mark the frontier between France and Italy, and directly back of it rose the mass of the Berceau to a height of over four thousand feet.

I had a room large and sunny, a big tiled balcony to it all my own; good food, kindly welcome, and constant courteous care from my hostess, Miss Newland, all for the very modest sum of eight francs a day. Next day I wrung my little Welshman's hand with a very full heart, and tried to thank him. We

swore lasting friendship, but I never saw him again. I think that though he made very little profession, he was one of the best men I ever knew; full of life, full of consideration for others in a fine, keen, discriminating way. He was not much of a preacher, but he was a mighty good man to be with—he wore well. True to a friend, charitable to an enemy, contemptuous of nothing but humbug. He was the first cleric I had come to know who had a dash of broad-churchmanship about him; and I, who had been accustomed to regard all Roman Catholic priests as emissaries of the "Man of Sin," was astonished at the evident enjoyment he had in talking to the priests we met in what he declared was "bog Latin." Whatever its classical value may have been, it admirably served its purpose, and he and the priests seemed to have a good deal in common.

My first loneliness soon wore off. I found a Frenchman who gave me lessons for a couple of hours in the morning three times a week. My fellow-boarders, Mrs. Trench—a relation of the archbishop's—and her two daughters, were charming, and I was growing stronger every day, so one could not but be happy in the glorious winter weather we had that year (1867).

Nice people in London wrote to other nice people they knew who were also wintering on the Riviera, and soon invitations came to me, and donkey rides and picnickings were in order (everyone rode donkeys then) into the beautiful country that lay back of the town, and an occasional peep into the wicked but lovely Casino at Monte Carlo and its gardens. In short, I found life both interesting and gay.

As I look back on that time now, as I compare my sudden yet steady recovery from the deadly threat of a fatal disease, I see I had a close shave of never reaching my twentieth year; but fortunate conditions saved me, and I took my luck with both hands and a firm grip. Many years after I was to watch one of my "own boys," the ablest assistant I ever had at St. George's—and if I am any judge of those qualities of heart and brain that go to the making of a great preacher, the most richly endowed man I have ever known among the younger clergy—go down to untimely death, only because the glowing ardour of his spirit and the tongue of fire within him could not brook the hard necessary discipline of long silence. If Alexis Stein could but have given rein to the earthly side of himself (and

he had a good solid chunk of the earthly in him) and stretched out idly on old Mother Earth's bosom for a couple of years, the Protestant Episcopal Church would have been the richer for a very great preacher indeed. God knows she needs such to-day. However, the probability is she would have unfrocked him for heresy, as Bishop Walker of western New York did Doctor Crapsey of Rochester, one of the very best men that diocese ever had, one of the best preachers, too, and a man who loved and understood the working people.

But to return to my own doings: Gradually I found my walking powers coming back to me. I used steadily to practise climbing up the steep slope of the Berceau just back of the villa where I lived; at first only up the narrow winding paths among the lemon groves; and later higher, to the rocky boulder-strewn lands above them where in sheltered corners bunches of wild narcissus and white and scarlet tulips grew.

Two things out of the common happened to me in those life-giving days. I had a bad fall coming down one of the mountains and for the first and last time in my life I got drunk. I will tell of the fall first. I broke two of my ribs and made a most kind and helpful friend. The Earl of Grosvenor (later he became a duke) and his wife were among my acquaintances. They invited me to join their excursions, and as I was a better walker than most, the Earl would have me go with him on some of the longer climbs he delighted in. On one of these we were to try to make the ascent of the Grand Mont, a long way back from the coast and, if I remember, well over five thousand feet high. By this time the patches in my lungs must have mended thoroughly, for I could walk. We started early, for it was a long grind, got to the summit after mid-day, and there rested and ate our sandwiches. There we also met another party as energetic as ourselves; they proposed a race to the bottom, so off we sped. Lord Grosvenor had an alpine stock; I, like a fool, had none. As we neared the base of the long slope I was almost done, but we were well ahead of the others. Almost at the bottom I caught my foot in a creeper and lurched heavily forward and downward among some rough rocks. I was too much "done" to save myself, and the fall completely knocked me out. When I came to Lord Grosvenor was pouring brandy down my throat, and it surely did taste good. I got

on my feet at last, with a cruel pain in my left side. For a time it required every bit of will power I had to stagger along with the aid of an alpine stock and a helping arm. The pain almost mastered me, but gradually I was able to straighten up a bit and managed to keep going. Indeed there was nothing else to do, unless I was to lie out all night, or wait for hours till a stretcher could be had, for villages there were none, and the "terrain" was roadless.

I remember that the first part of that return march seemed dreadfully long, but pain subsided as we neared the town. I went straight to the office of Doctor Frank, a well-known doctor in those days, who was then taking winter practice in Mentone. He examined my ribs and said I was lucky and young and made of India rubber. He put a bandage on and let me go. The ribs stick out in a queer way to-day, but they bothered me very little and I was soon none the worse for the fall.

It was another long expedition, and it was my determination to walk on it when I should have ridden that ended in my temporary lapse from sober virtue. The picnic was at Bordighera, and I cannot remember how far that village was from Mentone, but it was a good way, and on the Corniche road the spring sunshine was warm and the dust lay deep. The company drove to the rendezvous; I said I'd walk. I arrived in time for luncheon, hot and thirsty. It was not safe in those days to drink from the wayside rills in that region, for every one of them was used by the natives for washing and other purposes. Thirsty I was, and a good long glass of brown Bavarian beer was a drink to thank the gods for. My experience at that time of the varying potency of stimulating drinks was limited to what my dear little Welshman helped me to; he and I shared always a bottle, and he always did his duty by at least one half of it. I knew nothing of the dangers attending mixed drinks, more especially the fatal consequences of mixing beer and champagne. We were young and hungry and gay; cool champagne there was in plenty, and I drank more of it than was good for me, and did not realize I had done so till luncheon was over, and I tried to leave the table. Then indeed the horror of it all seized me. My brain was clear but my legs unmanageable. I made some excuse and managed to stay where I was till I could see some way to escape observation.

Then, with the last bit of will power I had, I got out through some back door and, finding the shady side of a great olive tree, was very completely sick. That made matters somewhat better. One good fellow, a friend of mine, saw the misery I was in, and leaving the party, stayed behind to help me out, and so I got started on my return journey without attracting much attention. After a mile or two I was my own man again, but a very contrite one, I assure you. At last I got home, said the sun had been too much for me, and dear Miss Newland put me to bed.

The months passed all too quickly at Mentone. There were then few hotels and few health-seekers. Villa life was the customary thing, and there and at Cannes were interesting people from many lands who came together, not to spend a hurried week or two, but to enjoy the winter or the spring. At the Glyns' villa and Lord Grosvenor's one met a charming and clever set. Mr. Glyn's brother was Gladstone's whip in the House of Commons (he was afterward made a peer), and these two houses were gathering places for all that was cleverest and smartest for miles round. If you were lucky enough to have the entrée to them, you were not chilled by too much ceremony, and you were sure to have a good time. Blumenthal stayed at the Glyns', and when the nights were calm a small company would assemble on the terrace while he improvised for an hour at a time.

There was music, too, of another sort, and a very good sort it was. From the little-known country back of the town came a quartet of male voices, and a fifth who played very well indeed on the violin. Some of the country folk-songs they sang have since then become European property, and sound hackneyed now. Then they were but little known, and to me they seemed wild and sweet and often very moving. These people came from quite a long way back in the hills, and usually on Saturday evenings. They thoroughly enjoyed their own singing, and were not a bit spoiled by our enthusiastic praise. Their audiences grew from week to week, and on the outside of our circle the young men and girls who lived near by came to listen and applaud. One evening our orchestra, during a pause in the programme, burst into a most compelling dance, and—Italian, French, and English—we were all dancing before we knew it.

That was my first dancing lesson, and my agile and graceful partner and patient teacher, who honoured me that first evening by leading me out, was our waitress at Miss Newland's, a half-French, half-Italian girl. I was awkward as a cow, I know, but she persevered with me that evening, and many an evening afterward, and at last she had me dancing *trois temps*, *deux temps*, and schottische pretty well. How I loved it!

I have often wished that I had been taught to dance when I was a boy, or that even at this time I had followed up the little knowledge I gained by taking lessons; but among my people and in my religious party prejudice was then more opposed to dancing than it is now; and what my parents wished I did not question. They were sure that dancing was worldly and not good for the soul, and when later I suggested lessons they disapproved and that ended the matter. And so it came about that my only dancing memories are of those few unforgettable nights in the spring of 1867, when I did my best to learn to dance because I just couldn't help it; when the green tree frogs sang in chorus over our heads, and the heavy odour of the orange trees mingled with the faint salt breath of the near-by sea.

A young thing that wants to dance and has never been taught to dance and dance well misses, I think, much in life that we cannot afford to miss. If he does not care to learn, even then I am inclined to think that unless there is extreme repugnance both dancing and music should be insisted on. In our own case, we could not persuade our sons to learn the piano or take dancing lessons, and to-day they are sorry we yielded to their boyish and valueless opposition.

Another friend I made at this time, who helped me in many ways, was Theodore Waterhouse, a brother of the well-known London architect. He gave me much of his time, and his society impressed on me my ignorance of almost everything a youth should know. I began to wonder how I had spent so many years in the world and knew so little about it. I craved the open, that I knew; everything in nature appealed to me, and by myself I was never bored. That, as I look back on it now, was something gained. My love of nature was on the way to save me, though I knew it not then, from the grosser temptations that bruise and brand the lives of so many in school

and college days. But I had not yet got the first beginnings of education—the *desire* to *know*. Theodore Waterhouse helped me to that all-important thing, and in our long walks together I hung on every word he said. I realized that I had been an idler, and that I could only overcome my idleness by a determined change in habit.

Let me put down here something that I hope may be a help to some reader of mine who thinks that because a job does not make an immediate appeal to him there is little likelihood of his ever accomplishing it successfully. Hard work did not attract me then—in truth, it never has—nor have any rules I made, then or afterward, changed my inborn tendency to be an intellectual slacker. Now there is no work that makes more demand on all you have within you than composition, and the only reason I ever composed anything worth listening to was that rigorously I made this rule and kept it. Every week of my life, except when ill or on holiday, I forced myself, on Tuesday morning, to face the weekly task I *always* looked forward to without any relish whatever, of composing next Sunday's message to my people. This may seem a strange confession to make, but it is the truth and not more than the truth. I am not over-stating my experience when I say my will alone, not my inclination, closed my study door and dragged me to my chair.

Times without number I produced nothing for hours, or put down stuff fit only for the waste-paper basket. Sometimes I could find no anchorage at all, but till I had got something that seemed worth saying I never left my study any morning in the week. I don't mean to say that ever and always my sermons came so painfully. Sometimes, on the contrary, I had a flash of insight as soon as I shut my door on the outside world. Sometimes, more even than that, I had that interior joy in composition the Bible speaks of: "While I mused, the fire kindled, and at the last I spake with my tongue." But this was not often. What I got habitually that was worth getting came by way of *grind*, long, patient grind.

Most good preachers I have known, whether they could put their best on paper in a written sermon, as did Phillips Brooks, or commit it to memory, could depend on memory to enable them to reproduce the substance of what they had worked out.

Not so in my case. There my head failed me quite. When I had down on paper the salient points of what I had painfully excogitated; when the frame-work of it had been written and rewritten, I had slowly to commit the whole thing to memory. This end of the business was quite as distasteful to me as had been the halting beginnings of the sermon's composition. In this, the chief work of a preacher, I can say I never consciously eased up on myself. I steadily aimed to do both these things. Unless I had done them I had no right in pulpit or on platform, for I had broken my contract with God, my own conscience, and those who honoured me with their attendance and attention. . . .

All of which may seem to have little to do with Theodore Waterhouse, but I had to say it now or later, and Theodore Waterhouse was the first to help me to see the instant need I had of resolutely disciplining such brains as were mine, if I was to make any success of my life in any profession whatever. I had not, by the way, at that time the faintest idea of ever becoming a clergyman. When we parted, Theodore Waterhouse gave me "In Memoriam." It was my first introduction to Tennyson. I had till then read no poetry but Scott and a small volume of verses selected for school declamation. "In Memoriam" set me thinking on many new things. During the next few years I dropped in on my friend constantly. He had chambers near the Temple, but he moved in one circle, and I in another, and the intimacy that grew between us during those long walks that unforgettable spring was never quite renewed. While I was a curate at Norwich, he was stricken with a mortal illness, and on his death-bed I saw him for the last time. He died as he lived, thinking of and for others rather than of himself.

With one more delightful and unexpected experience these golden days were to come to an end. I received one day a letter from my Duchess enclosing a cheque for fifty pounds, and telling me to spend it in seeing as much of Europe as I could on my way home. I made that cheque go far. I got to Florence in time to see the wedding fêtes of Umberto and Marguerita, and there again I fell on my feet, for Colonel Strange Jocelyn, the son of Father's friend the old Earl of Roden, was at the British embassy.

Then I went through the North of Italy—Padua, Verona, and made a stay at Venice. I tramped all round the Italian lakes always alone; but in Switzerland I was to meet a youth, Frederick N. Charrington, two years older than I was, who influenced my whole future.

On some mountain ramble, I cannot remember where it was, but it was soon after I crossed the Swiss border, I had sat me down to eat my bread and Gruyère cheese, when he came up. He also was alone and was abroad for the first time. We talked as we ate, and agreed to keep together for a day or two. He had lately come under the influence of some religious people, and was more than ready to talk about his salvation. I tried to help him, and we felt drawn to each other. I was sure I was saved—he was not sure at all. I remember before we went on our ways we knelt down there, in that great mountain solitude, and I prayed.

Fred was the eldest son of the London brewer of that name. Well advertised, it stares at you, or did when I was in London, from the heavy gilded headboards of a goodly number of public houses scattered widely all over the metropolis. In the '60's the drink trade had become well organized in England, specially in London. The brewers and distillers owned the public houses between them, the first taking two thirds of the value, the second the other third. Their control was practically absolute. The city was growing then at a rapid rate, and as the working population spread out, specially to east and south, the "houses" were placed in strategic positions, a gentlemanly agreement existing between the great brewing firms not unduly to intrude into each other's sphere of the trade.

Under the licensing system, order was maintained and the laws as to hours of opening, etc., were obeyed. The houses closed on time, and drink was not supposed to be sold to minors, but children came to fetch beer for their parents, and under cover of this and a host of convenient excuses, almost any one could drink to excess. There was, however, none of the blackmailing of the publicans by the police (one of our municipal disgraces), for the laws were liberal and were obeyed. I was destined to see a good deal of what the public houses were, and what they did, during the next year.

CHAPTER VII

The East End of London

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely," said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the living "bread."
—Matthew Arnold.

Toward the close of the '60's, thoughtful people in the old Land were beginning to have serious doubts of the economic gospel of *laissez faire*. If it made England rich, it certainly was not making it happy and contented.

The Evangelicals were so absorbed in saving people's souls that they left the masses to look after their own bodies; and that they certainly did not know how to do without help and a better education. The Evangelical chapels in England had no "cure" assigned to them. They had no parish boundaries. Consequently, a class congregation grew up. The poor could not afford to rent pews, and the chapels lived by their pew rents; and so it was not hard to foresee what must take place: they might reach the rich and the middle class; they certainly could not reach the poor, and they never did.

Now when a church gets away from the poor, it may make any and every excuse it likes, but the fact remains it has got away from its Master. Evangelicism once had been a burning and a shining light because it went to the poor. Now it was more fashionable. Its leaders, lay and clerical, met once a year at the Mildmay Conference to discuss the need of evangelizing England and saving its heathen; but the sad fact was, the party had become a preaching party, not a working party,

and so was in danger of the fate of the unfortunate Strasburg goose who was so stuffed with prepared food that it was ready to die of fatty degeneration of the liver.

The Evangelical party in England missed its great opportunity when it turned a deaf ear to the exceeding bitter cry of Labour. That party's failure was of course part of a universal failure. All the churches failed alike. The question is still asked, "Why do you find so small a representation of labour in any Christian church?" The Church's advocates dislike to make the true answer, but only one can be made. It is because organized Christianity took the wrong side in those times of change of which I write. Wholly intent on saving men's souls from a distant Hell, they left them to suffer in a very real present Hell. Had Evangelicism sought to save body and soul as did Jesus—yes, put as He did, the body and the body's wants first—then the attitude of Labour to organized Christianity could not be what it is to-day.

There can be no doubt that, in the early centuries of our era, the Church was very generally on the right side, the side of the poor. In much later times, when the liberties of England were threatened, the Bishops had proved equal to the crisis, and had gone to the Tower sooner than bow to the Tyrant King.[1] And for the sake of that brave deed, much was forgiven the national church clergy. Now another tyranny, the tyranny of wealth, more insidious, more pervasive, at least as fatal to the nation's well-being, threatened the land. But there was only feeble protest raised in unofficial quarters, or no protest at all. The English Church was on the wrong side. Her prophets were confused, misled, unseeing. Vision had failed England. "And where no vision is, the people perish," says the Bible.

Politically, educationally, sociologically, there was dreadful need of reform. The housing conditions of the working people were awful, hours of labour intolerably long. In the country things were nearly as bad. Men were expected to work twelve hours a day, for a wage of from nine shillings (in some counties), to fourteen shillings a week in others. At such a wage, a family of five children could not have sufficient nutritive food.

[1] Archbishop Sancroft and his six suffragan bishops defied James II, and were sent to the Tower. All England cheered when even a packed jury said: "Not guilty."

The cottage they lived in, if sometimes picturesque, was often unsanitary.

In the great towns millions lived—was it living?—without joy or leisure or outlook, in miles and miles of slums, sunk in a life as gray and sordid and uniformly ugly as were the crowded, unsanitary hovels they called homes. A sick child, a funeral, or a week's unemployment, and all savings were gone, probably some things pawned, and the wolf at the door.

On these injustices, on the crime against the child life of England, all the churches officially were dumb. In the country, and very occasionally in the city, the national church still ministered to the poor, chiefly to the retarded, ignorant, and unprogressive poor. Her seats were free and many of her clergy faithfully visited their flocks. But these good men did not understand, much less were they ready to grapple with, the vast changes that were spreading over the land. By long tradition, they were opposed to change. The preparation they had received before taking Holy Orders was really ludicrous in its inadequacy in the things it demanded and did not demand. So the University did not help them before they were ordained, nor did the Bishops they served under help them after. For these got their Bishoprics either on account of their standing as scholars, or more often because they or their families could command influence with the Prime Minister.

The Methodists and Baptists were losing the poor, for those churches had not organized themselves to reach the factory workers. The Roman Catholic Church was then astutely planning her campaign to win a wider social recognition in the land, and so deemed it wiser policy to leave dangerously radical questions alone. Then lastly, there was the young and vigorous High Church party, but it was fighting so fiercely for vestments, candles, and the mass, that as yet it had not had time to notice England's sin against her poor.

Manchesterism, to coin an ugly word, was essentially unchristian, and had soaked into the national life everywhere. It denied that the Golden Rule had any application in business. "Do as you would be done by" might apply *within limitations* to your friends; it had no practical reference whatever to your labouring people. And so it was that the financial growth of England in those years numbed and paralyzed the

spirit of all the churches, hid from them the progressive degradation of Labour, and deafened and blinded them to the Command of God and the cry of perishing men.

Many books have been written to account for the fact that the churches one and all have well-nigh lost the great working class. I have not found this explanation in anything I have read, but I think it the chief reason for their lamentable failure then and their lost leadership now.

The gist of the popular economic teachings of that day was that safety and progress lay in leaving things alone. Then the best would inevitably come to the front, whether the best in men or in manufactured goods. The theory of life at the basis of the Christian religion is the opposite, the antithesis of this—it is evolutionary. If you leave things alone they will inevitably *revert*—no advance, no reform can come by any other road than that of struggle, and what is so won can by struggle alone be retained.

Now, as a matter of fact, when orthodox religion had been badly defeated in its own chosen field, from a source she had derided and defied help was to come to the cause she had lost. A small and discredited group of scientists were at that day beginning to open to the wide world a new page in the story of the old world. Evolution was to explain how man, nature's last product, emerges from the long welter of cosmic struggle, in order that he should, as leader, guardian, saviour, and brother, change and order nature to his will. Truly a new meaning to life, a new call to service, and the Golden Rule reasserted in new and compelling terms.

Coleridge said: "What we denounce as error may be but the refraction of some great truth as yet below the horizon." The theory of evolution was a long way below the horizon then of well-educated people. To most it seemed a degrading and unworthy theory. As for religious people in all the churches, they raged at it. And small wonder, since the most influential of contemporary Englishmen, W. E. Gladstone, who for a time laid on England his wordy spell, had no other greetings for it than fatuously to oppose to it his essays on "The Sure Rock of Holy Scripture." Of course Mr. Gladstone never even dimly grasped the significance of religious evolution, but his attempt to answer it by revamping an exploded theory of in-

spiration illustrates the changes that have passed over our world since those days.

As for me, I did not begin to read Darwin and his great expositor, Huxley, till ten years later. Then I had growing pains.

Drink, as any one could see, was an immediate cause of the social tragedy; but men and women and even children drank because alcohol and the public house were their one poor refuge from an unrighteously imposed toil, and a condition that human nature was not intended or fitted to endure.

The deeper causes their would-be helpers did not at first see; the root reforms needed they did not know. They went to help the helpless—those I went with went to save their souls. And some were saved and helped and cheered, and a little breach at least was made in the Chinese Wall separating man from his fellow.

The national church had acted the part of "the priest and the Levite" in the tragedy of the wounded man fallen among thieves. And the little band I knew were trying to staunch his wounds and save his life, even though they were not adepts in antiseptic sociological surgery.

In time there came to England the knowledge of a great wrong, a great need, and a great danger. Then a tardy awakening of public conscience, and finally legislative enactment and reform. But neither in England nor in the United States has the gravity of the danger of leaving the labouring masses of the cities to neglect and exploitation been realized yet.

When I returned home in 1868, full of health and good resolutions, I had never heard of the East Side. I was intent on passing in due time the competitive examination into Woolwich, for a commission in the Royal Artillery. So I settled down to work at Thurlow Square with a coach.

My father had no district assigned to his church, nor, if he had, was there anything in his training or disposition that fitted him to organize it for church work. He visited in Ireland, he visited in London; preaching and visiting were what he was consecrated to attend to. Indeed, there was little organized parish work of any sort in those days. Frequent communions and church services in high churches; prayer meetings and Bible readings in low churches and dissenting

churches: there the function of the Church began and ended. Of course, very great change came soon. But the point I want to make is that in effecting those changes, in the awakening of the Church's conscience to the cry of the wounded and abandoned man, those people who attempted to aid great East London broke the ice and led the way, all honour to them.

A member of Belgrave Chapel congregation, Miss E. Logan, was one of the first of these, and she gathered a little group round her. Lord and Lady Ripon (Lord Ripon was afterward Governor General of India) led another group. I have no doubt there were others like them, but these I knew.

One afternoon, when my studies were over, a friend of my father's, Admiral Fishbourne, called at the house and asked for me. I did not know him well and was taken aback when, in his abrupt way, he said: "Willie, I am come to take you with me to Bethnal Green. Bring your Bible with you." The old Admiral (he was retired) had a plan. Why he conceived it I never knew, but great things in our lives often spring from trifling things, and in my case the good old seaman's secret unspoken plan was to change all my life. It seemed to me a long journey to that far-off East Side, in those halting omnibuses. I had never been east of the Tower of London before, but at last we arrived, and we stood before a mean little Baptist chapel off the Mile End Road. The place was crowded with young and middle-aged mothers, each trying to take care of a baby while she sewed. A gray-faced congregation, in a building gray and dreary.

Our arrival was evidently timed to correspond with the close of the working hours, and the welcome advent of tea and well-served bread and butter. Miss Logan and the ladies helping her were passing round the food and giving to each of the mothers sixpence for the three hours' work done. The garments they made they could buy at cost price. When tea was over, all sang a hymn, and the Admiral, evidently known and approved of by them all, took his Bible out of his pocket and made an address for some fifteen minutes. He knew what he could not do, so he spoke very briefly, and when the end came rather suddenly, he sprung on his audience and on me, the scared victim of it, his plot. "I have brought here to-day,"

said he, "the eldest son of the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, of Belgrave Chapel, and he will speak to you, my friends, better than I can." What his reason for calling on a lad not yet eighteen, all unprepared, to rise and speak before fashionable ladies he knew and some four hundred poor souls he did not, I never knew. But that was what he did; and no protest I could make, and I protested vigorously, could save me from my fate that day. How I got on my feet I don't know. I fumbled the pages of my pocket Bible, but could not see to read them. I looked with unseeing eyes on the poor, worn gray faces before me, and was just aware that they were as much surprised as I was. Some of them pitied me, I know, for when it was over and I made my way to the door they cried, "Come back and speak to us again next Tuesday."

What happened was this: I stood and gasped and muttered something, while the smoky, unwashed windows grew dark, and the gray faces merged into one colourless mass. I, who knew my Bible from cover to cover, never found a text. I seemed gradually to grow numb from my feet up to the tip of my tongue. No help, no light came to me, no coherent word to my audience—that I am sure of—and in a few minutes I sat down.

As I took the long walk home by myself (for the old Admiral kept out of my way), a new resolve came to me. I would not be so beaten. I would go back the next week, I would stand in that poor little chapel and speak to those burdened folk. I would say something to cheer and help them.

Here let me be honest. The impelling motive to return was quite as much to retrieve myself as to help them. This is a sad confession, but it is the truth. I don't know what psychological effect of so crushing a failure has been in the case of others; I know what it was on me. (My failure there, by the way, was not my last, by any means. I made just as bad a break-down at the church congress in Boston, in 1876. Of that, later.) I determined not to be beaten. I had then no distinct sense of a message to deliver; that came slowly, and later. I did of course mightily want to cheer those poor worn mothers, but far more I wanted to gain control of myself. So back I went the following week.

Before the next Tuesday I thought a good deal on what I

intended to say; probably my little discourse was largely borrowed from some sermon I had heard or read, but when on my feet the second time, I very nearly lost all control of myself again, and floundered and blundered even in the reading of my text. But soon, from somewhere, there came to me a new consciousness of a new power. I can liken it only to my first sense of conquest when, after choking and floundering and sinking in the Dundalk river, I suddenly felt myself actually smoothly swimming just a few yards. So it was now. Before I knew it I had forgotten W. S. R. entirely, and I was talking, not to the poor draggled bonnets or the mass of wan faces beneath them, but to human souls looking at me out of human eyes. And a newer power fell on me, and a deeper desire to understand and uplift. And out of me went—I knew it, I felt it—some cheer, some courage, some hope, to that roomful of mothers in Bethnal Green.

As I look back now to that day, that momentous day for me, how tangled, how mixed, how inextricably interwoven, were the chains of egoism and self-assertion and those higher forces of charity and compassion, that mingled in the making of that first poor boyish offering of mine. "If thou, O Lord, wert extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who should abide it?" So I became a weekly fixture at Miss Logan's sewing class.

At this time I met another young man, five years older than I, who became my fast friend, Herbert Watney. Afterward he married my eldest sister, Sarah. He had become intensely religious, and something had moved him to take an interest in the social problems of the city. His people were brewers. The firm in which he was a partner one of the richest in London; and on his own account, very unostentatiously, he had for some time been going round to the public houses that bore his name. The survey profoundly disgusted him. He sought out those who were visiting the East End, and finding Miss Logan at work there, volunteered to assist in any way she desired. He was no good at speaking, so he undertook the heavy job of securing accurate information about hundreds of families that seemed in danger of complete collapse.

Just then a shortage of employment intensified a normally bad condition, and it was suggested that the best thing to do

was to help families that were in danger of sinking into helpless poverty to emigrate to Canada.

Herbert Watney and I were put on the job of searching out and selecting those who were willing to make the great experiment, and who seemed likely to make a success of it under new conditions. He gave up everything else, for the time being, and almost alone got together a band of some eight hundred men and women and children. Later they gave a good account of themselves in the new land.

The Canadian authorities were consulted, and we were assured that there would be no difficulty in placing these people in the province of Ontario. They all of them had a trade, and out there they were to work at it. Matters moved rapidly then. It was decided to send someone over to see to details and report on results. Watney volunteered to go and asked me to go with him as his guest and assistant. It was a temptation not to be resisted and, having obtained my parents' consent, I gladly agreed to go.

My story is destined to record many a confession, and now I must make another. It is true I wanted to aid my poor women folk. Many of my weekly congregation at Mile End were numbered in this emigrant band. But quite as much did I want to see that new western land that everyone was talking of. And, having seen it, I had a compelling determination not to return till I had feasted my eyes on that still farther-off land, as yet but little known, where hundreds of miles of rolling prairie stretched on and on to the bases of a mighty mountain chain. The story books Father had read by the old vicarage fireside, the tales of Indians, buffalo, and grizzly bears, all crowded back on my memory; and between my hope successfully to guide my poor people and, after that, to see with my own eyes this land of wonder and romance, I had an exciting time.

My friend was not as keen for the Indian country as I was, but he proved persuadable. There seemed no reason why, when the business part of our journey was over, we should not at least ride far enough west to see something of Indian life and the great buffalo herds. So on so much we agreed, leaving all details of our plans to be worked out later, as circumstances should dictate.

What became of the Woolwich scheme and my hope for an

artillery commission? you may ask. Well, I had not given it up; but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, specially when you are eighteen, and this bird looked like a bird of Paradise to me.

Enfin, early in the spring of 1869, we sailed in the good ship *Nestorian*, 2,000 tons, of the Allan Line, for Quebec. We had a rough voyage of fourteen days, and well I remember I was dreadfully seasick.

CHAPTER VIII

The Great Lone Land and the Indian Country in 1869

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

—Kipling.

In the early spring of 1869 H. W. and I sailed up the St. Lawrence and anchored under Quebec. I am glad I saw it before the hand of change had made it what it is to-day. Chateau Frontenac was then undreamed of. The ancient fortress frowned on the St. Lawrence grim and bare, just as it had faced Wolf's fleet more than one hundred years before.

One thing Quebec had, that spring morning when first I saw it, that it has lost, I fear, for ever. Its lilacs! On the wide terraces that looked down on the river they were in bloom. In rows and thickets they crowded everywhere, masking the batteries of old smooth-bore cannon, and draping with their spring garlands the gray brows of the ancient town.

From Quebec we went to Toronto. There the Ontario Immigration authorities took our business in hand,[1] and very quickly found work for our East Londoners in that and the neighbouring towns. Canada was greatly in need of workers then. Our people had their trades, and on the whole they did very well, but gradually the greater part of them drifted across the border, where wages were higher and the cities larger and more lively. A born Londoner cannot be happy in the village or even in the country town; the city is in his blood, and he must seek it.

If I were dead, and some kind friend of mine were writing this biography for me, he would make this first visit of mine

[1]The settlement of 800 East London Immigrants.

to this country chiefly important because it afforded me an opportunity for comparing the problems of church and city life in the new land with those in the old, and so laying the foundation for future usefulness. As I am alive and writing it myself, I must confess that as soon as the immigration agents had taken our people off our hands, one idea, one desire, and one alone, possessed me. I longed with a great longing to feast my eyes on that land of wonder that I had read about since I could read at all. The world has changed greatly in these last epoch-making fifty years, changed I believe in most things for the better, but changes great as those that have passed, mean losses, too, and boys of to-day have never had offered them what fortune offered me. We have gained civilization, the telephone, the aeroplane, and wireless telegraphy, but we have lost, at least in part, the fascination of facing the unknown.

"He was the first that ever burst into that lonely sea." If that is an over-statement, at least it is true that the unknown was larger, closer, more alluring to a youth then than it is now, and never was there a boy worth his salt in any age, or nation, or time, whose dreams and visions were not coloured by it.

So I longed for that frontier where real Indians roved. Longed to feast my eyes on that great prairie land and the mountains beyond still unmapped, that had lain for untold ages untouched, unchanged. Now by the iron roads of trans-continental railways, pushing fast to the westward, its conquerors were preparing to overwhelm it suddenly. I was only just in time to see its real frontier and the glorious continent beyond it in all their savagery, before they became things of the past. Only just in time to enter into that part of it which was about to pass away. To live in the Indians' tepee, ride side by side with the naked warrior band, as with shrill war-whoop it recklessly charged into the thundering mass of the stampeded buffalo herd.

As I look back on it I see how ridiculously unprepared we were for the adventure that thrust itself on us. We had planned for a visit to the prairie, and an extended buffalo hunt, and nothing more. Before we knew it we were involved in a serious and in some parts dangerous journey to the Pacific Ocean, and through a region much of which was practically unknown and infested by hostile Indian tribes.

As we travelled, my friend and I, as far as the railroad would take us to westward, we made diligent inquiries about the prairie regions, how to get there, and what paraphernalia to take. No one we had the fortune to meet seemed to know any more about them than we did, and our own knowledge was no later or more accurate than that conveyed by Main Reed's or Ballantine's romances. From England we had brought guns and rifles, and in the choice of the rifles, at least, my complete ignorance of what a traveller in our land of promise needed was illustrated.

The Marquis of Westminster[1]—my Mentone friend—was an enthusiastic volunteer, one of the most influential promoters of that movement in England. He naturally was an expert on all matters of rifle-range shooting, and when he knew I was going to the West, he loaned me one of his pet rifles, a wonderful weapon for thousand-yard shooting, but about as useless a rifle for the practical purpose of killing your dinner as could well be carried. Before I left London I fear I talked rifles immoderately to my friends. One of them told me to go to Rigby (at that time the best rifle maker in England) and order from him any weapon I chose. I had a long interview with that great man, who recommended a new weapon he was then turning out called an express rifle. It carried a small bullet, and had behind it a heavy charge of powder. This gave the bullet great pace and a low trajectory, which Mr. Rigby tried to convince me were the essential things in a game rifle. I remained interested but quite unconvinced; and so, seeing he could not make any impression on my ignorance, he sold me the sort of rifle I wanted, or thought I wanted; an excellent weapon for jungle shooting in India, if you had to depend for your life on your straight shooting at twenty yards or under; but for killing game at ordinary open country distances, or for carrying on horseback, my beautiful and expensive "Rigby" was as unsuited as the other rifle.

I had pictured the American buffalo, after the manner of the story book, as a fearsome beast, requiring a formidable amount of powder and lead to kill, and of buffalo I was of course thinking when I got my rifle. I was to find him just as easy, if you

[1]The Earl of Grosvenor on his father's death had succeeded to the Marquisate—was afterward made a Duke.

hit him in the right place, and just as hard if you hit him in the wrong, as the domestic cow. But, as I have just said, swayed by the fascination of the totally unknown, I had grossly magnified the terrors of my intended victim, and had insisted on a double-barrel rifle shooting a bullet almost as large as an egg, and taking six drachms of powder. This instrument of death naturally had weight—fourteen good pounds it weighed—and oh, how my unknit shoulders and back suffered and protested, as mile after mile, day after day, month after month, on level prairie and up precipitous mountain slope; on smoothly gaited and on painfully roughly gaited horses, I toted that rifle! From St. Paul, Minnesota, to the headquarters of the 22nd. U. S. Infantry at Kettle Falls, on the Columbia River, more than two thousand miles by the way we went. Carrying that rifle was a feat I am still proud of. For when I started on the long journey I was my present height, but I weighed only one hundred and forty pounds. I certainly could not carry that rifle over the same road now; so much for the toughness of an enthusiastic youth in his teens.

In St. Paul, we first came into touch with frontier life, and at last met some who could give us information, very imperfect though it was, about the country to westward. As soon as the armies of the North and South were disbanded in 1865, thousands of soldiers whose family ties had been broken, or who had never had any family ties, made their way to the West. Some went because their war experience had widened and stimulated them; they sought new homes and larger life. This the great empty Indian land offered to all who would work and were attracted by its spice of adventure. Besides these there were (especially in those first years after the war) a considerable number of undesirables, the scum, the vagabondage, of its great hosts. Restless, undisciplined, sometimes criminal, men who had broken with the restrictions of civilization, and who sought lands where they could be free to do as they would. Naturally the frontier, from Texas to the Canadian line and even north of it, was to all such a veritable land of promise.

It has never been fully recognized in the East that it is to this wave of ungoverned and ungovernable men that we owe chiefly the Indian troubles that were so often unnecessary.

The truth is, the "plain tribes" never had a square deal. The whites these Indians first came in contact with were the lawless element, the aftermath of war, men who had learned in its red school a light regard for life, and a lighter for property. When you admit the bravery and the immense energy of this class, you have summed up their virtues. Might was right to them; a man took what he could take, and stood as best he could to defend it. The brutal motto they professed and consistently acted on was "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." They bested the Indian in trickery and cruelty, and some of the Regular Army officers who directed military operations against the Indians in the '70's were, it must be confessed, of the same mind.

As a result of our inquiries at St. Paul, we altered our plans considerably. We determined to take the train as far as it would carry us, which was not indeed very far, and then to travel westward and northward, hoping to strike the buffalo herd that was reported to be some hundred and fifty miles from railhead. Failing this, we would go still farther north, cross the Canadian line, and get somehow to Fort Garry, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company. (Fort Garry afterward became the city of Winnipeg.)

Sauk Centre, a railroad shanty-town, was our jumping-off place; and there, in early June, we detrained. Our quite inadequate outfit consisted of a large wagon, driven by a retired cavalryman who was a stranger to the country, a poor tent, the best we could get at St. Paul, a pair of good horses, and a supply of pork, hard tack, coffee, and sugar. The whole thing was absurd; but we were green, very green, and everyone in St. Paul was so taken up with his own affairs that we had been obliged to go on our uninstructed way if we were to get off at all.

At the railhead we heard the usual silly talk about Indians. Out of sight of the line they were supposed to lurk everywhere, and no man's life was safe. The Sioux massacre, as it was called, of a few years before, was fresh in mind, and though, as a matter of fact, the marauding bands that had swept western Minnesota in '63 and '64 had been driven far with heavy loss, none of the tellers of these fearsome tales believed it, and they

made such an impression on our cavalryman that there and then he proposed to give up his job. At last he reluctantly yielded to our persuasion and a promised "advance," and without a map and with only one compass we were actually off.

Across a gap of almost fifty years I see again that wonderful green world of the western prairie, as yet untroubled of the plough. It is mid-June, and as far as the eye can see long levels of rich grass land, rising now and then into slow waves and scarcely accented ridges, stretched out before me. Where the soil is poorer, wild roses grow in short sweet tufts everywhere, and countless flowers are there, many of them new to me. Oh, what a land that prairie land was then! I had read of it, dreamed of it, but it was wider, opener, more gloriously free than I had dreamed. The vigour, the breath, the beauty of it! It stirred my blood. You felt you could go anywhere and do anything.

Life was splendid, and you were young. I never found in any poet a line that reminded me of what I felt that morning till I came across Francis Thompson's "Anthem of Earth." In it he has given a voice to a young man's glory in Nature when, full-blooded, with all the zest of youth in him, he worships her. Later, surely, heavily, her foot is on his neck, and youth's joyous song changes to a sigh of resignation and deep thankfulness, too. But golden boys and girls should have their day. How glad I am I had mine!

> In a little joy, O Earth, in a little joy;
> Loving thy beauty in all creatures born of thee,
> Children, and the sweet-essenced body of woman;
> Feeling not yet upon my neck thy foot,
> But breathing warm of thee as infants breathe
> New from their mother's morning bosom.

That lone land is gone, its mystery departed, its secrets all surrendered to man's insatiate searching. But in '69, the thousand miles of prairie and forest, of lake and swamp that stretched from the foot of the Rocky Mountains to the Red River of the North, lay empty, waiting for a resolute people to conquer it and transform it into a new empire. A vast, various country, where millions of buffalo still roamed; where

Indians pitched at will their smoke-stained buffalo-skin tepees; where no white man had as yet come, save an occasional band of ill-omened whiskey traders, moving north from the upper Missouri, bringing murder and misery with them wherever they made their lawless round; and now and then the Hudson Bay trader, crossing the Saskatchewan River with his half-breed bands, and their long column of Red River carts, to trade with the Sioux and Blackfeet for "robes" and pemmican.

That lone land is gone. There were no cattle herds, no ranchmen, no cowboys, and of course no farmers in it then. How glad I am I saw it all before the great change came; saw it from Sauk Centre to old Fort Garry, and from Fort Garry westward and southward, over the mountains and down the Columbia, its greatest river, to the sea.

I owe a great deal to that journey. It did more for me than I realized at the time. I started on it an inexperienced youth, having escaped, by a little, serious lung trouble. I was timid and shy, not sure of myself at all, though I doubt that my manner conveyed this to an unobservant person. I had not conquered my own doubts of myself. They had called me a coward at school, and I had more than half believed them. On this journey I was to be tested out in others' sight and in my own. I was to face what I believed at the moment was the certainty of instant death without losing self-control, and so to learn that I really was not, after all, a coward. If I gained nothing else by it, this experience made the long journey well worth while. But I gained far more than this. All my boyish longings for the open, which Father's gift of a gun when I was twelve years old had strengthened, were deepened and renewed. My boyhood's dreams were to come true. The new land I was entering was to prove more wonderful, more beautiful even, than I had fancied it might be, and it was destined to draw me to itself, to rest and refresh and renew me during all the most arduous years that lay ahead. In its solitudes I was to hide me, year by year, while I worked in New York; and to come back from my own little mountain-ranch in northern Montana, one hundred miles from the nearest railroad, a more capable and clearer-headed man.

All this lay in the future. The start we made toward it was as poor a one as inexperience could well bring about. Of the

simplest requirements of camping life we were completely ignorant. How to pitch a tent so that it could resist a sudden downpour we did not know. How to start a fire with such materials as were at hand; how to cook the simplest dinner, or sleep in a tormenting swarm of mosquitoes; how to hobble our horses so that the thongs of rawhide did not so cut into the fetlock as to lame them—of these and a hundred other necessary trifles we knew just nothing at all. And when the showdown came, our hired warrior, who claimed a long cavalry experience on the frontier, seemed to know no more than we did.

The glories of that first morning, truth compels me to confess, faded into the discomforts of a broiling afternoon and the miseries of a first night, when mosquitoes sang to us and feasted on us. Before sundown a sudden thunderstorm burst, and warm rain fell in torrents for half an hour. Seeing the approach of the storm, we stopped and tried to get our tent up. Nothing went right. The poles would not fit, the ropes would not draw, and of course we chose the wrong sort of place to pitch it on—a level bit of fat prairie land. When at last the thing was standing, there was water half an inch deep on its muddy, trampled floor.

I have pitched camp thousands of times since then; when I was young doing it myself; later superintending the business while others did the work; but never again did I pass so discouraging a night as the first night on the paririe. The evening fell calm and clear, and having eaten—I can't say dined—we settled down to make the best of things. We had nothing to sit on, no log fire to warm our soaked clothes and bodies at, and, worst lack of all, no mosquito nets. Now I have fought mosquitoes in many lands, and am in a position to compare authoritatively our native product with his dangerous and persistent relative in Italy and in Africa. But there is no comparison. I state positively that the American mosquito is more effective, is better armed, and has a vigour of attack, that no relative of his possesses! He does not reign now where his rule was absolute long ago. His numbers are as nothing compared to what once they were. But when I, poor ignorant boy, first dared to invade his sanctuary, he held in fee simple during the months of June and July the prairie land for his

own. This first night I am telling of we simple mortals did not know enough even to build a smudge in the door of our tent; but later, when I did know how to combat the pest, and did have smudges lit, I have had a tortured mule come during the night to the smudge smoke and stand in it till its slow living flame scorched and destroyed the leg sinews so badly that we had to shoot it in the morning.

In the warm evening air, this June night, I saw for the first time the cursed insect multitudes actually rising like a thick misty cloud from the lush prairie grass. I am not exaggerating. I am using the best simile I can find to describe what I saw.

And now having described our start—I must cut my story down and content myself with giving some account of a few of the adventures we had as we made our lonely way from old Fort Garry, on the Red River of the North, to where, at the mouth of the Columbia River, the little town of Portland stood. Fort Garry was the capital post of the Hudson Bay Company, from it a few score of hard-bitted Scotsmen managed a territory larger than the United States. Their subjects were a few thousand half-breeds, that sometimes gave them trouble, and many thousand Indians, who since they were honestly treated and never given any whiskey, gave them no trouble at all. Not one mile of road, not a telegraph line was there then, from one end to the other of that great Lone Land.

In the Company's magazine we found those necessary things that we couldn't get anywhere else—and so at last we were ready as two quite inexperienced young fellows could well be to push our way across the unmapped country we had come so far to see. We had stout horses, good Red River carts (those little two-wheeled wooden affairs, unbreakable and almost un-upsettable, not a nail or bit of iron in them, every fastening made with green raw buffalo hide, shrunk on) English saddles bearing the name of an excellent firm, a waterproof tent, and a sufficient supply of such provisions as the frugal habits of the fur traders approved (no canned goods in those days) to last for months. Flour was the most precious thing, the most difficult to procure; for it we paid twenty-five cents a pound, and our supply was limited. No wheat was raised in all these

vast wheat lands, except in a small and experimental way at Fort Garry and Edmonton.

The Saskatchewan River rises in the Rocky Mountains, and, as does the Red River of the North, flows into Lake Winnipeg. Near Fort Carlton the stream divides into southern and northern branches. Both rise in the mountains, and together they water what is to-day the fairest region of western Canada. Between these rivers were the hunting grounds of the Blackfeet and the plain Crees. To south of the south Saskatchewan, close to the mountains, were the Piegans, and in the foothills, and as far as the Continental divide, the sheep-eating Assiniboines kept all other Indians out.

This was our land of promise, our chosen hunting ground. On its wide plains multitudes of buffalo grazed; in its hilly country elk, bear, the wild sheep and Rocky Mountain goat[1] were still so common that the Assiniboines lived chiefly on their flesh, and were completely clothed and housed with their skins.

We really had chosen better than we knew. Here Indians were at peace with the white man, and had been at peace, usually because there was no whiskey, and the white man dealt honestly with them, and left their women alone.

We had intended making Fort Carlton on the Saskatchewan —509 miles from Fort Garry, our starting point for a long hunting expedition to the southward and westward, but there a panic fear of the Blackfoot Indians was at its height. One of the officers of the Company had been shot and dangerously wounded by some lurking "brave"—near the "post," and this spoiled our plan. We tried to get reliable men to go with us, men to drive our carts and a guide, who knew the difference between a Cree warrior and a Blackfoot or a Sioux, which naturally we did not; but no one would go. We offered double wages. It was of no use. I could see that the Company officers themselves, instead of aiding us, were so genuinely panic-stricken that they could afford us no help whatever. So long as we kept north, they said, and stuck to the great trail, there was little danger. If we went south we would certainly

[1]The goat, by the way, was not a goat any more than the buffalo was a buffalo, but following the usual American custom of misnaming things, we call the bison, buffalo; and the Rocky Mountain antelope, goat.

be scalped or captured, and in either of these eventualities there would be trouble for them. So to help us to our destruction they declined.

This persistent timidity of our hosts began to be a serious nuisance, and my friend and I had long consultations as to plans. As we were debating the future, the fort people were thrown into a still more disturbed state of mind by the unannounced arrival of a hard-looking band of whiskey traders from Fort Benton. There were twelve of them, a tough lot, led by a Jew, as undesirable a rascal as I had ever seen. Such small bands at that time were not uncommon, but they very seldom pushed their way across the boundary line and into the Blackfoot country. I am convinced that these had come so far simply to spy out the land, and satisfy themselves as to what could be got in trade out of the Indians thereabouts. They were unusually well armed, but had used up all their whiskey, if they had not "cached" it. Meanwhile, they asked for flour and pork. The fort people said they could not supply them. This did not satisfy the visitors, and they looked threatening. The end of it was, flour and pork came from somewhere, and the traders, to the immense relief of everybody, moved away. I spent the best part of two days in their company while they hung round. It was a new experience to me. They presented a type I had never seen. No ties held them to the country, or indeed to each other. All but the Jew said they had been soldiers in the great war, some on one side, some on the other. Criminals, I fancy, all of them. Their leader (why he was a leader I could not make out) seemed to take a fancy to me. He said he "had a hard gang to control; that he would go back to honest life soon as he could reach the Missouri. Two of his band he knew intended to murder him, and get the gold he carried in a heavy belt. They had pushed their way right through the Blackfoot country, and had had no trouble with the tribe. They would not have come so far north had it not been reported at Benton that there was good placer mining on the Saskatchewan. They had prospected on the south branch, but had found nothing worth while."

He had come through much of the country we hoped to visit and hunt in, and his first-hand knowledge was of good value.

His advice was—"get into a large village of plain Indians and stay in it. You run some risk getting in, on account of the irresponsible small war parties, composed of undisciplined young warriors who are out on their own, hoping to steal a horse or get a scalp, and so gain credit for bravery. These fellows are not likely to kill you, but they might put you afoot. You face the same risks getting out of the large camps as you do getting in; so stay in the big camp, and hunt with its riders. They are hospitable, you can leave your tent unguarded, and if you give them a present when you go away, all will go well."

Every word of this we proved to be true.

As to his own plans, he was frank. He evidently trusted me. "There are two of these fellows who will get me if I don't get them first. The trouble is, I must make the rest of the gang understand that these two are ready to commit murder, or they will not stand for my killing them." So there on the wide beautiful plain I had my first real experience of what our poor human nature may come to when it recognizes no law higher or holier than that of its own cunning—when man thinks and acts for himself, and for himself alone.

This meeting with the whiskey trader had a strange sequel. In the spring of next year, as I sat in the public hall of a hotel in New Orleans, I noticed a man whom I did not immediately recognize staring at me. He came up and, holding out his hand, named himself. Still I could recall nothing.

"Why, don't you remember the whiskey trader and his band on the Saskatchewan?"

"How did your adventure end?" I asked.

"Well, I got back to Benton with my belt and my life, and I am settled down here in business. No more whiskey trading for me."

"What about those two men that you said meant to get you?"

"Well, I got them. They gave themselves away by trying to have another fellow, a friend of mine, join them in putting me away, and he came and warned me. Then I had what I wanted—another witness to their plot. And so we outplotted them."

"Had you a shooting scrape?" said I.

"Oh, no, no use in that; I and my friend lay for them by the water one evening, and they had no time to 'draw.' "

The longest lane has a turning, and at Pitt, the next post to Carlton, on the Saskatchewan, our luck took a turn. The officer in charge proved a mighty good fellow. He had traded with the Blackfeet for years. Pitt was a Blackfoot post, and the officer confirmed what my whiskey-trading friends had told me—that if we could but gain the shelter of any large camp of plain Indians, whether they were Crees or Blackfeet, we would be comparatively safe. Promiscuous killing and horse stealing were going on as usual; they never stopped. But that was the work of small bands of young braves who were out on their "own." They were a sort of unauthorized, unorthodox highwaymen, always troublesome and dangerous, but neither Crees nor Blackfeet were at war with the white man; and so if we were scalped or put afoot, it would be owing to a sort of tribal mistake.

I remember well our arrival at Fort Pitt. That afternoon a sudden thunderstorm blew up, and a cold rain drenched one to the skin in a few moments. The men wanted to camp. We were still sixteen miles from the fort, they said, and the downpour was tremendous. The poor, unshod ponies slipped and floundered in the black sticky mud. We bade them do as they wished, but we determined to make the fort that night.

I am rather proud of those last sixteen miles. We had already ridden and marched over thirty, but we tightened our belts and ran that last lap into Pitt against the downpour. We were unexpected, but they gave us a right hearty welcome, and a supper—oh, such a supper! A great wooden bowl of new potatoes, and all we could eat of roast buffalo hump, the best, the very best meat any man ever put his teeth into. I say the best advisedly. I have tried them all, from elephant foot to moose mouffle. Some of them good, the far greater part very disappointing. But fresh juicy buffalo hump, cut from a young cow, was something to remember as long as you lived. Before a big log fire we dried out, and life seemed pretty good to us that first night at Fort Pitt.

Our host, it was easy to see, loved the country, and was not scared to death of the Indians he was there to trade with. He put himself in our place at once; he realized we had come a

long way in order to do a certain thing, and he said that all that in him lay to aid us he would do.

Next morning men were sent to drive in the Company's horse herd. The plains Indians were well mounted in those days, and as Fort Pitt was their trading post, the Company's herd was an unusually fine lot. We needed a couple of buffalo runners as the horses we were riding were not fitted for the chase. We tested a number for pace, and bought his two ponies at a reasonable rate. The "breed" who rode them for our inspection was the guide chosen to lead us, and one proof of his capacity he gave then and there. He was a finished horseman. Before we left the post news came of some fighting on the plains between Cree and Blackfoot, but as we had never ceased to hear of such things since we had left Red River we were not impressed. One Blackfoot leader, it was reported, was on the warpath near the Battle River, some hundred miles to the south of us. He was said to wear a scarlet robe.

So at last, after long waiting, much planning, and many disappointments, we turned resolutely away from beaten trails, and faced due south toward the wide plain-land of the Indian and the buffalo. There was risk in the venture, for we were only a small party, just five, and of course were not armed "for any fighting." Any war party could, if they wished, take our scalps or put us "afoot." We had made up our minds that under no circumstances would we shed blood. We were trespassers on other people's lands; and the rightful owners, though savage in their cruelty to one another, had not, so far as we could learn, shown causeless hostility to the whites. They had been systematically swindled, and sometimes slaughtered, and the wrong was on the white man's side, not on the red man's. Of so much we were satisfied, and so if we went among them we went as friends not as aggressors. The strong point in our favour was that we were coming to them from the Saskatchewan, the country of the "great white Queen," not from the Missouri, the country of the "Long Knives" (i.e., bayonets).

As we journeyed south, there was more plain, less wood and less water, and wide stretches of sandy soil. For the first time herds of antelope appeared, and there were more wolves. They would sit on the low hilltops round our fire, and call to each

other all night long, a wild, weird song. When we had made a hundred miles or more I noticed that our men were growing nervous. "The herd has gone out of the land," they said. "It is useless to follow them longer. We are going right into the Blackfoot country, and never shall any of us see wife or child or friend again."

At one hundred and fifty miles from the fort we had a little mutiny. They would turn back, and our gallant guide was leader in the "talk". It was heart-breaking work to have to travel with such men, but no better were to be had. "Yes, go back, but you shall go afoot; and never see a cent of wages. We will go on, if we have to drive our own carts, and all the women will laugh at you, as you come sneaking into the fort." So we cowed them, and that night as we sat round our little fire, I heard for the first time a strange, low, rumbling sort of sound, like very faint thunder far away. Our hunter started, and put his ear to the ground. "The buffalo are near," he said, "listen to them marching." And so it was—the distant thunder of the hoofs of the great herd. Excitement, expectancy, banished for the time being fear. The spirit of the chase arose in the breasts of even the most cowardly, and no one now wanted to turn back.

Next morning we broke camp early, our guide riding some distance ahead. We were in open plain. Everything looked quite flat, but actually the surface of the prairie had great billowy swells in it. It was as though an Atlantic Sea, after heavy storm, had passed in an instant into a sea of grass. As you rode, you moved up and down over an endless succession of gentle slopes; three or four summits and twice as many declivities you would pass in a mile. It seemed as though you could see all round you, in every direction, that a surprise was impossible; as a fact, a band of men and horses might be within half a mile of you, and be as completely hidden as though you were in a land of brush.

As I was mounting one of the great prairie waves, what should I see but our hunter riding furiously toward us. As he dashed up, "We are lost," he gasped, "We are surrounded by the Blackfeet. Red Robe is leading them." What followed was the work not of minutes but of seconds. The cowardly rascal dashed by me, cut with a slashing blow of his knife the leather

lariat by which the pony I had bought a few days before was tied to the rear of one of our carts, cast his own inferior beast free, and leaping on the back of mine, was off like the wind. As I watched him go there was no mistake at least about his qualities as a rider. Under him that little horse fairly flew. Our two half-breed Crees were now speechless, quite incapable of hearing or understanding any order. We two rode quickly to the top of the rise of ground over which our departed warrior had rushed to us. And sure enough, there were the Blackfeet, more than two hundred of them, led by an Indian in a red robe riding a fine horse. They had evidently seen us before our outrider spotted them, for they moved on us in a long line, curving like a horseshoe. The sides of the horseshoe, as I looked round over my shoulder, were closing fast on our valorous guide, but I saw him, riding for dear life, get through before they closed, pursued by a bunch of riders seemingly as well mounted as he was. But the long line closed in on us, the riders drawing near to one another as they came. "Let's turn the carts up, make a breastwork out of them. Behind them we can stand the Indians off and make a parley. It is all we can do." We rushed back to our men. I see those poor, craven fellows now, kneeling behind the little upturned carts, stammering "Aves," actually paralyzed with terror, their faces distorted, the saliva dribbling from the corners of their half-open mouths. And still the silent line of riders closed in. I noticed specially a young warrior who rode some yards ahead of the Indian in the red robe. Suddenly a wild idea came to me. "I'll grab that man," I said to H. "I'll drag him here. Behind him, we'll make a parley." "All right," said H., cocking at last his double-barrel twelve-bore, and I fear forgetting all about our most honest determination not to shed blood. "The first man that shoots at you I'll kill." I was outside the carts. I pushed my horse at foot-pace toward the man who at the same pace came toward me. As I closed with him he did not raise his gun—it lay in the hollow of his arm, as did mine—but those others near me did, and as I sat on my horse, I looked right down their muzzles, at a few yards off. I remember I straightened up a bit on my pony, for I was sure this was the end. As I reached my man, I suddenly flung my right arm round his neck, and with all my strength wrench-

ing him from the saddle, I had him up against our carts in an instant. As he and I lurched against the carts, he gurgled something. I did not know what he said, but the effect of that first word spoken to me in an unknown tongue! It was magical! The revulsion from terror to ecstasy! My men leaped to their feet, shouting, singing, crying, cursing by turns. They fell to kissing each other; made a grab at me. Then they rushed out among the stolid Indians standing round us and tried to kiss them. These were friends, not enemies. Crees, not Blackfeet. My captive had spoken to them in Cree.

My own feelings I recall distinctly. I still sat my horse, but I wanted to dismount and pray. Then I seemed to see more in the things around me than I had ever seen. The grass never looked so green, nor the sky so blue, nor the world so lovely. I was alive, and what an immeasurable joy it was to be alive and not dead—and—I would see Mother again—hers was the image that came to me on the instant that day. Then, too, I felt within me a sense of manhood I had never known before. I had looked down the muzzles of those guns, at a few yards off, and had sat straight on my horse as I rode into them. I was not a coward, after all. The boys in Dundalk school had said I was a coward, because I had refused to hit the boy back who had slapped my face, and I had half believed they were right. Now, with a deep sense of satisfaction that thrilled me through and through, I knew I was not a coward, after all. It is a wonderful and potent thing to feel a new sense of manhood.

The Indians that now surrounded us were the warriors from a large hunting camp, pitched in a hollow of the prairie near by. They had spotted us the evening before; they suspected we had come from Fort Pitt, but as they were not sure, they determined not to take a chance, as, if we went farther out on the plains, the Blackfeet might capture us, and they much preferred that we, our rifles and resources, should be lodged for the time being in a Cree, rather than in a Blackfoot, camp. As to the Red Robe, which had quenched in our valorous guide the last gleam of hope, its present wearer had lately shot in a skirmish the Blackfoot who owned it, and the Cree now flaunted his victory whenever he rode forth.

We had our cart men ask them for news of our fleeing guide. "The young men will bring him in before evening. He rode

a fast pony." (So he did; my intended buffalo runner.) "But some of them are well mounted, too, and they will ride him down, perhaps fire a shot or two to make him stop." And in the evening the young men did bring the crestfallen scamp in. He had surely suffered the pains of hell; Death had ridden, as he believed, closer and closer at his heels for many a mile, and he never stopped till my unfortunate pony gave out. I confess I would dearly have liked to thrash that thieving coward within an inch of his life, as he stood quaking before me. He had deserted his charge, he had stolen what he believed was my only chance of escaping death, in an effort to save his own hide—but—well! The experience of a few hours before was fresh within me. It was not a time to give way to anger, even anger that was just.

The Indians were evidently satisfied with the day's work. They proposed that we ride at once to their camp. The buffalo were quite near, and in great numbers they told us; we should hunt with them just as long as we had a mind to; they would herd our ponies with their own, and there were no bands of the enemy anywhere in the neighbourhood strong enough to attack their lodge. All of which seemed, after our many disappointments, too good news to be true.

Things turned out as those poor Indians promised, and while we were with them we had a rare good time. A few miles' riding brought us suddenly to the camp. There was no sign of it till you rode into it. We mounted one of the prairie waves I have spoken of and, at our feet, lay not less than one hundred lodges. They were of a pleasant yellow-white tone of colour, surely as picturesque a form of habitation as has ever been invented by civilized man.

The buffalo skins that covered the long "lodge poles" were tanned white. The skins, stretched stiffly on the ground, were softened by endless rubbing. The women used marrow-fat on them till they were flexible as buckskin, and something in the process those toiling women used gave all the skins they tanned, deer and elk skins as well as buffalo, a peculiar Indian smell that never left them—a very nice smell. I have still by me a war robe I traded from these Crees, a rarity to-day. It is made of two antelope skins, porcupine quill work on its breast and back, and six scalps pendent from the shoulders

and arms. That far-away Indian smell hangs round it still, the smell of the wild man at his best, the smell of a past race, a past time. It seems to me to be a gentlemanly sort of smell. I have no other word to describe it, and the poor, brave, hospitable fellow who traded it to me, what of him? He and his band died in the terrible epidemic of smallpox that destroyed whole tribes in the West, the year after I parted from them.

I am tempted to give more space than I should, in my story, to the things I saw and the lessons I learned in this little town of a vanishing race. I am glad that our perseverance at last brought us to it, and brought us to it only just in time, for its sad end was very near. The plain Crees are gone. Three thousand of them died in one winter of the smallpox. Of the Blackfeet, their hereditary foes, only a remnant is left. (It is settled at last on a good reservation in northern Montana, and there I visited it in 1903. The Indians are doing well.) Before the chance of settlement was offered it, the Blackfoot tribe was first swept by smallpox, and, while the epidemic was ravaging its lodges, Colonel———, with American troops, without warning or cause or excuse, in a night attack, in midwinter, shot down its men, women, and children, sick and well, in the tepees.

So the Blackfeet and their allies were driven on the warpath, and between the smallpox and incessant conflict with the wave of immigration then flowing westward, only a remnant survived. They were not bad Indians; they never fought the white man till they had to.

In the Cree camp we had the place of honour next the Chief's tepee. The camp was well kept and clean, there was good order throughout. There was no whiskey and no quarrelling. Everyone went about his own business, and except for a few fellows who pestered us at first by begging, we were permitted to go about ours. The braves rose before sun-up to do their hunting, once or twice a week, killing as many buffalo as the women could take care of and no more; and the preparation of robes, dried meat, and pemmican went on daily in a businesslike way. We were welcomed everywhere, and might walk into any of the tepees any time of the day or night; naturally they claimed the same privilege from us, and at times this was

awkward, as their visits were inclined to be long. But we got on well together and had nothing stolen during our stay.

The day after our arrival the war chief of the camp, a fine, upstanding Indian of about forty, came to our tent and invited us to join him and his braves next morning, before sun-up, outside the camp. So, at last, my boyhood's dream had come true, and out on the wide prairie-land, side by side with the red Indian, I was to join in the chase that was unlike any other hunting in the wide world.

That I was to ride with a vanishing race, in pursuit of a vanishing game, and to be present at the closing scene in a double tragedy, I did not realize then.

A splendid sun-rise greeted the company as we gathered round our leader on the green hill-crest beyond the quiet tepees. Among these a few women were moving about, and here and there the blue smoke of little morning fires rose, but everything was very still. Noise carried far in the quiet morning, and the herd was near. We must have numbered two hundred men, well mounted. Some few were armed with the bow, though the great majority carried the usual Hudson Bay smooth-bore flint-lock musket, the identical weapon the Company had traded to all its Indians for more than one hundred years. The wood Indian preferred it with a long barrel, this made for accuracy. But the plain Indian generally sawed off a couple of feet from the barrel, in this way making the weapon handier for work on horseback. Accuracy of fire was in his case immaterial, for his admirably trained "runner" carried him with a rush up on the *right side* of the lumbering game, and leaning over, at a few feet off, he shot into it, holding the short gun out at the length of his arms, never resting the butt against his shoulder. This required him to attack from the right side, and it was wonderful to see how, amid the smoke and dust, the shouting and wild confusion of yelling men and stampeded buffalo, those clever ponies, no rein to guide them—for a lariat looped over the under jaw and lying across the neck was their only bridle—never mistook their way, and never failed to carry the rider just where he wanted to be.

As the rising sun shone on our company it was a thrilling sight. The bronzed riders were naked, stripped to the "breech clout," and they sat their bare-backed horses, not as I had

seen Indians sit when travelling, perched on a high saddle with short stirrups, the knees drawn up; but here wild men sat wild horses, each well becoming the other, and the effect was of grace and beauty and speed—like the riders on the Parthenon frieze, they looked to me.

Our leader waved an arm, and the company spread out in a long line on either side of him. He wore a war bonnet of eagle feathers and a fine scalp robe; he directed our movements but did not join in the charge; and so we moved away to find the herd. We had not far to go. In less than an hour's riding scattered bulls on its outskirts came in sight. Our long line moved quietly on at a foot's pace. We were to get as near as possible before making our rush. We must have been within a quarter of a mile of them before the bulls saw us and began to toss their great shaggy heads and stamp the ground. Nearer drew our line; and at last they wheeled and, at a lumbering gallop, fell back on the great masses of the herd, which we now saw stretching to right and left of us and beyond, mile after mile, in countless thousands. Now our pace was a trot, and moving in bunches and columns, slowly at first, the buffalo began streaming away. We were within three hundred yards of them. Now our chief put his hand to his face, out rang his war yell, and we were off. The riding was good, the ground level but full of badger holes, and the dust churned up by the herd blew back in our faces, half blinding us. But it seemed to me that our first furious rush had carried us in a few minutes almost on top of the shaggy throng.

I was urging my runner forward for all I was worth, when a man shot by me, and as he did, his pony put its foot in a badger hole and fell in a heap; the rider, striking on head and shoulders, lay as completely knocked out as his mount. I could just make out my runaway half-breed hunter, and I cannot say I was sorry for him.

And now all was confusion, Indians yelling like madmen, riding in every direction, buffaloes falling, some staggering and wounded, some standing at bay, but the masses of them steadily streaming away at a pace that was much faster than it looked. Any fairly fast horse could get within fifty yards of their waving tails, but to win these last fifty needed a turn of speed that an ordinary horse was not capable of, and I found to

my dismay that I could not get it out of my little pony. He carried me up to the herd, and kept me there. Scores of great lumbering bodies showed through the dust cloud only a few yards ahead of me, but alongside of them I could not get. If I quickened my gallop, so did they. The pace did not slacken; they were going as fast as they could, and so was I; but it seemed to me in my despair that at this rate I might follow them to Mexico before I shot one. My pony had a good record. Many buffalo had been killed from his back, but the trouble was he had been ridden to a standstill two days before, and my long body and fourteen-pound rifle were, in combination, too much for any fourteen-two Indian pony. But one lives and learns! My fine double Rigby, too, gave me trouble. On a swerving horse that is intent on picking its way at a gallop among deep open badger holes that it could not see till it was within a horse's length of them, to carry fourteen pounds of wood and metal in your right hand does not conduce to comfortable riding. And when you have to keep it up for several miles!—well, even a tough lad and a tough pony find themselves at last played out. That was precisely the fate that, under the circumstances, inevitably was bound to overtake me on the eventful occasion of my first run with the plain Crees.

Disappointed I certainly was, when we both, my pony and I, came to a standstill at the foot of a wave hill in the prairie steeper than usual. His head hung low, and I was dead beat. Where I was I had no idea, nor where the Indians were, nor in what direction camp lay. The buffalo seemed to have settled into long travelling columns[1] (as I have noticed wild game often does in plain country), and in great numbers were passing to right and left of me. Though I had not been able to get pace enough out of my pony to ride into the band I had pursued, I had evidently out-distanced and ridden far ahead of these many hundreds of the herd who now were streaming by. The day was not yet lost. Here was my chance, and I took it. A fine bull was lumbering along not more than one hundred yards away. I sat down, rested each elbow on each knee, and took aim. My hand was shaking, my eyes were full of dust

[1]The gnu antelope on the African veldt look like smaller buffalo, and travel as the buffalo did, in long columns.

and sweat, but I did the best I could, and I heard with infinite relief my big bullet "thud" as it struck him. Buffalo were not hard to kill. An ounce and a quarter of lead, with six drams of good powder behind it, were too much for any bull, and so my first buffalo went the way of all flesh very satisfactorily. I cut off his tail, and, first loosening my spent pony's girth, sat me down to rest. I have often wondered since how we were so foolish as to venture out on those unmarked, endless plains without any method of guidance whatever, save what could be had from undependable and cowardly half-breeds. Maps there were none, but we should have provided ourselves with a compass, and should have taken a few very necessary lessons in reading it and marching by it. There was I, now absolutely in the dark as to where I had come from, and where I should go to. The sky was clear, and the sun gave me the points of the compass. Fort Pitt was north, of course, some one hundred and fifty miles away. But where was the well-hidden Cree camp? To attempt back-tracking was useless, as for miles around innumerable bands of buffalo, fleeing in all directions, had stamped the prairie into dust. After an hour, when my pony had rested and nibbled some grass, I mounted and, feeling rather sober, started to ride north. I rode up and down prairie swells for many miles, it seemed to me, and never saw a soul. How was it possible that I had gotten so far away from every one of those two hundred Indian friends of mine, with whom I had ridden so short a time ago? The buffalo country seemed to me the loneliest country that ever a man rode in. I was still pushing on slowly when close to me, round a low shoulder of ground, came a squaw, driving a traveaux laden with fresh buffalo meat. I had not followed her a mile before I stumbled into camp.

H. was already in camp when I got in, and was worrying about my non-appearance. He had done better than I had. He was a better rider, and his horse had not been tired out, as had mine. He had killed his buffalo, and thought one enough. That afternoon and evening I watched the women coming into the camp from every quarter. How they did it I did not and do not know. The camp had been but recently pitched; there were no signs by which its site could be marked, that I could make out, though I looked carefully for such signs during our

stay with the Crees. Yet those Indian women would listen to a description of where their man had killed miles away, take a pony, pick up the poles of the traveaux, and go sailing off, steering straight for that distant carcase, skin it, cut it up, save all the meat, and *do all this as an ordinary day's work.* Their enemies, the Blackfeet, were not a myth. The night of the day I am writing of they tried to run off our horses, and did kill one of the Crees guarding the herd. Why the Crees did not lose more scalps when the fighting force of the camp was scattered widely over all the country, as of necessity it was when all hands turned out to hunt, I never understood.

Since these days I am writing of, I spent, for twelve summers, two months in what was, in 1869, exclusively Indian country. I have also read many books about the Indians, and have met hundreds of adventurers of all sorts who came in touch with them—soldiers, prospectors, cattlemen, trappers. By far the larger part of these had no good word to say for the red man. I formed a different opinion. I found him a savage, of course, but as savages go, a very decent fellow. I camped and lived and hunted with several different tribes of Indians, "plain" and "wood" and "mountain," and got to like them all. Space fails me, or I could tell interesting things about them. Almost all have perished and none of them had a fair show.

Before bidding good-bye to my Cree hosts I must tell of their persistency in begging, and of their powers as trencher men. Little begging did not matter, but one thing they wanted I could not give: that was my double Rigby, and I found to my dismay that the chief had set his heart on it. One morning he came round with a fine pony; next day with two. Then he hinted at his daughter thrown in, and things began to look serious. "He had offered us the shelter of the camp." "His braves had guarded our horses." "The white man had many far-shooting guns; the poor Indian few," and so on ad infinitum. What he said was true enough, and what he did not say was equally true: viz., we were completely in their power, and if he wanted the rifle he could take it, and I had no other. A way out occurred to me at last. I have said the rifle threw a heavy ball and took a large charge of powder. It had also a set trigger; i.e., by pulling back a small bolt in the lock, a mere touch on the trigger would discharge the piece. One day,

when I was taking a long shot at an antelope, I had set the hair trigger, and having loaded rather too heavily, the shock of the right barrel going off had set the left off at the same time, and I had a kick that wrenched my shoulder. So next morning, when my visitor came as usual, I met him halfway. "We had been well treated, and we would always tell in our far-away home how honest and hospitable were the plain Crees and their war chief. He should have my rifle for two ponies. I could not accept his daughter, for in our country the man who married a girl till his mother first saw and approved her was reckoned a bad man. If he liked my rifle, then it was his. I feared, however, that he would not like it. It was made for me, and my medicine was not his medicine. It shot straight for me, but I did not think he would like the way it shot for him. But he must try it for himself. I was not a 'forked tongue,' as were some of the 'Long Knives.' Let him come round to-morrow morning and bring some of his braves, and he should shoot the rifle and if he liked it have it for his own." That night I loaded that rifle as it had never been loaded before, earnestly praying that John Rigby's good workmanship in barrel and stock would withstand the test.

Round came my man, bright and early, his braves with him, and the news of the great gift having leaked out, there were quite a lot of onlookers. The plain Indians, as I said before, shoot from horseback and at a gallop. I set the hair trigger and gingerly handed the weapon to my host. There was an open space in front of our tent, and in the middle of it he threw down a bit of hide to serve as a mark. Then riding some hundred yards away, he wheeled his pony, came by at a fine speed, and holding at arms' length the rifle, let drive. The effect was tremendous. Both barrels went off with a roar; the heavy gun went one way, the pony another way, the dazed rider another. And the assembly stood speechless for a moment, and then united in a deep "How, how." "Heap medicine," he grunted, and gathering himself up, let the gun lie where it had fallen. John Rigby's work held; the rifle was none the worse, and my stock went up with these Crees.

I wish I could give more space to my experiences among these Indians of the plain and their enemies of the forest and the mountains. The smallpox epidemic of 1870–2 never

reached the white folks of the west, but it wiped out whole camps, almost whole tribes of the red man. The sweat bath that the Indians universally used was a cleanly custom. But the sweat bath and the cold plunge was sudden death to the smallpox smitten. The smallpox came, no one knew from where, the spring after we had travelled through the beautiful country in which the headwaters of the Missouri and Saskatchewan have their rise.

So it was my good luck to see the last of these poor people, who were ready to perish. I had dreamed of meeting them and knowing them and their country, and my boy's dream had come true. I had seen the red man in his home, and was not disappointed in him.

In the spring we had intended to go out on the plains, see them and the buffalo, and turn homeward in a couple of months. Now the late autumn found us close to the outlying spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and more than a thousand miles to westward of our starting point. The spell of the new land held us fast, and having come so far, it seemed natural to press still on, pass the great range if we could, and so complete our journey from sea to sea.

The problem to be solved was a double one: could we cross the mountains before the late autumn snowfall made the higher ranges impassable? And could we get a guide who knew a way through their unmapped main chain? Far to southward there was an easy and well-known road on which thousands had crossed continuously since 1849, but where we were, near the national boundary and north of it, snowy peaks rose forbiddingly and the barrier was formidable. None of the Hudson Bay people, their Indians or their half-breeds, that we had met, knew anything whatever about this mountain wilderness, but that there were Indians in some of the forts close to the chain who must know, seemed certain; and with their aid we determined to attempt the last and hardest "leg" of our jouruey.

At Rocky Mountain House, our final starting point, the first thing to do was to convince the Commander that we were set on crossing the mountains and doing so at once. He was a good and capable officer, but had never been himself to west-

ward of the stockade, and he said we "were going to our death." In midsummer it could be done; now the snow lay too deep already on the ridges we had to cross. No pack team could travel them. Game there was none. We were sure to be pinned in between the ranges, and when we had eaten our ponies, we would starve. So "for God's sake, put it off till spring, and make a comfortable winter of it with him at the fort." We had had so many scares coming our way via the Hudson Bay Company that we were not now as much impressed as we should have been. As it turned out, we did take a very grave risk, and did escape destruction by a narrow margin.

To make a long story as short as I can, we did get away at last, if not with our host's blessing, certainly with the very best pack outfit he could supply, with carefully chosen provisions and, best of all, with a shrivelled-up little half-breed French-Stoney guide who had been with Lord Milton and Doctor Cheadle three years before in their adventurous crossing in which they almost perished; who did know the difficulties and dangers ahead, and with a rare combination of fatalism and pluck, declared he would take us to the top of the main divide (not a foot over the other side) or never come near the fort and his family again.

It was a splendid fall season, and that was in our favour: cold at night, the glass going below zero, and great chunks of ice coming down the rivers, but no snow had fallen, and we turned our backs on the blue line of plain, and faced the fir-clad mountain slopes, a cheery crowd.

Carts we had no use for, nor for the half-breeds that drove them, and to face new difficulties we had the luck to find new men. Two Indians, the guide I have spoken of and another Stoney, and two roving Scotsmen, who by some mischance had tried prospecting on the upper Saskatchewan and found themselves stranded there. They had the choice of working for their grub for the Company all the long winter or taking risks with us of reaching the west coast. We made them an offer, which they gladly accepted, and they served us right well.

The day we left Rocky Mountain House, a nice-looking young Stoney and the girl he married that morning asked if they might travel with us till we reached a Stoney camp, at the

other side of the first high mountain ridge. We said "yes," and they came along. That night we camped by a river where beaver signs were plentiful, and in the evening I shot one on the other side of the stream. I hated to lose that first beaver of mine, and so, to the men's consternation (none of them could swim; I never met a Hudson Bay Indian who could, though they were perpetually on the water) I stripped and swam across. Quite a swim, the current very fast and the water very cold, but I got my beaver. Early next morning, before the sun reached our tent, I happened to go down to the river bank on chance of getting another beaver, when I saw in front of me an amusing illustration of the orthodox Indian idea of the honeymoon duties of bride and groom. The frost was sharp, the shore ice was strengthening; out in it, up to her waist, her pretty buck-skin shirt turned over her shoulders and head, stood the bride of the night before, busily taking up the traps she had set in the evening while her lord and master sat, I suppose admiringly on the bank, dry and warm, smoking his morning pipe. The bride was young and slim and pretty, and did her job gaily, for she laughed at me as I turned away to allow her to come out of the icy stream and dress.

We now worked steadily into the mountains, sometimes following an elk trail, oftener making our own, and it was very evident that our guide knew his business. We were going against time; every hour counted. It was dark and cold in those pine-clad ravines in the early mornings, but he kept all hands on the job. The horses suffered most, for to let them graze at night meant running the risk of their taking the back trail to the fort.

In five days' hard marching we made the Stoney camp. We were tired when the flicker of the camp-fire greeted us, and turned in at once. Early next morning I was roused by a strange sound. Indians were trying to sing something. It was not an ordinary Indian song, a sing-song sort of chanting in monotone. There was in this an effort to strike a tune. I went outside, and, in a circle on the frosty grass, knelt over a hundred men and women and children, while a young man in a black coat led the singing and offered prayer. There was a genuineness about that morning worship that was immensely impressive to me. Many years before a Methodist missionary

had made a home among that little band of mountain folk. Seventeen years before he had left them, but they had done, during all those years, what he had taught them to do, and every night and morning they met for singing and for prayer.

We stayed a few days with these "Stoneys," to rest our tired horses and fit them for the fierce work that lay just ahead. We hunted sheep and goats, which were plentiful, and I tried to find out more about that hero missionary whose work lived so long after his departure; but they could not speak English, and our only means of communication was our guide, who also could speak no English and only a little patois French. So we were barred from talking to one another, yet one had a real home feeling as we gathered, red men and white, round the fire in the evening to pray, or knelt at morning on the frosty grass. If there was not one word we could say to one another, our hands as they were clasped said many things.

I have but a confused memory of our final struggle with the mountains. I did not keep up my diary. I was too exhausted at night to do so. How we got up and over those ridges, and along those steep slopes of sliding rock, I do not know. We carried plenty of rawhide rope, and with this, as we warped it round rocks and tree stumps, our laden ponies were helped up and lowered down. Still our fortune held, the skies above were blue, and there was no new snow to contend with, only that which had already fallen above timber line. Somewhere near Athabasca Pass, it must have been, where we mounted the first of the great ridges, and beyond it and beneath, we were swallowed up in the dreary darkness of the forest. How our little Stoney half-breed held a straight course through that forest I don't know. I think I remember correctly when I say that, for fourteen consecutive days, we never had one gleam of sun strike our camp. Yet the skies were cloudless. The chill of the sunless forest struck into your bones. The pines were tall as they stood packed together; heavy growth of gray moss hanging from them everywhere. And where they fell, either because they were old, or because some mountain blast had torn them from their rooting, they fell in long lines and swaths that rose, barrier-like, defying progress. There was no trail, no sound of bird or beast, no sign of man. A dreadful deadly sort of wood, in which men

had often disappeared and been lost forever. Our Scotsmen were good with the axe, we all did our best; but strive as we might, on some days we did not make two miles' advance, and to keep a consistent course in such a giant tangle needed an uncanny gift of woodcraft. This our man had and it saved us, for now at last we realized what a risk we had taken. Now we knew that if any heavy snowfall came while we were buried in the forest, our chances of ever leaving it were slim indeed.

In the beginning of my story I have tried to say something of what I felt when at last we burst out of this terrible woodland and looked down on the warmer, more open country that lay beyond. What a change was there! Still the sun shone, and now it sparkled on lovely lakes, fringed with crowded pine woods where the trees, huddled together, pressed and tumbled each other into the water. Now there was room, and spaciousness, and tall trunks arose, spreading great arms out on all sides, and beneath them the sod was clean and clear of débris, and so open that it was as though a great garden of forest trees throve there, and not a chanceful primeval wood.

On the crest of the divide our brave leader bade us good-bye, as he said he would. He pointed down the beautiful slopes and valleys beneath us to where we would find the long chain of Columbia lakes. These we must follow till their outflow led us to the great river that would take us to the sea. It was years since he had steered a Company's *bateau* down its rapids, and skirted its great whirlpool at Okinagan Canyon, and now he was old and could never see it again. But the trail for us was straight and plain. Soon we would strike it, and—he had done his best to bring us where we wanted to go. A simple, honest, brave, and resourceful man was our Stoney. He was well satisfied with what H. gave him, and somehow he made the Stoney's camp before a snowfall.

Except for one or two hard falls riding buffalo I had not had a pain or an ache since we left Sauk Centre. I now met with an accident that might have been serious. We had entered the Kootenay region, and leaving the camp I spoke of some time back,[1] were making for Fort Colville, the highest U. S. Army post on the Columbia River. We had camped late, and the night promised to be cold, and after supper I went out to cut

[1]Account of that camp omitted for lack of space.

some more wood for our fire. In the darkness my axe somehow glanced, and the blade cut deeply into my moccasined foot, almost splitting it. I feared at first I had cut an artery, for blood came in spurts, but when kind hands helped me to the fireside, and when H. had bound the wound as well as he could, the heavy flow ceased.

We knew that Fort Colville was the headquarters of an infantry regiment, and that there must be a doctor there, but how far off it was we did not know. H. said he would start at once for the fort, and bring the doctor. I tried to persuade him to stay till morning. The trail was bad, not easy to follow by daylight, and dangerous to attempt in the dark, for it ran sometimes on the very edge of the rushing stream. But nothing I could say would stop my friend, and leading the best pony we had he went off.

The night became bitterly cold, I was in a good deal of pain, and had it not been for the resourceful kindness of one of my Scotsmen, that night's frost might have complicated my recovery. My men lifted me out of our tent, and built a small fire at my foot, and sitting beside it kept it burning steadily all the long night through. By morning I felt better and had some sleep. Later in the day an Indian turned up. He had been catching trout for winter food, and he took quite an interest in the stranger white man's trouble. He said his squaw could cure that wound, and he would send her round. Soon she came, and very gently unbound the roughly tied bandages. She did this part of the business so well that I had immediate relief from pain, and there was no fresh bleeding. She refused to put the wrappings on again, and went away, saying she would return. When she did, she carried a bundle of twigs of some tree I did not recognize, and with these in her lap, sat down at my foot and began to chew them up. When her mouth was so full she could cram no more sticks into it, she took the chewed-up stuff and laid it on the open cut. Hour after hour she sat there, steadily chewing and poulticing me with the result. All that long day my poor red nurse sat there and chewed, and next morning she came again and chewed, till the pain and inflammation left my wound. She did not seem to expect a present; she certainly did not ask for one, but her stolid face showed satisfaction at what I gave her, and she

deserved the best I had to give, for in that wild cruel country she had acted the Good Samaritan to me. I thought of the other poor shrieking mother whose boys, but a few days before, had been murdered in the mining camp not so far away. Perhaps she was just the same sort of a kindly, competent mother as my nurse must have been.

H., when he got in, was all used up. He had walked and ridden about a hundred and twenty miles, and twice crossed the cold and dangerous stream in those three days and nights, and done it on one meal.

> The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

He had reached the post on the afternoon of the day after he had left camp. There they urged him to stay at least for one night's rest, but, very anxious about me, he refused, and started back as soon as he had eaten. The doctor was to follow by canoe. The Columbia was swollen and dangerous, and no canoe appeared for two more days. When it came, I was swept smoothly down the sixty miles to Fort Colville in a few hours.

I can never repay, any more than I can forget, the kindness of those people of the 22nd U. S. Infantry at Fort Colville. We were strangers to them, and had no introduction or guarantee whatever; but if I had been a near relative, nothing more could have been done for me than they did. Major Egan and his charming and beautiful wife put me to bed in their best room, and all the resources of the post were at our service, and without one penny of cost. Such was hospitality on the far frontier in those days. The only bill we could persuade any single one of them to present was that modest one of the regimental doctor. My wound was now examined, and the efficiency of my Indian nurse's treatment acknowledged, if a little grudgingly. The large tendon had been cut through, and my big toe had a downward inclination that looked funny, but there was no inflammation, and everything was healing up "by first intention." A shingle was tied under the foot to encourage the drooping toe, and I was promoted to the sofa.

The question arose, how were we to get on with our journey? Or indeed could we get on with it at all? I found there was one

thing the severed nerves of my foot refused to let me do: that was to have my leg hang down. I made a trial of riding, and was lifted on horseback. I could grip the saddle, but the pain in the wounded leg became intolerable. So riding was done with for the present. (It was years before I could let my leg hang down with comfort.)

Major and Mrs. Egan urged us to stay till spring at the fort, but we were beginning to feel homesick. We had had a great journey and a wonderful time. I was thinking of Cambridge and the ministry, and H. had made up his mind, after long consideration, to give up brewing beer and to devote himself to medicine. So both of us were impatient of delay. But I could not ride; there were no roads; how could we get on? There occurred to us the farewell words of our faithful little Stoney, as he stood by our side for the last time on the Great Divide, and, across many a mile of wooded ridge and valley, pointed the way to the Columbia and the sea. Many a night in the dark forest he had told us of his adventures on the great river; of its roaring rapids, far larger and fiercer than any on the Saskatchewan or the Missouri, and of the salmon that lay stranded in thousands on its shoals, on which the bears came down from the country-side to feed.

He had floated down it laden with the fur hunter's spoils, floated more than halfway from Kettle Falls to the sea; dashed through many a rapid, swept under mighty cliffs of black basalt that shut out the sun, and skirting the dreaded Okinagan Whirlpool, the supreme danger of the journey, beached at last his bateau where the impossibly wild waters of the Dalles blocked all further way.

Why, here were the Kettle Falls! Not ten miles from the fort. Why not run down the river, and take the steamboat that ran once a week from the Dalles to Portland? If we could but find a boat and crew, the thing could be done. So, while I lay on the sofa, H. hunted the countryside, and found a two-ton Hudson Bay boat, built the year before, and a tough old voyageur who had made the hazardous trip many seasons, but this year had found himself stranded among the Kootenay Indians at Colville, because the Company had packed their pelts down by land, having given up the river route. He therefore was anxious to go down, though for the week's trip

(the current was so strong that it was not unusual to make those four hundred miles in that time) he wanted $65 in gold, an exorbitant price! As we went into the matter with him, the trouble leaked out. The last down-river voyage had ended in disaster. Three boats had been lost in the Okinagan Whirlpool, with a large part of their crews of twenty-seven men and their cargoes. Hence the change of route, and the Company's determination to abandon the river. We seemed to be up against it again. However, it was go down now by boat or wait indefinitely till I could ride, and we decided to take the risk. H. had rowed three years in the Cambridge 'Varsity, and he rather fancied himself as stroke. I would sit in the stern with my foot raised up, and shout a translation of our steersman's orders when necessary to the motley band of Scotsmen and half-breed Kootenays that must make up our crew. A new experience is always interesting, and the last leg of our adventure was certainly a novelty.

H. got his crew together, and for a couple of days took them out for trial spins. The Scotsmen had never rowed, the Indians had only paddled, and two of them had never been on the water at all. I wish I could have seen that crew when H. first got it together, or better have "snapped" it, but there were no "Kodaks" in those days. H., however, was encouraged. He said they were a sinewy lot and willing to work.

I got down somehow to the river bank, and the boys helped me aboard. The Kettle Falls roared just above our landing place.

The splendid weather still held, though it was cold. The men were rowing and did not feel it. I was well muffled up, and that last rush we made to the sea was really fine. H. had his crew of eight husky fellows quite "well together," and they got good "steering way" on our big ship before we reached the rapids. Once in them, oars were tossed in the air, and safety depended on the keen eye and strong arm of our steersman, who stood high above the crew on a platform, steering with a broad-bladed sweep that was lashed to the stern. He, and I, who sat up near him, were the only ones who saw the white tumult of that river. The rowers had their backs to it, and so great was the rush of water that the actual passage of a rapid seemed an affair of seconds only. Our good fortune held when

we raced between the walls of the dreaded Okinagan Canyon, and literally were shot out between them into sudden calmness and safety. *There was no whirlpool there in our day.* Once out of the canyon you could have crossed the whirlpool's lair in a birchbark canoe. The dark approach to it was not so much a rapid as a long sloping fall. To the exact length of that fall of water I cannot swear. It was said to be two miles, which I do not believe, but I can swear to the time it took us to sweep down it, for I had my watch in hand. It was a few seconds short of two minutes.

And what a delightful journey it had been! To bring over and settle eight hundred immigrants we had undertaken it, and now we were leaving them behind us in a new land that, by personal observation, we knew something about. We had seen Canada, the little unexpanded Canada of those days, Canada that could only with difficulty keep her residents and her immigrants from being drawn across her long frontier to take their place in the intenser life of her great neighbour.[1] Then the greatest domain that had ever been opened to the industry of civilized man we saw. Next, at the other side of the mountains, as by some sudden miracle, we had passed from deadly frost and darkness into fresh greenery and colour and sunlight, and had thawed the winter out of us by the sunny sea. Here, from northern Vancouver to the Mexican border, was another land of promise, rich and beautiful after its own wonderful way. Lastly, over a good part of the devastated, blood-soaked South we had travelled, and the awakening hope and energy of its people was impressive. Surely the South would rise again.

It was springtime now, just three years after Doctor Q. had condemned me to death in his stuffy office in London, and I was sailing home full of life and hope, yes, and with some purpose, too. I had thought the matter of a life's profession over constantly, and as I did so, the work of the ministry appealed to me more and more, and an army life less and less. The idea of "service" had begun to awaken within me, and I feel sure that this desire to serve my fellows had unconsciously been quickened and stimulated by the absorbing interest awakened

[1]We made a brief visit to Ontario, before sailing from the East for home, and learned that a large proportion of our East Londoners had already deserted the Dominion for the United States.

by these many new types and conditions of peoples to whom my journey had introduced me. I began to see for myself the innate possibility of good in people that my boyhood's training had insisted were bad. And, still further, that even social outcasts had within them springs of goodness that proved them to be sons, if prodigal sons, of their Father. I was as yet far from finding a place for these soul awakenings of mine, in my poor little doctrinal equipment, but these vital experiences I had been through had planted new seeds within me, and they took root and grew.

CHAPTER IX

Cambridge

I came back to England a young man; I had left it a boy. My chest weakness was a thing of the past. I had gained twenty pounds in weight, and though thin I was unusually tough and well capable of enduring fatigue. I set to work at once to prepare for Cambridge University. I had chosen my profession, and I ardently looked forward to entering the ministry.

I found my mother weaker and full of pain. Her health had grown worse during my year of absence, and the doctors having advised country air for her, the family had moved to Norwood. As it turned out she gained nothing by the change, nor I think did any of us. We all lost a good deal by leaving London, and Father's work was made more difficult.

I lost no time in hunting up my friends, Miss Logan and F. N. Charrington. Charrington had bought a little house, No. 2, Bethnal Green, had given up his partnership in his father's brewery, and had gone to live in the East End permanently. If he is still alive he is living there to-day. He, Keith Faulkner, and the band I had left were still working together, but as they were all of them stern Evangelicals, they had no associations with the Oxford men who were by that time firmly established in the same great, gray, desolate field of work. And now that I came back to it, after my plunge into the wide world beyond, now that I saw it again, its crowded misery, its contented hopelessness; the contrast of it all with what I had lately seen, lived in, and rejoiced in, came to me with a power, called to me with a persistence I had never felt before. I began to feel a great desire to bring the church to the poor. When first I worked in East London, I came as one whose world was small and who from babyhood had been accustomed to accept grinding poverty as the necessary lot of multitudes. Here I was

back in it again, after a year spent where poverty was not a necessity, in a wide new land where everyone had a chance, and by contrast East London was infinitely depressing. Its rows of gray yellow two-story brick hovels, cluster on cluster, mile after mile, streets, lanes, crescents endlessly repeated, seemed as if vast insect swarms had spawned there, and fastened the houses where they stood. No free space, no greenery, no playground, no beauty anywhere, and ever over them hanging a dirty smoke-laden pall. A hopeless place in which to be born and live and die. East London has changed much since then, but it is dismal enough to live in still.

I was to enter St. John's College, Cambridge, in October, if I could pass the entrance examination. Now it was May, so I set to work morning and afternoon with tutors, to furbish up such little classical and mathematical knowledge as my rickety memory retained from changeful and unsatisfactory school experiences. I find little that is interesting and worth relating in my Cambridge days and as I am pressed for space I shall make but brief reference to them. Cambridge was a disappointment to me. I did not gain much by my three years' residence there. I do not, however, think that this was the fault of the University. I was grossly ignorant of most things schools should teach when I went up. I had a mere smattering of Latin and Greek, worse than a smattering of history, and knew nothing whatever of English composition. Mathematics I liked, but of physical science and natural science I knew nothing at all. Many of my friends could write Latin prose and Greek verse (they had the advantage of me there); and some were good mathematicians; but really cultured men I did not meet, or if I met them, did not come to know them while I was an undergraduate. There were scholarships endowed hundreds of years before, and these, as was intended, were still open to the North Country boy who loved his mathematics, or to the poor parson's son whose father gave him a grinding in the classics. Such humble devotees of learning might pursue their unostentatious way, might in time become "fellows" of their college, and live henceforth in slippered ease, but they counted for nothing in our social life. As undergraduates they were unknown, as Dons unheeded. We did not attend their lectures unless we had to, and we seldom had to.

There must have been a number of brilliant men serving as "Dons" (professors), but I seldom came across them. Between the Dons and the undergraduate a great gulf was fixed in those days, and neither, so far as I saw, had any desire to cross it.

Apropos of Cambridge Dons, my first meeting with one of the best known of them, Todhunter, was amusing. Every would-be Johnian had to pass a mathematical examination before entering the college. On the day of arrival, you went to the College hall, and there a long paper covering a large mathematical field was given you as a test. You had three hours to work on it.

The day was lovely. I had had a notice to present myself for a first "tubbing" at the boat house, and if I gave three hours to that paper there would be no "tubbing" for me. As I studied it, I saw that the greater part was quite beyond my very moderate mathematical powers, so I took a chance and had a try at the one or two problems with which it ended. This did not take long and I got to the boat club in time.

The results of that first examination were posted on the notice board next day, and the names of the would-be Johnians were classified roughly in five or six divisions. To my consternation, I found my name among the very few in the first list, the members of which were directed to report to the great Todhunter for further instruction.

I made my way at once to the rooms of the famous Don and tried to explain matters. I was not seeking mathematical honours; I was a pass man. I had attempted the problems because I could not do the whole paper, and I very particularly wanted to keep my appointment at the Boats. He was most kind and laughed heartily. "You are a good mathematician spoiled," he said, "but you are right. I should never have been a Don. Young man, there are few more deadly, more killing things than the life of a Cambridge Don. Never be a Don."

I quote from memory, but I give the spirit of what he said. Later, I found that this half-humorous, half-earnest advice Todhunter gave in his lectures constantly.

The ancient office of Tutor existed for the excellent purpose of helping undergraduates to make the most of their ad-

vantages. Once I suppose it must have functioned. In my time it certainly had fallen into "innocuous desuetude." You found yourself charged two pounds ten a term for tutors' fees. You never saw your tutor except at the hopelessly dull dinner to which, at very rare intervals, he asked you. Your real tutor was paid nine pounds a term and was called your "coach."

I was elected to the "Union" and soon after to the "Pitt," this last a rather exclusive club. At the Union there were the papers and debating; at the Pitt, instead of debates we enjoyed college gossip and good tea. There was little or no drinking. I never saw men drunk there, and the members were a clean, well set-up, well-dressed crowd, but in neither club was there anything to stimulate study. H——, always ready to do the kind thing, took me up in October and introduced me to my tutor, and what was of immensely more importance, to the very great man indeed who was Captain of the Boats. Goldie was a "Johnian," and had done more than any member of the old college had ever done to lift its head high on the River. A long series of defeats had been meted out to us by Oxford. Goldie had toiled with Cambridge raw material till he had succeeded in turning continuous defeat into dazzling victory. For three consecutive years he had stroked Cambridge's victorious crew at Mortlake. The great man looked my slender height over and was gruffly polite.

Here I must say something about rowing, and what I think it did for me, who, unfortunately, as I shall tell, never made a success of it. My rowing experiences began at once. I was told to report at Lady Margaret[1] rowing club next afternoon. H—— had assured me some attention there by saying that I ought in time to fill out and make an oar. He had given me some instruction in preliminaries, such as how to use my stretcher (this was before the days of sliding seats). The secret of good stretcher work was to get your hips and thighs into the stroke with arms straight. Freshmen were first "tubbed," i. e., were taken out in ordinary two-oar rowing boats by "old oars," to have their first lessons. Sometimes a cox was taken along; oftener there were only the two, the teacher and the taught. You rowed at stroke, he coached

[1]Lady Margaret was our Sixteenth Century Foundress. St. John's Rowing Club was named after her.

you from behind. H—— said before leaving, "Do your best the first time they tub you, a lot depends on that. Remember what I taught you." So it was with my heart very much in my mouth that I made my way to the riverside next day, and was comforted somewhat to notice that the other freshmen seemed as much scared as I was. H——'s introduction served me, and I was taken out by a very great man indeed, who, though not a "Varsity oar," had for three years rowed in the "trials," i. e., the two eights made up of likely men and set to race each other in order to find material for the next University crew.

We got into the tub, I was given stroke, and we pushed out into old Cam's dirty and unsavoury stream. (The town drainage then ran into the Cam.) Goldie and a lot of old oars were there, interested in seeing what promise of good stuff there might be in the freshmen of the year. As the light blue had triumphed at Mortlake, so had Lady Margaret's colours come to the fore in the "May," and Goldie was stroking the second boat on the river, if I remember correctly. So interest was keen that year in the freshmen's turnout. As I sat there, the crowd on the bank and on the club's balcony looking down on us, I felt—well, almost as badly as I did when Admiral Fishbourne unexpectedly called on me to speak at that first meeting in Bethnal Green Baptist Chapel. That passed, and I set my teeth and began to get hold of the water. The man behind me weighed ten pounds more than I did (I stripped only one hundred and seventy), and he was a very pretty oar. Rowing bow he had, too, greater power over our course than I had, at stroke, but I steadily rowed him into the bank. Now I felt better. We pushed out again, and this time I could feel that bank and balcony were looking at us. My coach did all he knew, but I rowed him into the bank again. Goldie came down to us and laughed loudly at——. They let me land, and I was glad to, for I was "all in."

So began my rowing experiences at Cambridge, a good beginning. I was envied of many, but it was the undoing of me, and this was how it came about. My college happened just then to be very short of tall, likely fellows who could be coached into useful oars for the waist of the boat, i. e., places at numbers four, five, and six. I had the length of reach and strength of

loin. I was taken in hand at once and given number five in a racing eight. In that boat I was the only freshman, the rest of the crew being men with quite an experience of college racing. They knew how to "sit a boat," as the saying is; I, of course, did not. Then they were a very light crew, and when pushed to a fast stroke they "rowed light," as old oars who are not first-class men generally do. I could not row "light," even if I wanted to, which I didn't, for I had been taught that not to cover your blade was the greatest of a rowing man's faults. If I had been set to rowing with men as green as I myself, I really think I should in time have made a good oar. As it was I rowed myself out with a light crew behind me, the weight of the boat coming on me more than it should have done. And one day I strained my back. That put an end to my rowing for my first October term. In the Lenten term next year I rowed again. I kept rowing during my three years at Cambridge, but my back never quite helped me as it should, and much of my time I had to content myself with coaching college racing crews.

But though I was a failure as an oar, rowing did me good in many ways. There is fierce discipline of one's will in rowing. This may sound queer, but it is the truth. The pain and misery of learning to row in a racing boat is a thing that no man who has worked his way up till he is a good oar can ever forget. The exhilaration of the start is fine—the thrilling sense of life when, all the eight blades dipped together, the boat shoots forward as a living thing. But soon there is a change. It is half a mile or more before you get your second wind, and a sort of feeling of uncertainty possesses the boat itself. Then if the crew are an even lot, and in good training, the slogging work is not so bad. Every instant is a call on every ounce of strength you have—and then! a gradual change: extreme weariness grips you, chest heaving and muscles aching, every bone and nerve and sinew taxed to the utmost—and *for what?* "I'll never do it again," you say to yourself; . . . "Rowing is all rot," . . . "meant for men with shorter backs than mine," . . . "can I stand it till we reach the bridge?" . . . "Our damned fool of a cox must have missed bumping the crew ahead," or "he has taken all the life out of the boat by giving us too much rudder round that last corner." You do stand it, for you must

stand it. Others are dependent on you. At last—Easy all! and you are at rest. Some fellows are sick; some tumble forward on their oars. You have done all you could; perhaps not what was expected of you, and if so with great plainness of speech this is explained to you from the bank, by the great man who has honoured you by riding alongside your boat for the last two miles as you rowed the course. I'll never forget how my own efforts were described by the same Olympian G. "R. does his best, but for the last half mile he looked like an agonized worm." The description was not flattering, but it was accurate. I certainly felt like it. Of course this is not quite an everyday experience, but I do not exaggerate it. It is an experience that must be faced again and again, if he would become an "oar." Pains do subside. The joy of contest takes you; the rush of the boat; the sense of victorious strength as the well-covered blade is swept through the resisting water; and the feeling of unity in that human machine of eight young springing bodies bent on Victory. These are memories that are at least as vivid as those of the trials that precede them.

There may seem no connection between these experiences of a second-class oar and experiences making for success in after life, but I am certain that my rowing, though sadly shortened by ill luck, was a real help to me. To the normal man there is a queer but actual pleasure in doing something you can only *just do*. To sip that nectar of the gods you must "train" for the boat race, or the sermon, it matters not which—you *must train*. In cold, raw, unpleasant March days, in sultry summer afternoons, you must stick it out and *train*. Then, later, Habit comes imperceptibly to your aid, and the prize you are striving for *she* helps you to win!

Theodore Waterhouse had told me three years before that if I did not work and read after some plan I would amount to little. Since then, unexpected things had made planning difficult. But remembering his advice, now that I could do as I wished with my time, I acted on it. I rose early, at six-thirty, went to morning chapel, and then studied for my next examinations till two o'clock. Those hours were pure grind. I did not know enough of the classics to enjoy them. I could not afford a coach. I must pass. So pass I did. Two very

great theologians were then resident lecturers, Professors Westcott and Lightfoot. Both would rank to-day as eminently conservative. Lightfoot was perhaps the more forward looking of the two, and I attended his lectures regularly. He was a great scholar; afterward he became a great bishop. There was a kindly, shy brotherliness about him that captivated one. He invited any who listened to him to come to his rooms and ask questions, so I took him at his word. He knew I was no scholar, but had I been, he could not have been kinder. He would put away the work he was doing, go over his shelves, take down books, find for me an appropriate chapter or verse, make me sit down and talk to him, and insist on my coming again.

When I left college I could pass a good examination in any of his works on New Testament Greek.

I never understood why our Cambridge Dons, even the greatest of them, were so shy. Few were public-school men. Was this a reason? I am told that at Oxford the Dons and undergraduates were not so far apart as we were at Cambridge. I can see now, as I look back, that Lightfoot's teaching, though it dealt mainly with the critical examination of the text of St. Paul's Epistles, really suggested, yes, demanded of the scholar that he should approach the problems of religion from newer and more scientific points of view. To follow his line of thought necessitated the virtual abandonment of much that both high churchmen and low churchmen held to tenaciously: (1) man's religious ideas were subject to and were influenced by the laws of growth; in other words, Christian doctrine was an evolution; (2) Verbal inspiration therefore could no longer be defended successfully; (3) *With unanswerable learning, he refuted the claims of the Episcopate to the possession of an exclusive ministerial and sacramental gift.* In short, Apostolic succession might or might not be true historically, but if it were true, a good man serving God and his fellows in the Presbyterian, Methodist, or any other denomination could as authoritatively preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments as could the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope of Rome.

I listened carefully to all he said, and I studied his writings, but their full significance did not come to me till long years after. I did not see then that the revelation of God to man

was not, and till man ceased to be man, never could be, a finished revelation, its record bound within the covers of one incomparably great book, but must ever be a continuous process. Moreover, that revelation must be continuously made by men to men, and not by one man only, not even by one Jesus Christ, but by many men in many nations, and in many religions—the Lord Jesus being the chief of God's revealers, "the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely."

Small wonder that I did not then see this, for it is only here and there that an accredited minister in any Protestant denomination yet sees this axiomatic truth. But a short time ago to preach that view of Jesus' revelation cost a man summary trial for heresy and expulsion from any orthodox Christian church. Let me say here that in 1903 I preached it as well as I knew how, delivering a series of sermons in St. Stephen's P. E. Church, Philadelphia, where my friend, the Rev. Ellwood Worcester, was rector. A large number of the clergy of the diocese headed by Rev. Floyd Tompkins of Trinity Church, Philadelphia (Phillips Brooks's old church), in their zeal for orthodoxy urged the Bishop of Pennsylvania to try me for heresy.

The old sailor loves his ship; he has weathered many a storm in her, and she has carried for him many a cargo. He believes in wooden ships. None of your iron or steel death-traps for him. Creeds and dogmas take a long time to grow, and a long time to die. It is doubtful if the most effective religious teachers of our day could find even now a place in the orthodox pulpits of our land. Certainly Royce, the greatest Christian philosopher Harvard has produced, couldn't. But the light spreads: that is the nature of light; and the truth grows a little less dim: that is the nature of truth; and the number of men of "*good will*" is increasing in our old world. And so approaches a better day, when we shall be judged to have failed or succeeded in our life's task, in so far as we have failed or succeeded in *revealing* a reasonable, a ruling, and a lovable God to those around us—"A power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Once the Church led men to the light. To-day, too commonly, there is more darkness in the Church than in the world she claims to lead and save.

Through the "Backs" the Cam winds lazily, water plants

swaying in its sluggish current. It seems, as it slowly creeps along between lawns that have been rolled and mowed for hundreds of years, with ancient trees on either side, and under buildings of warm-tinted Elizabethan brick, to be doing its best to free itself from the soilure of the modern town, and to become, as was intended, a river on whose banks a great university might fittingly stand. These Cambridge Backs form one of the most beautiful parks in England. In May-time every linden tree and hawthorn bush harbours a nightingale. I counted sixty-three one spring morning, each bent on outsinging his neighbour. In the modern town there is no beauty and but few good buildings, but you are outside it in a short mile's walking, and then across what was not so long ago the wide fenland to westward you can see perhaps the finest sunsets in England. With Wordsworth in my pocket, I often took that westward walk.

There was a good deal of poverty and many neglected children in Cambridge, and we Evangelicals organized and maintained a rather good Sunday School at Jesus Lane. I had a class in it.

Till my second year at Cambridge no girl had ever cast her eyes on me, or if she had, I was none the wiser for it. There was a small fast set at Cambridge then, but they did not amount to much. A member of one of these kept a very pretty girl in a cottage some distance out of town. In the middle of the May term King's College throws open its gates for one day to the University. Then, on the beautiful lawns surrounding Henry VII's chapel, everybody comes to look at everybody, and everybody's visiting friends and relations. King's Day is the gala day of the year.

I was strolling among the crowd when I caught the girl's eye fixed on me, and in spite of myself I returned her look. Hers was a beautiful and not a bad face. I felt strangely disturbed and went to my rooms. Do what I would, I could not forget her, but the term was almost over and in a few days I went home. I had had no girl friends in my life. Boys did not make girl friends then in England as they do now in the United States. Not in Dundalk or London or Mentone had I had much experience of their society. In the October term following I met her again face to face on King Street. I al-

most stopped, and so did she. That evening—it was a full moon, I remember—I went down the road where her cottage stood. The way must have been clear for her; she must have been expecting me, for as I drew near the door slowly opened and a hand was waved to me. My heart stood still. I felt myself sway as I walked. I was present with the thing I sought; it was offered me; and take it I could not. I walked on. Then my blood was too much for me, and I came opposite her door again. It stood half open still. Then I passed by once more and walked and walked, I don't know where or for how long. I did not sleep till morning, but I won out that night. I never kissed a woman's lips till I kissed the girl that married me; that was seven years later. If I had been beaten that night, I know I would have been a ruined man. Some will say: why put a trivial thing like this in your story? I do so not for the sake of bragging, God knows, but because it may help some young man in his dark hour. I have been honoured, during my life, with the confidences of very many. I "speak that I do know" when I say all life's future depends on the first battle with passion.

> For in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
> Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A man should go clean-bodied and taintless to the arms of his love, the mother of his children. The old Evangelical creed of my childhood did so much for me. This is no impossible ideal for boy or man. The struggle against impurity is hardest at the very beginning. Win then, and victory comes easier with each year. But once begin to sin, and few stop sinning. I was much alone in the succeeding years. Few knew me, my steps were unmarked. I was often thrown into the company of attractive women, and sometimes the ways of pleasure stood wide open. But never again had I to face the fierceness and the pain of the struggle I went through that autumn night at Cambridge.

My Cambridge life seems unsatisfactory as I look back on it. I did not find in it what I hoped to find. I worked hard and alone, and made few friends, and these I lost when I left the Church of England and came to the United States.

While at Cambridge, I worked in Bethnal Green a good deal

during vacations, and was very happy in it. Those I knew there were no slackers, no fair-day workers. They were giving their all, the best they had, to the best they knew. They could say with Paul, "This one thing I do," and none who have grace to stand on that ground with the great Apostle can ever lack for power with their fellow-men, no matter what gospel they preach. But, as I see now, the very nature and scope of the gospel we held and taught tended to weaken and isolate us. It was a purely individualistic message we delivered; good as far as it went, but it did not go far enough; half of a great truth, but only half, Save your soul alive: this the one thing worth doing. Jesus' religion as we held it went no further. Preaching that in season and out of season, talking ever and always about it as we did, never sitting next a stranger in the omnibus or railroad car without talking it, never dining at a friend's table and leaving it out—I don't exaggerate—this *was the steadily pursued habit of a considerable body of able and earnest men at the time I am speaking of.* Literally an "in season and out of season" appeal "whether they would hear or whether they would forbear," and it meant a power. But this sort of religious zeal, these methods of religious activity, made naturally for Individualism. What we needed, though no power on earth could have induced us to take the medicine, was a good dose of Darwin: something to make us understand a little of the cause of things. What we failed to see was that men and women who came of tainted stock, conceived in sin and cradled in dirt, not educated to the inevitable things in life, or educated wrongly, could not get saved at all. Matthew Arnold, with his unequalled critical perspicacity, says of Wordsworth, whom he placed among the very great:

> But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
> From half of human fate

Wordsworth idealized Nature. In other words, he saw half of things as he wished to see them, not as they actually were; and that is what the majority of even the best of us have ever been inclined to do. We try to make our little schemes account for the facts of life, and when we fail, we cheerfully and fatally reverse Nature's order; rather than change or give up our

scheme, we dodge the facts; we adapt *environment to organism rather than organism to environment.*

Men like my friends Herbert Watney and Fred Charrington, who had given up wealth and friends in order to preach the Gospel as they saw it; General Booth, then beginning to organize his splendid Salvation Army of the future; a few devoted high churchmen, who exalted their priestly office, aiming thereby to help and save the lost; the University clergy and soap-box ranters—all of us made the same mistake, and most are making it still. We declared that Religion has to do with the supernatural. Some say a supernatural Bible, others a supernatural Church, still others a supernatural miracle worker. The first says he is God's prophet, the second, God's priest, the third, God's healer—all trying to make men believe that God will do something, or help them to do something, supernaturally, if they but pray earnestly enough and believe firmly enough. Anything with a hint of the supernatural is, according to the orthodox, a diviner thing than the merely natural; a supernatural way a holier way than a natural. So a supernaturally working God is proclaimed, and that means a ghostly, changing, and unreal God. For, at the long last, man is face to face with the inescapable truth that there is no such thing as the finally supernatural at all.

The supernatural of a mid-African nigger or of the Pope of Rome is only the word each of them applies to that shifting point where his knowledge of the actual ends and his yearning to know is balked.

CHAPTER X

Norwich, First Cure of Souls

I would retemper the individual life through communion with the Universal Life. I would dive into the midst of present things in order to draw inspiration from them. I would mingle with men in order to draw strength from them.—Mazzini.

In December, 1873, I went up to Norwich to take the Bishop's examination for deacon's orders. I knew a little about the field of work, but nothing about my future bishop or my rector. As matters turned out I was extraordinarily fortunate in both. If I had hunted all England over, I could not have found kinder or wiser friends and counsellors than they proved to be to me.

Rumour said that the Rt. Rev. the Hon. John Thomas Pelham, Bishop of Norwich, insisted that postulants should pass an unusually searching examination, and I presented myself at the Palace with trepidation. I hated examinations, and this one worse than any preceding it, for you could not tell what awaited you, or what you would be examined in. The Bishop's examining chaplain was a well-known Cambridge Don, a fine scholar, a deeply religious man, and a gentleman. So much was comforting. I expected to find a room in some hotel, but on calling at the Palace the butler informed me that my room was ready, and that all the candidates were the Bishop's guests.

A very ancient house a little modernized was the Palace. It stood under the shadow of the spire, the loftiest but one in England, and all round it was an old-fashioned flower garden, with yew trees and spreading lawns. Much of the early work on the Cathedral was Norman, and this part of the great church stood out splendidly, firm and grim. The city wall hugged the Cathedral and its attendant buildings closely. Norwich Cathedral is somewhat out of the line of

sight-seeing travel, but after Durham, Winchester, and York, to my mind it is the best thing architecturally in England. Its setting in the spacious gardens, closed in by old flint-faced fourteenth-century walls, is especially fine.

Nothing was left undone by the Bishop to make his would-be clergy feel at home. We all sat at his table, in an old, wainscoted dining room; he, a tall, very aristocratic-looking old man, but most gracious and fatherly; a Peer of the English realm if you will, but a true and watchful shepherd of the human flock over whom he had been set as overseer. So he seemed to me, that first evening I met him. In the drawing room after dinner he and Mrs. Pelham tried to draw our heterogeneous units together, but naturally we were a difficult lot—about fifteen of us. Family prayers soon followed in the great hall, all the servants joining, the Bishop giving out a hymn and leading the singing. After reading the Scripture he prayed. He had a delightful and original way of praying. He laid the whole Prayer-Book under contribution for prayers and bits of prayers. He drew them out from anywhere and from everywhere as he needed them, as only a spiritual artist and a saint could do; and then at times, simply as a father with his children, he would lead us in extempore prayer.

I was to spend many evenings in that ancient Palace of Norwich, stately and gray in its exterior but warmed with a consistent Christian kindliness that blessed both the giver and receiver. The Bishop of Norwich was the first great ecclesiastic I had ever met, and he made a profound impression on me. He seemed to me a real "Father in God," after the beautiful old phrase. He was a sound scholar; not a great preacher; but I never anywhere met a man who impressed me as living nearer to God, or one who more utterly gave all he had and all he was to the service of his fellow-men. Since those days I have known many bishops and many examining chaplains, but I have never had experience of any methods of testing a candidate's fitness for the ministry that was so natural, so informal, yet so searching, as was this first experience of my own. The spaciousness and quiet of the old Cathedral town helped, of course, the plan. In the crush and hurry of a great city it would have been harder to accomplish. But those quiet days in the golden autumn weather, with their walks and talks

when the long hours of examination were over, I never can forget, nor can I ever cease to be thankful for them.

As to the examinations themselves, I did quite extraordinarily badly. I never could write Latin prose, and with that exception most of our examination was oral, and I was no good at that, either. I made every mistake a man not an utter fool could make, and all hope of being admitted deacon just then, I gave up. When the chaplain had finished with us, each went to spend some time alone with the Bishop in his study. When my turn came, I was so really discouraged and upset that I scarcely knew what I was saying. The dear man was very gentle with me. "Mr. Rainsford," said he, "you have done unusually poorly. I cannot quite understand why. Will you now repeat to me the Apostles' Creed?" I began, stammering, the Nicene. And that I could not repeat correctly. He stopped me, gently! Not one harsh word! He saw I wasn't master of my nerves. "I make enquiries," said he, "about my candidates, before they come here for ordination, and of you I have heard things I like. If I now admit you to deacon's orders, will you promise me that during this next year you will work hard, not only in your parish but at your books, so that when you seek 'Priests,' I may know that I have not made a mistake now, in spite of your failure, in admitting you to the Deaconite." I could not answer him, but I looked my gratitude, and I loved and honoured John Thomas, Bishop of Norwich, as a Father in God.

In December, 1874, I went up for my Priests, and once again in the same study stood alone before my dear Bishop. "You have not failed yourself, nor disproved my opinion of you. You have passed an excellent examination. I am pleased with you, and thankful that a year ago I took the unusual course I did."

So I went from Cambridge straight into Orders without any seminary training. I had no segregation in the artificial atmosphere of a theological college. I am glad of it, and with the dim hope that some of our bishops may be influenced a little by what I say I stress the point again. Our bishops have wide power; they can really select and ordain *any man they choose*. The Episcopate was twice a possibility for me. That, of course, was in the early days of my ministry, before I had had time to

say or do anything in particular, and before I was tagged a heretic. And it was just this one splendid power resident in the office that appealed to me. "*Oh, Fathers in God, for pity's sake let some men into the depleted ranks of clergy who cannot, will not, should not, become Theologs.*" Many good fellows get on the wrong track as soon as they become Theologs. They feel they are not quite as other students are, and alas! other students feel just the same about them. Their views of life, of duty, of sin, of the world, of things you may and may not do, are the views of the Theolog. Life for them "is sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought." The seminary is not the university, and it is not the world, and when men come out of it they may find they have paid too big a price for the only thing they got there—a little doubtful theology. A witty friend of mine once asked, "Why are theological seminaries like Aaron's mysterious fire? Because, like Aaron, you put in gold and there came out this calf." (Ex. xxxii; 24.)

The Church is out of touch with much, oh, so much, of what is best in the modern world, and for this calamitous fact the separating education of the clergy is largely responsible.

When I have an attack of the "blues" I find myself sometimes wondering if I was right in seeking ordination, and entering the ministry of the national Church of England. I was in many ways unfitted for the clerical profession as it was and still is popularly conceived of. Any one can see this who has followed my story. At the time I did not realize this, but how often do any of us realize what we are binding ourselves to when we enter any profession? A sense of my unfitness has constantly grown on me. Yet, by the time one has gauged one's powers or lack of powers, gauged the varying brakes and obstructions, some of them almost intolerable, on freedom of speech or of action, incidental to a clergyman's life, there has arisen to balance it a sense of the loss and hurt to others any surrender of that calling must entail. I suppose it must ever be so. I suppose we cannot work as free men under complex social conditions any more than we can as naked men; that conventions of necessity bind us on every side and in every relation of life.

But of this I am sure: that easier, freer, more natural ways must be found within my own church and *all churches* for the

using of men and *women* eminently fitted to instruct and stimulate their fellows, specially those called to preach, without the hampering imposition of old and irrelevant doctrinal tests and creeds. To-day, the tragedy of it is, *the little fellows get in, and the larger stay out.* Consequently, the clergy of all the Protestant churches are steadily losing the influence they once had.

My rector, William Nottage Ripley, lived at Earlham Hall, three miles outside the town. I was to stay with him till I secured a lodging in the parish. When I got out of the train at Norwich station there was no carriage to meet me, and for the first time I learned how far away Earlham was. I left my small baggage at the depot and walked out. I had not met either my rector or his wife, and this did not seem a very hopeful beginning. I had got about two miles on my way when, on the straight empty road, I saw a lady walking at a fast pace to meet me. Right up to me she came, holding out both hands —that was ever her way—and saying, "I know you are our new curate. Dear! it was too bad the coachman had so many things to do," (that meant, as I soon got to know, that that faithful old family piece had to call with chicken broth here, take a pat of butter there, and a little something good somewhere else, and these, his beloved mistress's commands, were the first charge on his time, let trains and curates come and go as they might) "he missed the train altogether." How she knew me I don't know, but soon I came to have absolute and delightful confidence in her loving intuitions. She was quite a great lady, was Mrs. Ripley,

> And works of week-day holiness
> Fell from her noiseless as the snow,
> Nor had she ever learned to know
> That aught was easier than to bless.

She loved me and believed in me and mothered me. She had been a beautiful woman, and still retained the sweet graces and energy of her youth. Hers was a charity that never thought evil till it had to, for she was of a keen and discerning spirit. Enthusiastic when she gave her friendship, yet not so blinded by it that she was not the wisest and frankest of critics. Cultured in her tastes, with an ample income, she and her husband

made Earlham, to those privileged to visit it, a home to remember.

Earlham was an Early Georgian manor house, spreading into a semicircle on either wing, offering an unpretentious frontage to the north, but having an ample southern face, covered with the longest wisteria in England, and Gloire de Dijon roses innumerable. It was full of odd corners and unexpected stairways, and no one ever seemed to know how many bedrooms there were in it, there always being an extra one for the most unexpected guest.

Here, when the full day's work was over on Sunday, I came to rest; here encouragement, wise counsel, and unfailing love were ever given me. Had ever a curate a happier introduction to his work? At Earlham I saw what a rector's house should be. I there resolved that if ever I had young clergy to direct, I would try to be intimate with them, try to understand them, making them feel that they were not merely my juniors, my "nethanim," the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," mere parish drudges, assistants to be drilled and ordered about; but my younger brothers who had a claim on all I was and all I knew. It is a strange and a sad fact that but few popular clergy make a success of it with their assistants. Yet no opportunity for the accomplishment of lasting good can life offer to any man greater than that of choosing the right sort of clergy to assist him, and inspiring as well as superintending the opening years of their lives. The parish, rather than the seminary, should be the true training ground for the younger clergy.

My first sermon in St. Giles', preached to a crowd, for everyone turned out to hear the new curate, was, as all my first sermons have been, a failure. It was so in Bethnal Green, so in St. Giles', so in Holy Trinity, 42nd Street, New York, and so on. I had, from the beginning of my ministry, made up my mind not to read my sermon. My best and wisest friends often urged me to read at least one sermon a week, but I am sure my determination was well taken. Yielding to them, I did on occasions carefully write my sermon in full and read it. When I did so I felt a loss of power. I could not grip my audience. That first evening in my new field, after preaching, I walked out to Earlham with my dear lady. I had done

my very best by my sermon, had thought out carefully things I wanted to say, and arranged them in the order in which I wanted to say them, condensing the subject matter into several pages of notes, which I took into the pulpit. All in vain. I forgot what I had in mind, and was too nervous to read my memoranda, and stumbled and mixed things up sadly. Naturally I felt discouraged, for I was sure my kind rector must have been disappointed in me.

I remember we walked quite a long way in silence. Then she, reading my thought, took my arm for a moment and said to me, as though I were her son: "Do not be disheartened, dear. God has called you to preach to men."

I began a strenuous life in Norwich. I lived in a tiny house, owned by a little old lady who was kindly attentive to all my wants, and was cleanliness itself. I rose at six, and read my Greek Testament with the best commentaries I could find, for a couple of hours before breakfast; and I formed the habit of reading while dressing, committing to memory a few lines of good poetry. This habit I kept up till I was sixty, and I try to keep to it still.

After breakfast on Tuesday morning I immediately attacked my sermon for the coming Sunday. Mondays, unless some emergency call sounded, I took for myself.

My father, when he bade me good-bye, gave me a piece of advice for which I can never be thankful enough, and which I have handed on to many others, I hope with profit to some of them: "You are going all your life to have much speaking and teaching to do. Give every single morning in the week, if necessary, to preparing as thoroughly as you can *one discourse.* Do that, and you will never run dry, even if you have to speak somewhere every day."

I have proved the wisdom of my father's advice. Enrich your mind persistently on one subject, and you have a sense of security in speaking. Better far repeat a subject several times, if necessary, than fall back on unprepared stuff. If you have anything to say, your listeners do not object to having it repeated to them more than once. They grow wearied only when you have nothing to say. The fine old Greek proverb always holds true: "A good thing will bear repeating."

My Sunday work began early and lasted till late at night.

Early Communion at eight, Sunday School at nine-thirty; at eleven, morning prayers and sermon. I preached on alternate Sundays with my rector. Afternoon services and sermon at four-thirty I always took. Evening prayers and sermon at seven-thirty, which I took alternately with the rector. Later, another service was added of which I shall tell. I was fortunate indeed in having William Ripley as my first rector. In his own wise, loving, gentle way, he advised my making certain rules for my clerical life. "To be effective, you must work on schedule; have a daily rule and keep to it." If you do not have a system, trifles will demoralize and defeat you. How many good men have I known who were busy all the time and accomplished little of worth. Specially he insisted on visiting, steady, constant visiting; and he was right. The only way to know your people, the only way to reach into their lives in order to help, and so the very best way to get the right sort of sermons to preach to them, and illustrations to make your sermons clear and interesting, is *to visit.* All who succeed as visitors of their flock cannot preach. But the man who can preach will very greatly increase the influence he wields in the pulpit if he forces himself to visit, not his pet parishioners alone, but all sorts and conditions of people in his parish; not alone the old ladies that adore him, but the hard-headed men who fight shy of him. The clergy do not visit any longer as much as they did forty years ago. Among my own assistants at St. George's, I found at times a disinclination to face its drudgery. But I never knew a young cleric yet who faithfully persisted in this duty who was not greatly the gainer thereby.

I must digress for a little to explain the Church of England's position in the old city of Norwich with its 85,000 people. There were more than forty such churches within the ancient walls (St. Giles' stood outside), some of these were almost empty and some were quite empty, and it was difficult to secure the attendance of two parishioners who were communicants; so difficult indeed that the Holy Communion could not be administered in them oftener than once or twice in the year. Several of the oldest of these churches were, in my time, University "livings." Now the University "living," however well the plan may have worked long ago, had become

often little less than a scandal in later days. Celibacy was still enforced by the two great Universities on their resident clerical Dons. While they were teaching they must not marry. As soon as a living in the College's gift fell vacant, it was automatically offered to the senior resident Don. He, poor man, had for long years been looking forward to the day when at last a college living with income sufficient to live on should be open to him. History doth not tell of any Dons promoted from those college livings of Cambridge. Those who held them were slow to die. So the net result was, these city churches, which were intended doubtless by those good men who founded them to be centres of light and leading, came to be ruled by a succession of very elderly Cambridge Dons, who once, long ago, had been great in some field of learning, but were as incapable as honest men well could be of successfully filling the rôle of City Rector. Thus a rule that had once worked well was allowed to become a cause of pathetic scandal both to the University and the Church.

Any Cambridge man of my time will remember Betsey R—— I will not give his surname; it is not necessary. Betsey R—— was an extraordinarily dried-up old gentleman, or so he seemed to our unsympathetic youth who had to endure his murderous way of reading morning prayers at chapel through his nose. Betsey R—— was patient; he had waited long; he must have been almost seventy when I knew him, but he had, as most of the Dons who were in like condition, made his choice of a maiden years before who had also agreed to be patient. Together they waited till the obstinately healthy incumbent of the living he longed for finally gave up the ghost. As soon as he did, Betsey was inducted, and married to his elderly lady in short order. We heartless youths, rejoicing in his absence, had made careful inquiries as to the date of his entrance on the duties of parish priest. His little country church was some miles outside the town, but on that first Sunday morning Betsey R—— looked us full in the face as he again murdered the service, and well rewarded us for our long walk by requesting the congregation, when the proper place in prayers was reached, "to join with him in returning thanks to Almighty God for three weeks' uninterrupted connubial bliss."[1]

[1] Absolutely true.

One of the most brilliant mathematicians Cambridge had produced came in this way to be rector of a little old church in a poor part of the town. Mr.—— was a curiosity and a wit. One Sunday in the year he had a well-filled church. It was the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, because he then convulsed the younger part of his audience by the liberty he took in reading the third chapter of Daniel, the first lesson for that day. In that chapter occurs the passage, "At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the King hath set up." This list of instruments is repeated three times in the course of the chapter. The first time he would read it as it was written, but afterward he substituted for it the phrase, "the aforesaid gentlemen with the brass band."

Once a year there was a collection for the choir. His wife was a competent organist and choir leader, and in its own way the music was not bad. I had at the time a large following among the poor people and he invited me to preach the sermon. The pulpit was a very narrow black oak box. The choir sat immediately underneath the pulpit in an immense square pew, surrounded by a rail, along which ran a heavy old red baize curtain. As soon as the singing was over and I entered the pulpit, one of the choir rose and noisily drew the curtain right round the three open sides of the pew. Then he seated himself beside one of the girls, and putting his arm round her waist, drew her head down on his shoulder. She made no sort of objection, and he kept it there. Then he looked up straight into my face and winked. This was too much. So I walked out of the pulpit and across the chancel to where Doctor—— was seated. I said, "Your choir are behaving outrageously behind that curtain. I cannot go on with my sermon till it is stopped." The Doctor's answer was as prompt as could be. He rose, walked up to the square pew, tore the whole rotten baize curtain away with a jerk, exposing the disconcerted choir, his wife included, to the full view of the highly interested congregation, went back to his seat in the Chancel and sat down. I went back to my sermon, but our adventures were not yet over. The stone sill of the church door was low, the grass-grown graves pressed up close to it, and presently out of the grass

came a hen, followed by her brood of chicks. The sleepy old sexton never saw her till she was well up the aisle. Then he made a rush for her. The hen protested loudly and the chicks scattered. "Leave her alone, John," said the Doctor, "she's doing no harm. She knows well there is generally plenty of room in the church."[1]

God forbid that I should criticize harshly the poor, defeated clergy of the old town. Once many of them must have had bright hopes of a life usefully spent among their fellow-men. Many of them must have toiled hard to win that learning which won them recognition in the University, and so enabled them to step out of the order into which they were born.

Stopford Brook in his diary, with sympathetic insight, outlines the tragedy often attending such lives:

> How many fine intellects, how many men who have done original work in many paths, have been buried in the grave of the Church of England. It is shocking to think of it. The miserable conventions tied them down. The strong escape the bonds and do what suits them well. There are others whom the atmosphere exactly suits, and *they* do good work. But there are hundreds who, not being strong enough to resist the pressure, never develop as they ought, and year by year they rot and rot. And thereby hangs a tale. Just imagine if William Morris and Burne Jones had gone into the church as they intended, what the world would have lost, and what they would have been. Fancy Morris a fighting Archdeacon like Dennison, and Burne Jones a rose fancier like Dean Hole!
>
> There is a settled melancholy at the back of the greater number of ministers. Most of them have never lived, some of them have never even tried to live. They know little or nothing of the world. Excellent men, but profoundly ignorant of any human nature save what they find in themselves and in their wives. How *can* they preach? The one thing to preach about they do not know.

And Stopford Brook might have added that in the Church of England they have not, as the Roman priesthood has, the immensely educating and quickening aid of the Confessional.

St. Giles' had always been well attended. It stood outside the walls, and its congregation was largely formed of the professional class, lawyers, doctors, and small business men. There were, too, many poor. As I went about the town I could not fail to notice that it held a great non-church-going population. The Congregational and Presbyterian bodies had their chapels,

[1] Again I am but stating the fact.

and able men filled their pulpits, but all their pews were rented and they made little attempt to reach the bulk of the labouring class. These should have been shepherded by the Church of England, but they were not; the problem was how to reach them. I told my rector I wanted to try to do a little on this line. Many difficulties presented themselves, and the chief of them was the most ridiculous. I must not preach, even on the street, in any of the forty-odd parishes, without first obtaining the permission of its rector. The rector of a parish could not silence a street ranter, but he could his fellow cleric. I had made up my mind that the best and most effective thing I could do was to preach on the streets. In Norwich market-place stood a very lovely Gothic church, empty enough on Sundays, quite empty week-days. The market-place was within its parish bounds, but certain ideas of freedom of concourse seemed to go with a great market, and there I determined to make a start. I made no request for permission to speak—for to do so would have brought certain refusal.

I chose a fine day in the autumn. I put on my best frock coat, and furnished me with a powerful bell. I went quite alone. I told *no one*, not even my dear lady. I stood under the old church wall. The market square sloped up to me. I rang my bell and then, as from all over the square, full of people at that hour, a crowd gathered, I spoke for some fifteen minutes, not more, and went away. The police did not interfere, as I had chosen my stand so as not to obstruct traffic, and there was no protest made by the rector of the parish. One of the farmers living near Earlham said to my startled lady that evening: "Your new curate is a Methody, he was preaching in the market to-day, and he didn't look like a Methody, either."

So began a work that grew and lasted for the next two years, and I think I am only stating the truth when I say, affected for good the social as well as the religious life of the city. Helpers gathered round me from that day onward. We mapped the city into districts, and about forty of us preached in the streets all over the town. There was some rough play at first, and some were hurt by stone throwing, but this soon ceased. From the older central parishes of the town complaints were made to the Bishop. He ignored them. In the outlying and

more populous parishes we received sympathetic if not active support. My band of young assistants had even less experience, less learning, less theology than had I. But then our religious lives had been touched and quickened. We were all dead in earnest and we were not seeking anything for ourselves. Simple conditions to fulfill, but when they are fulfilled, something in the deepest part, the finally permanent part of human nature, quickly responds to those who fulfill them.

To compare the little with the great, English religious life, decayed almost to death, and a large part of American life, too, had, when Wesley and Witfield were driven out of the church and into the streets and fields, one hundred years before, been mightily moved by the same direct appeal. What those greatly persecuted men and their followers did to save the religious life of the two nations destined largely to lead and mould the civilization of the next century, it is impossible to exaggerate. We knew no other gospel; we preached no other. Our Evangelical message of pardon for the sinner who repented, and new strength and hope for the reborn man, was the same as theirs. It uplifted and saved England and America in the Eighteenth Century; I have tried to show some few of the results it had in the Nineteenth Century; and whatever changes may come in the far future, however necessary it may be to modify the methods used in stating it, so as to commend it to the consciences of men and make it fit with the learning of the times, *I am convinced it ever will remain the central core, the living, growing seed core, of the Gospel of the Universal Jesus.*

Some will ask, "How can you account for the religious condition you describe in a diocese, ruled by so wise and saintly a bishop; one, too, who took pains to select clergy fitted for their work?" This question I often put to myself. And I asked it of others who knew the east of England better than I did. The Bishop was called to struggle against conditions of unusual and continuous neglect by his predecessors. The ways of the Church of England were strange, as I have illustrated by my two stories of college livings, and some of the evils of these times have been removed. But still of her and of all the churches it is true that their ordering and machinery, as well as their doctrines, are old and out of date. In them all

the new order is not yet born, and all alike need to heed, before it is too late, Tennyson's tremendous warning that

> God fulfills himself in many ways,
> Least one good custom should corrupt the world.

When I came to Norwich its suburban parishes, all of whose rectors were appointed by the Bishop, were well served, and in many of the country districts there was a change for the better. One good odd old parson, Mr. Haslam, went all over the immense diocese, preaching in the churches where he was invited, and if the church doors were closed to him, as often they were, in dissenting chapels or schoolhouses. He had many friends and a good many enemies. He told me once of a good but hesitating cleric who asked him to take a mission in his church for ten days. Haslam did, and he filled the old church. When he was leaving, his host said, "How is it you get the people? I work hard. I visit regularly. I write my sermons carefully. And the people go to sleep and stay asleep." "I'll tell you," said Haslam. "Your pulpit stands at the head of the aisle, facing the entrance door. You take your sermon; you go into the pulpit. You read it out carefully and it is like yourself, so straight, so orderly, that it goes down, straight down the aisle and out of the big door. My poor sermons, well —they aren't like sermons at all. They are just like a firecracker. It goes first in one direction, then in another. It fizzes and cracks in this pew, and jumps into that. No man can tell when it may catch him. So they all stay awake." The clergy had to admit that if Haslam was not much of a preacher, still he certainly did his hearers good and at least kept them awake. And that was accomplishing something in sleepy Norfolk.

It took time to make any impression on old Norwich, but at last the city moved. A number of the clergy agreed that something should be done, and they invited a well-known Evangelical, Henry Varley, to speak in St. Andrew's Hall for a week. St. Andrew's Hall was the stately remnant of what must once have been a magnificent mediæval church. It was used for town meetings, and seated two thousand on the floor. The invitation came to Mr. Varley from my rector and a group of Evangelical clergy. The University churches and the High Churches washed their hands of the affair.

Varley was a powerful speaker; he had been a butcher, and looked it; but he was a right good man. Night after night the hall was packed. When he was leaving, he urged the clergy who had invited him, to carry on the work. None of them felt able to do this. So before them all, suddenly and without warning, he turned to me. "Then, Rainsford, you must carry on these meetings on Sunday nights." I said it was impossible from every point of view. "You've got to; these people are hungry and must be fed." Then said I, "So help me God, I'll try." The result was that, till I left Norwich, for almost two years, autumn, winter, and till midsummer, after I had preached in St. Giles' I went down to the hall and repeated my sermon there. Sometimes the hall was quite full, sometimes not more than half full. But I always had at least a thousand people. Twenty-five years after I was travelling back to New York from my little ranch in the Rocky Mountains. I noticed a man staring at me on the train. "You must be Rainsford." "I am," I said. "I used to listen to you in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, in 1875, and I never have forgotten some of the things you gave me at those services. I live in Dakota now."

About this time I preached one Sunday morning in St. John's, Halkin Street, for my father, and could not but notice a very considerable falling off in his congregation. There were very few young men there, and some years before these were not lacking. St. Giles' was full of young people. What was the reason? It seems strange to me since then that I had not long before grasped the evident fact that to keep men in the Church of God you must set them at work in the Church of God. "If a man will not sow, neither shall he reap," so runs the everlasting law. And that is just what my dear father and the men of his time and party never did. I had kept my young men because I set them to work, and each worker became in turn a magnet to draw others. In this way there came to me a clearer idea of how to make the church a power.

I am afraid I was not popular among the city clergy, but J. W. Nash, rector of the next parish, and my own dear rector, were staunch friends of mine from the first day I came to Norwich till I left it. To two notable Non-Conformist divines, Doctor Gould, a Baptist, and Doctor Barrett, a Congregationalist,

I also owe a debt. I followed their advice in my reading, and their homes were always open to me. They both had been resident for many years in Norwich, and I was helped and encouraged by them and their people more than by the churches in my own denomination.

About this time, namely, the second year of my residence in Norwich, I began to read in a wider field. Doctor Barrett introduced me to the books of Dale of Birmingham, counted a sound Liberal then, and I discovered somehow F. W. Robertson of Brighton. He preached for only five or six brief years. Misunderstood and denounced by both High Churchmen and Evangelicals, he was a lonely man, a voice crying in the wilderness. Worn out, he died when almost a youth. But the tongue of fire was his, and as a preacher no man in England in the Nineteenth Century compared with him; so Stanley once said. His sermons, and still more his letters, which wisely his biographer Stopford Brook published with brief comment, and so permitted them to speak for their author, I read and reread. When I was tired and preached out, I went to them. When I was discouraged, I found in the letters new courage. They meant more to me than any other books for many years.

I sent Robertson's "Life" to my little sister in Africa some years after this date. The book never reached her, for my dear good father commandeered it and burned it.

Mazzini, too, I discovered in those days, and Matthew Arnold's poetry supplemented Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Thus it is evident I was wandering, innocently it is true, yet wandering, into pastures new and full of dangerous noxious weeds.

But the first growing pain I had was not caused by these teachers. It came to me in studying the New Testament itself. My earliest morning hour was given to this and to nothing else. Infant baptism first; and next, the utterly mechanical theory of it, so unmistakably stamped on the Church's office for the baptism of infants, unsettled me. As yet I had no glimmering of the great truth of evolution. I never dreamed that man's religious ideas were as truly an evolution as were any other of his ideas—on agriculture, or geography, or science, or sociology. Religion was a divine revelation. This I had been taught; to this I held stoutly.

I was to suffer much before I learned that *just because man is incurably religious, his religion, his religious beliefs, are the most markedly evolutionary things about him.* Meanwhile, failing this clue, I was face to face with the startling fact that infant baptism was not taught in the New Testament.

Looking back on it all, it seems a boyish difficulty, but it meant hard pain to me then. All I had, and knew, and believed, and preached depended on the absolutely verbal inspiration of an inerrant book. And as I read that book, I had no right to use that infant baptismal service. I shall not give much space in my story to the discussion of various doctrines that have become practically obsolete to educated people. Such discussion is no longer profitable. Religious questions that raised an immense pother in the '80's and '90's—who cares to notice them now? But since this, my first serious attack of doubt, changed finally the whole course of my life, I cannot pass it hastily by. And furthermore it enables me to stress, here at the beginning of my clerical life, a lesson, nay, a message rather, I do with all my heart want to give to all who knew me, or who attach any value to what I now write; and that is:

If you are honest with yourself, and with your fellow-men who honour you with their attention, if you speak out and do not hedge, you will find that you can help and feed and lead and comfort many people. Such a course may threaten you with calamity, professional and personal, but if you follow your Master you must put the Truth first; and in the end you will have both the approval of your conscience and a trustful following of your fellow-men.

One of the chief reasons why the clergy to-day have not the same influence they had even forty years ago is that they have impressed the keenly discerning spirit of the time with a grave doubt of their intellectual and moral courage. Courage is the one thing surely before all other things a leader must have. Men to-day will forgive much. They will forgive an unbalanced crank and half-instructed reformer; they will be tolerant of a pronounced reactionary; but they have no use for the man who claims the privilege, the superb privilege, of the pulpit, on their one holiday morning in seven, to discourse platitudes rather than unburden his soul.

I now set myself to read widely the literature of baptism.

I studied my own church's literature, and got into correspondence with the best men in the country, Mr. Spurgeon among the rest, who sent me a sheaf of books. The stock arguments with which the Evangelical party sought to compromise between the plain teaching of our service and their preaching, I could not swallow. I went to my rector and my father; then to my bishop. All of them were kind and patient, but they could not answer the questions that were troubling me. I could find no evidence that infants had been baptized by Jesus or his disciples, and I never have been able to find any. If the pedo-baptists had frankly said that infant baptism was a natural development of adult baptism, an inevitable change in the custom of the church; that the magical blessings that soon came to be attached to it inevitably induced loving parents and zealous missionaries in those early days to baptize little children in danger of death, the reasonableness of the changed application of the Sacrament would have been evident. But then to make such an admission no party, in the church or out of it, was at the time prepared. High sacramentarians, low Evangelicals, and the Baptists none of them accepted the evolutionary law, and all of them insisted that their doctrine was the only true doctrine based on the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture.

CHAPTER XI

Leaving England

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the soul resides.
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery the soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.
—Matthew Arnold.

No one can accuse Matthew Arnold of a lack of emotional balance, nor was he hasty in his assessment of moral values. Religious revivals have had large share in shaping the history of our race, and the subject is of importance and needs to be dealt with in a popular way. William James argues "that the whole phenomenon of regeneration and conversion, even in its most startling instantaneous examples, may be a strictly natural process, divine in its fruits (in some cases more, in others less) but neither more nor less divine in its causation and mechanism than any other process, high or low, of man's interior life." ("Varieties of Religious Experience," p.230.)

I quote William James because, several years before I read his brilliant and most helpful book, I had myself come to the conclusion that it was a dangerous mistake to ascribe the various manifestations of religious emotion, which for years I had somewhat unusual opportunities of studying, as being in themselves diviner or more supernatural experiences than other emotional experiences, in regard to which it never occurs to us to claim a supernatural presence. In writing this I fear I shall hurt many, but if so, I cannot help it. To speak of the vivid experiences of conversion and new birth which many have known in this (as it seems to them) cold-blooded way, is not to deny their value by any means. I would be the last to do this. My experience as a preacher, my memories of

home, would make it impossible for me to do so. But on the other hand, I am convinced that to put man's religious nature and all the powers and passions dependent on and springing out of it in a separate water-tight compartment in life's great cargo ship, insisting that in their production and ordering, in their birth and development, other forces, higher forces, forces supernatural, forces peculiarly divine, are necessary—forces other than those controlling what we thoughtlessly call our ordinary ways of life—that I do not believe. I do believe that our capacity to surrender our wills, not necessarily once only, to the highest we know, means an access of power, a fuller intake of life. And that the phenomena accompanying that self-surrender, in different ages and peoples and religions, though they have been vividly strange, startling, and unaccountable, are natural—supernormal, if you will, but natural; and some day we shall understand them as we do not now.

"Were we writing the story of the mind from the purely natural history point of view," says James, "with no religious interest whatever, we should still have to write down man's liability to sudden conversion as one of his most curious peculiarities."

Alas! orthodoxy at present denies the adequacy of such an explanation, and thinks it does God's service by insisting that the phenomena of conversion and "faith healing" and sacramental blessing are all the supernatural operations of the Deity.

The startling and unaccountable experiences common in Evangelical revivals, whether you examine those of 1820–1840, as Professor C. E. Fanning, the great Methodist missionary, has recorded them; or those so common in Ireland in my youth, or later in the Welsh revival meetings of 1905, are extraordinarily alike. Men, women, and even little children were moved to what seemed to be a supernatural degree—were wrenched and thrown down as if by an outside force. Eyes were staring, Mouths twisted and spumy, Death seemed near. Then something would give way, and with ease and fluency they would pour forth what was within them in prayer and song. When it was over, they often had no memory of what had passed; it was as though some other self, a deeper, inner self, had come forth at the bidding of the hour.

It is interesting to note that these phenomena have commonly appeared among populations where the distinctively Evangelical aspects of the Gospel have been presented to all from childhood. Where the soberer Church of England training and discipline was customary you did not find them, or they were rare. In the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, and in our own Protestant Episcopal Church, this was also true. But of this I am sure: that, as with open mind we study the history of man's religious changes, we must be aware of similarities of experiences among them all. Among the very earliest and coarsest, if you can call them so, as truly as among the saints and mystics of ancient and modern times.

The medicine man of the Red Indians, the wildly eloquent Negro leading a prayer meeting, the faith healer swaying an educated audience in London or New York, the witch doctors in Darkest Africa, breathless thousands waiting outside the Grotto at Lourdes, the largest audience on earth kneeling at the Elevation of the Host in St. Peter's, or the brilliant scholar, bitterly repentant, holding in the white-hot stove his offending hand till it was burned away[1]—what do they all mean?

They mean that there are things in man's nature that will find expression, *that will out*, and are always ready to make answer to the voice, the power, to which they are akin. The glowing eloquence of Phillips Brooks, the fiery appeal of Billy Sunday, the adoration of a relic, or of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, offered to the believing under the form of bread and wine—what are they? *Keys, call them keys.* Some golden, if you will, some of meaner metal; but keys, with which a mysterious power may be and often is unlocked in the soul of the faithful humble or the faithful great.

Ignorance looks on in wonder, sometimes with a sneer. Ah, no! Mock not, lest you sin against your own Holy Spirit; lest you kill the best and highest within you, or deny the most precious gift in your fellow-man. Our Quaker poet is right:

> All souls that struggle and aspire,
> All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
> And dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
> On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

[1] "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." The incident happened in one of our universities to a friend of mine, some years ago.

Nor bounds nor clime nor creed Thou knowest,
Wide as our need Thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Why cannot we hark back to the largeness of the spirit of St. Paul, hear him claim all gifts of men as equally divine, for they are given for human service. "Now there are diversities of gifts but the same spirit. To one is given the word of wisdom, to another, the word of knowledge, to another faith, to another the gifts of healing, to another the working of miracles, to another, discerning of spirits." What a comprehensive and comforting list, what splendid assortment of powers. All he claims the result of the spirit of Jesus resident in man. Some of them we have come to regard as commonplace, and others as miraculous. Paul, at least, knew no such distinction. I Cor. XII, 4–11. The place to look for God is not in a distant heaven but in ourselves.

I had a friend of many years. He was a physician. He told me when he was practising in Minnesota, in the early days of harvesting machinery, accidents in the harvest field were common. He found an uneducated Swede, a good man, whose touch would immediately staunch the severest bleeding, even arterial, and he constantly took him in his buggy when called to emergency cases. Surely the churches' business today should be to call all human powers to their high use. Such will be the call of the church of the future.

Few indeed there have been of us who have always walked the hard high pathway of their best; few who have always been obedient to what they knew was their heavenly vision. But, as poor Pilgrim was the better man for even a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains, so "the man with the hoe" or Millais' Kneeling Peasants, or the plainest of plain people, or the greatest of great people, all are enabled better to fulfil life's tasks for seeing, however briefly, their life's best vision.

But does it last, you say? Does your converted man remain a convert from his baser self? Often, very often, he does; but if he does not! Men may lapse from every level, but even in the Valley of the Shadow they remember that once they stood on the shining heights, and they are the better for the remembrance.

From 1876 to the autumn of 1878 I was a revival preacher.

Looking back on that time, and reading again the notes of my so boyish sermons, I can see that what power I had came from the "oneness" of my aim. I lived for my work and my people and for nothing else. I had but very few social engagements. I quite gave up the outdoor life of sport I had so loved. My rod and gun I never touched. So far as books were concerned, I was a poorly educated young cleric. But my eye was single, and truly I was happy, for my whole body was full of light.

Then it was that in my first fresh youth I began to taste the sweetness of a new and very real joy. People came to hear me wherever I preached. I began to know the intoxication of the crowd, the strange electric thrill of a mass of people waiting on you!—waiting to be won! My preparations came with difficulty, but in the delivery of what I had prepared I was well repaid. If a preacher can but forget himself, if he believes he has a real message, if he feels he is pushing that message home, I think there are few if any experiences like his, few if any finer in life. Usually we walk; to some it is given to run. To the preacher at times it is permitted to fly, and not alone, for he carries his people with him. Of the Greatest it is written that, at the believing touch of a poor sick woman, "he felt virtue go out of him." I speak with reverence when I say that such high feeling, such profoundly happy consciousness of help longed for and whole-heartedly granted, is the spiritual reward of the preacher and teacher, as truly now, with the least of us, as it was then with the greatest.

Two strangers came to England in these days, each with a message. One spoke to the multitudes—good, simple-minded Dwight Moody. The other to a much smaller circle—Adolphe Monod, a charming, cultivated, saintly French Huguenot. Moody called men to salvation. Monod pleaded for a complete salvation, an absolute, a perpetual surrender of the will to God, and a profound belief in His power to save those making such a surrender *from all sin*. Monod's message influenced the best religious life in England. Representative clergy and laity were invited to meet Monsieur Monod at Lord Mount Temple's spacious home, and I as my father's son received an invitation. We lived together in "retreat" for several days, joining in prayer and meditation much of the time, and listening to

addresses all on the subject of holiness, the privilege open to all Christians, the baptism of power, a preparation for all religious work.

When I joined the devoted band (they came from all over Great Britain), my mind was in a disturbed state. My future was all uncertain: should I remain in the Church of England or resign? If I resigned, what could I do? I was fitted for nothing else but the calling I had chosen. It was late in life to attempt another. Thus it was I came to this conference on Holiness.

Our meetings were singularly free from excitement, but as the quiet days passed, barriers of reserve were quite broken down, and people spoke as freely to each other, in their confessions of sin and failure, as they did in their prayers to God. We were expecting good things. We were like the apostles of old, "all of one accord and in one place," and though we heard no "rushing mighty wind," and though we saw no "cloven tongues of fire," there, in English summer-time, under the great trees, we had our Pentecost, too. Men and women then spoke as never they had spoken before—"as the spirit gave them utterance."

I went back to Wandsworth, where my people then lived, a new light in my soul, a new peace in my heart, and within me a still, small but clear voice crying: "Say not I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." Truly, I then had need of the spiritual help I received at Broadlands, Lord Mount Temple's place, for no one at home could in the least understand the difficulties I was in, or approve of the way I proposed to myself to get out of them. I felt that I must leave England at least for a time, but both my father and mother could see no sense or reason in such a course. To my difficulty about Infant Baptism was now added that of the Athanasian Creed. I turned from it with loathing. After fruitless discussion at home, I took one day a walk in the south of London. The town suited the mood I was in better than the country. After walking a long way, I found myself standing before a mean little yellow brick Baptist Chapel, somewhere in that wilderness of dingy streets called the Borough. It was tight shut, a dismal-looking little place. "You are coming to that!" I said to myself. "Are you willing to come to that?"

I thought of dear Earlham, of the crowd of expectant faces in St. Andrew's Hall, of my poor Norwich people. I thought of the kind words of a very great nobleman indeed, who, the day before, when I told him I was intending to seek work out of England, had urged me to stay, saying the Church needed all her young men at home, and promising me his influence if I decided to stay.

Since I am trying to tell all the truth about this, my hour of choice, I will confess to one thing more that made it hard to go away. As I stood there, before that mean little chapel, I saw again a woman's face, a woman into whose face I had looked but a week before, and who had looked back into mine, and as nothing else did, that look of hers held me to England.

I don't know how long I stood before that poor little place. I do know I saw my way clearly, and I said to my God, "I am willing to do Thy will, even if it means a little Baptist Chapel in the Borough." Then I took the long walk home to Wandsworth with a great peace in my heart.

In biographies it is usually taken for granted that the hero always "wills" to do the right thing as he sees it at all costs. I wish I could truthfully say that in my own case I always faced my problems with as "single an eye" as I did this great problem. I can make no such claim, but I am glad I was enabled to do the right thing then, though from a worldly point of view my choice seemed the choice of a fool.

I linger over the story of these closing days of my English life because I cannot help doing so. I was leaving more than I knew. I was leaving my mother who, do what I could, I felt was fading out of my life. She did not understand me, could not sympathize with my doubts and questionings, putting it all down to my restlessness and desire for change. I was leaving my second home, at Norwich, and the hundreds of loving friends and fellow-workers who with me had done something to revive the religious life of the whole city. I was leaving the friends of my boyhood and my youth. Of such friendships Thackeray says: "Cultivate those friendships of your youth; it is only in that generous time that they are formed. How different the intimacies of the after years are, and how much weaker the grasp of your hand after it has been shaken

about in commerce with the world, and has squeezed and dropped a thousand equally careless palms."

But more even than that, I was leaving behind me, though I did not realize it till long afterward the faith of my boyhood, or rather the mechanism of that faith, when I turned my back on the dear cradle of its nurture. My departure from England was a more resolute protest than I was aware of, against the strangling party orthodoxy into which I was born. I think it is Matthew Arnold who wrote—I cannot verify the quotation, for my memory is execrable, but the splendour of the statement rings clearly in my mind: "When shall we learn that what attaches people to us is the spirit we are of, not the machinery we employ?"

Before I was born, my father and mother had willed and prayed that on their first-born should be poured out the spirit of Him who came to "preach" the gospel. This was their aim and it was to be (so they prayed) their son's aim. Their faith was my faith, their purpose my purpose.

Life was to us a very simple affair. Any one could understand it. God was its author, its Lord, its Saviour, its daily provider and guide. God blessed it in joy here and in glory eternal hereafter. He was also its inexorable punisher. He damned men to everlasting hell as surely as He saved them in a final heaven. Saving souls was not *a* business of life, but *the* business of life; for a man was saved here and now, and if not, he was already damned, the wrath of God was resting on him. It seems dreadful to write of such things now; it did not so seem then to us, brought up to believe them as matters of course. We can see to-day the glaring faultiness of such a creed, its shallow and unworthy idea of God, its monstrous misconception of His justice, the pitiful partiality of His love, His gross favouritism, and the tendency to an all too obvious self-complacency begotten of such a creed in us who held ourselves to be His special favourites.

To pile up unanswerable indictments against that old Evangelical creed is easy enough, but the one mighty thing about it was that the men who held it (and from St. Paul's time down it has been the creed of many of the greatest of the great) *laid hold on God*, and so were strong.

Many like myself, now growing old, will remember how

clear and strong were those early experiences of ours, and will agree with me that with soul hunger we remember them, and would fain, ah, yes, would fain know again to-day if only we could their joy and power. Life was simple and so sure. The world was quickly passing away. If in it things were evil, small matter it made for us, whose home "was not made with hands, and was eternal in the heavens." There all we loved would meet us, all parting would be over, and the joy we already felt, as we worked and sang together, would broaden and deepen into an eternity of living bliss.

It was a strong, simple gospel, and men lived strong lives and did strong deeds in the power of it, for God was the great Companion. There are some good and able, who think that in its changed conception of God, a conception forced on us by our widening knowledge of ourselves and of the universe of which we are a part, modern Christianity has lost nothing and has gained much. I cannot feel this. I believe there is more real religion in the world than when I was a boy, that it is of a higher type, of a more Christ-like type. But I think it has not been so clarified, so popularized, that the wayfaring man can take hold of it. Its changed emphasis from an outside protecting and saving God to an indwelling, an inspiring God, who slowly, by half-understood and hidden ways, is lifting life heavenward, must take a long time to popularize. The elect sainthood of all ages knew it and lived by it, but the masses of troubled, weary mortals have never found in it the equivalent for the simple certitudes of this cruder faith.

It hurts dreadfully to change your idea of God, but if you do not, he will surely fade out of your life altogether. Lord Bacon said, long ago: "It were better to have no opinion at all of God, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him. For the one may be unbelief, but the other is contumely." That is unanswerable.

I can never be thankful enough for the gentleness and wisdom with which I was treated in those trying days. Once more I went to my bishop. "I ordained you," he said, "I trust you. You must not think of giving up your orders now. Go out into the world and find yourself. You are trying to do right. God will make your path plain. Come back to me in two years, and if you cannot stay in the Church, I will take

your orders from you. Till then I lay my commands on you. Do not resign." I knelt at his knee, and he placed his hands upon me and blessed me.

In Earlham I had found a home. Mr. Ripley was more than my rector, and my dear lady was a second mother to me. She seemed to understand what I was suffering as no one else in my little world did. I often find myself longing now to tell her that after all these changing years my soul blesses her for her faith in me and love to me, and that I thank my God that I ever knew her. She is real to me now as are but one or two others I have known. She made life better, brighter, purer, wherever she passed. "She went on her way doing good, but men remembered her long afterward."

I must go away. Norwich was a small city. To stay as curate at St. Giles' and not to use the Baptismal office nor to repeat the Athanasian Creed would not do. Gossip would be busy, and I could not fail to weaken the very work I had been building up. Of course I had not hinted at leaving the church to any but my bishop and the Ripleys. How was I to go away?

Strangely, quite unexpectedly, this difficulty solved itself. One mid-May morning in 1876 the mail brought me two letters, one inviting me to join Henry Varley for a year in an Evangelistic tour in Australia, the other asking me to take charge of a large church in New York for four months. I had not the ghost of an idea where the call from New York came from, and it was not till I landed in the city that I found I owed it to my faithful friend, Miss Ellen Logan, at whose little chapel in Bethnal Green, ten years before, I had made my first stammering start as a speaker.

Miss Logan's movements were unknown to me. Travelling in Canada and the United States, to look after the emigrants she had assisted in sending over there, she had chanced to meet Doctor ——. He was at the time worn out, and had been ordered to take a needed rest. His need of someone to take his church off his hands temporarily he mentioned to Miss Logan. "Why," said she, "I know just the man for you," and named me. (She had no knowledge of my unsettlement of mind, or of my wish temporarily to leave England.) "He was a year in this country and he likes it." New York was nearer

home than Australia, and so for no other reason, I wrote saying I would come.

So I bade good-bye to my native land, with a misgiving in my heart that I was doing so for ever. I turned my back on the dearest, kindest friends a young man ever had, and they crowded round me, begging me soon to return. I knew I was doing right, but for all that, leaving England meant sore pain and a wide void to me. It is no light matter to part with the friends of your youth; and I had a presentiment that this was what I was doing.

CHAPTER XII

An Alien Missioner

I LANDED in New York, June 10, 1876, in the fiercest kind of heat, 103 in the shade. A layman from —— Church was waiting for me at the pier, and he took me to a New Jersey suburb where, in his country house, I found Doctor——, with his wife and one of their children.

Doctor —— welcomed me very kindly, told me he was going to rest for the summer, as he was completely fagged out, and that he wanted me to take charge of the church. And then he added: "I have opened a tent on Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway; I want you to preach in it every night but Saturday." I gasped. "My dear sir, I came over understanding I was to preach twice on Sunday, that will give me all I can do. I don't know enough to preach every night in a great city. I am only twenty-six. I am nothing of a preacher; preparing two sermons a week will be the utmost I can do, and that was our bargain."

"Oh, there are men who will help you in the tent," he replied; and, laughing, "anyway, you've got to do it."

Never was an unfortunate fellow less fitted than I was to undertake a task like this now forced on me.

Next Sunday came and I preached, Doctor —— listening to me, the weather torrid, the church not one third full, everyone out of town who could get out of town. Everything was new and strange. I was unhappy from the start, never got a hold either of my subject or my audience. I knew when I got through that I had preached as poor a sermon as I had ever preached in my life. Doctor —— was disappointed, he as good as told me so, and I did not blame him. "I have got to get away," he said. "You must do the best you can." And so I entered upon my work in New York.

And now there began for me the hardest time I had ever

had in my life. I had failed in pulpit before, but then I was among my own people who knew me and cared for me and encouraged me. Here I was alone; I was lonely in spirit and I lived alone. Miss Logan had returned to England, and not a living soul did I know in the great, sweltering city. I had only $50 when I landed and Doctor —— gave me $100 a month, nothing in advance. So I had to economize. I took a hall bedroom in the old Rossmore Hotel, 42nd Street and Broadway, and had the use of a study high up in the tower of the church, where the heat and mosquitoes were dreadful. From the middle of June to the middle of September I preached every evening but Saturday in the tent and on Sunday morning in the church. In the latter I also administered the Holy Communion once a week. I got up early, and every day shutting myself in my tower, worked out something as best I could for the coming night.

It was hard, lonely work at first, but one thing sustained me: I felt I was being tested. I had asked God, as I stood before the little chapel in the Borough, to use me as He willed. I would make no conditions with Him now he was taking me at my word. Here was the answer to my prayer. How came I here? Was I seeking an easy task, an honourable place? I looked into my soul and answered—No! The memory of those quiet days at Broadlands came to me with power, when I with others drawn from all the branches of the Christian Church, meeting with Adolph Monod, had listened to our Lord's love call, and had reconsecrated ourselves to the doing of the Divine will. I was not in New York to please myself, but simply and solely to do His will, and whether I failed or succeeded, that Will I would do.

So I fought it out alone on my knees, in my hot tower study, and though I was inexperienced and lonely, I *grew strong*.

I will speak here of a habit I formed in those first days of my New York work. When I felt lonely, when I could not get on with my sermon, I would walk in the streets for a little, looking hard into the faces of the passers-by as I tried to read their story, tried to see the real man beneath the face's mask; and so, after a little time, I went back to my study with a new sense of the worth-whileness of life, a new sense of men's need for help, and a new determination to do what in me lay to

give help. I could work better and preach better for those walks. They often gave me texts.

I may say here that I never gave up this habit, and sometimes I went so far, when I met response in some unknown face, as to stop and speak to my unknown. It was natural that such an unconventional thing occasionally got me into trouble. Once a charming woman whom, I need scarcely say, I *did not* speak to, told her husband I had tried to accost her, and I had some difficulty in convincing him that such was not my intention. Some of the best workers I have had were gained in this way, "friends" I had recognized "*as I had passed by.*"

In 1876, there was an open space on the corner of 34th Street and Broadway, and there the tent, which was well pitched and seated 1,800, stood. At the beginning of my work we had a good sized crowd on Sunday evenings, for the city was filling with visitors on their way to the Centennial at Philadelphia, and most of the churches were closed. But on week days, at first, the attendances were very small. I had as assistant workers quite a number of men from Doctor ——'s church, good fellows enough, but as I came to test them, quite unfitted for what they were chiefly bent on doing, viz., speaking from the tent platform. When I had finished my poor little discourse, one or more of these would get on his feet, mount the platform beside me, and deliver a harangue that quite undid what I had tried to say. One of them, a butcher, a very determined assistant, was specially difficult to handle. I hesitated to break with these good fellows, because I knew well how ignorant I was of New York conditions, and I felt that I had not yet got any hold on my small audiences. Most of those who came at first to the tent services were members of or attendants on Doctor ——'s church, and if I turned their expectations down it seemed unlikely that I should have any audience at all. So I stood the thing as long as I could, and then telegraphed to the Doctor, who had left the city, that I could not work with some of his lay staff at the tent. He wrote back that I was working with a band of men he had had round him for years, and I must continue to work with them.

I replied at once by sending in my resignation. He could not come back, nor could he get any one else to take hold of so hard a job as church and tent combined offered for $100 a

month; so I obtained the undivided authority necessary. But he gave it grudgingly, and I did not blame him. My departing laymen growled and grumbled to the absent Doctor and their friends: but I made a second start, altering choir leaders and the machinery generally. Decision was justified, and the congregations began to grow.

And now to me, in the great city where I was an utter stranger, came again the experience I had first tasted when, with my bell in hand, I stood in Norwich market-place. I began to *feel* my audiences; we had something in common, I and they. New faces greeted me night after night. As soon as the blessing was given, almost all passed out into the crowd from which they had come. They were unknown to me, but we were friends. And so, in a strange land, I began to taste the joy and strength of my profession.

The heat that summer I shall never forget. During July and August the thermometer averaged 84, night and day. The mosquitoes, too, were dreadful, and, for the first time in my life, I lost sleep. But I was living on manna, sure enough. I was tasting success. I could see, without self-flattery, that I was putting my heavy task through, and it was sweet beyond words. I had after all a message for these people in New York, as I had had for my poor shoemakers in Norwich.

I finished my work by the middle of September, and I was about finished myself. When the services were over, whether they were held in church or tent, I always made my way to the door and spoke there to any who wished to speak to me. This good custom I never anywhere or at any time gave up. In the tent, I invited any who wished to remain and talk to me. Many did so, most of them strangers in the city, some others residents of New York. Of these last, a considerable number expressed a wish to become confirmed members of the church (of course, Doctor ——'s). Their names and addresses I tabulated and kept. By September I had two hundred of these.

On September 14th, my engagement with Doctor —— expired, and I waited on him with the list. I might say here, that at this time I received an invitation from the Rev. Hay Aitken, a very well-known missioner in the Church of England, to return and associate myself with him in mission

work, but I did not feel ready to go back to England just then. Aitken's offer suggested to me what seemed a wise and natural course: why not, on this side, and in the Protestant Episcopal Church, attempt to do what he invited me to do in England? Was there not a need here for the missioner and his message? I thought there was. The attempt to fill such a rôle was rather ambitious. I was quite unknown to the clergy, and of the country I knew little. All the same, I made up my mind to try for missionary work in the United States.

Such was my plan when I went to Doctor ——'s study with my list. Briefly I told him what I wanted to do and asked for letters commendatory to some of his clerical friends. He curtly refused my request. I pressed for a reason. I said: "I have worked hard here; that I have not quite failed, these lists prove. These people want to join your church. Why won't you give me letters?"

"Well, if I give you letters to different churches, you will preach in them and possibly unsettle the rector. The people may want you and not him, after a fortnight's mission work."

"But I am not seeking a parish in the Episcopal Church. I am not seeking your place or any one's. I have not unsettled you or your people. Here are two hundred possible new members for your church! All I want is a chance to say what is given me to say and earn my bread on this side. I do not want to return to the Church of England, where I am welcome, till I see my way clearer than I can now."

It was no use. He refused to give me a line, and I went away feeling depressed and, I think, righteously angry.

I had very little money. I owed a dentist's bill which I could not pay. I had never taken money from my father since leaving Cambridge, and I did not want to write for money now.

There lived then in Astor Place Mr. Whittaker. Many years ago he died; the present generation has forgotten him, but a kinder, more brotherly Christian man I never knew. His book-shop was a general gathering place for the clergy, not only for the successful fellows, rectors of established parishes, but for the out-at-elbows clericals, men with no salary and a grievance.

Clericals wise and clericals crankish all dropped into Whittaker's shop—I should have written "store"—and were made

welcome. He came to the tent sometimes. He took me round and introduced me to dear, saintly, evangelical Doctor Dyer. In short, he did all that a wise, loving, elder brother could do for an alien missionary.

Sick at heart after my interview, I went down to see Mr. Whittaker and told him of my plight. "Go and see the Bishop. He is a little stiff and cold at first, but he is a good and kindly man at heart, and there has been friction between him and Doctor ——." I took his advice, went back to my lodging, armed myself with the letter given me on my leaving St. Giles', Norwich, by three of the prominent clergy of the city, and countersigned by my dear Bishop:

We, the undersigned, ministers of the Church of England, beneficed in the Diocese of Norwich, certify that the Rev. William S. Rainsford was personally known to us for the space of about four and a half years, during which he held the curacy of St. Giles', Norwich, and that we had abundant opportunities of observing his conduct. We bear willing testimony to the holiness and consistency of his life and conversation, to the agreement of the doctrines he preached with the Holy Scripture, and the Articles of our Church, to his fervent zeal for the glory of God, and to his devoted and untiring labours in promoting the salvation of souls.

(Signed) Wm. N. Ripley, M. A. Cam. Vicar of St. Giles'.
Thos A. Nash, M. A. Ox. Vicar of St. Philip's.
John Patterson, M. A. Cam. Rural Dean.

The subscribers are beneficed in my Diocese and are worthy of credit.
John N. Norwich.

The Bishop lived in Lafayette Place. Miss Potter opened the door to my knocking. "The Bishop was busy and could not be disturbed." I pleaded my case, said I was an English clergyman in need of his advice. The lady stood for a time stoutly in my way, but yielded at last, when I said I really did not want money, but was a stranger in the city, with letters commendatory from my Diocesan in England, but I did need what the Bishop of New York alone could give me: counsel.

I had not seen the Bishop before. He was an old man then —tall and thin, with an extraordinarily long neck. I remember it struck me that the neck had nothing to do with his head, which turned and bent quite independently of its support. He sat behind his writing table; I stood in front of it. I looked

into a face that told me nothing. Briefly as possible, I told my story. "I had been in charge of —— Church since June, and had been preaching nightly in a tent on 34th Street and Broadway. I had had during the last six weeks of that time large audiences at both places. I had asked Doctor —— for a letter which I could use as an introduction to other clergy, and he had refused to give me any letter whatever. I was a clergyman in good standing in England, but wanted to get, if I could, mission work in the Protestant Episcopal Church for a time, till I saw my way more clearly than at present to use the Baptismal Office and the Athanasian Creed."

As I told my story and looked at the immovable face before me my heart sank, for I felt how little there was in my plea to appeal to a stranger bishop; and yet on its success my future course must depend, for I was down and out unless I won him over. Then I handed him the letter. He took it and read it slowly, and still as he read his face gave me no hope. Then—slowly—he always spoke slowly—came my answer in his old-fashioned, formal way. "Mr. Rainsford, I have had the pleasure, sir, of attending your services at the tent you speak of from time to time, and not only, sir, have I found in them nothing to criticize, but I have been edified by your discourses. I like your work, sir, and if Doctor —— will not give you a letter, it will give me pleasure to do so. And I think I may say that any use you may see fit to make of that letter will be of more assistance to you than any communication you could receive from Doctor ——."

The revulsion was so great, the surprise caused by these words, slowly pronounced, was so immense, that I almost broke down.

"Can I publish your letter, Sir?"

"Certainly; do so in any or all of the Church papers." Then he rose and took my hand, said there was need for such mission work as I aimed to do in the Church, and asked me to stay to luncheon. But I was not then equal to that, and I thanked him and went away. "Come again," he said, kindly, as he took me to the door.

The letter came next day. I lost it somehow, as I did many other valuable letters, in my later wanderings, but right well it did its work for me.

That evening I spent with two dear friends, of whom I must now speak. They were the first to open to me their home, at 350 Madison Avenue. "I was a stranger and they took me in." Mr. and Mrs. Edward Owen laid me under an obligation which I can never repay.

One awfully hot night in the tent they waited for me and asked me to return with them and have a cool drink. After that, when the day's work was over, I often went round to "350." The Owens and I had much in common. They were enthusiastic black-bass fishermen. I had never fished for bass, and this evening they proposed that we three should take a holiday and try for the bass on Lake Ontario. Of course I told them of my extraordinary good fortune with the Bishop of New York, and we agreed that my way would henceforth be easier, and I might take a short holiday on the strength of improving prospects. And I surely needed it.

We had rough quarters on a little promontory on the great lake, but it was a blissful time. The clear clean air, the cool green water! We had a tent for Mrs. Owen, a lean-to for Owen and me. Only one farm was there in the neighbourhood, and there we bought milk and eggs, new potatoes and summer apples, and I must not forget, "broilers." But when we called on our farmer to produce what we had paid for, we found that these last had still the run of the country, and that though he had sold them, it remained for us to catch them. We had no gun, and I never chased anything in my life harder than I did those "broilers." Their breasts were not unduly developed, but they certainly had sterling substance in their legs.

The spirit of the chase is infectious. The farmer at first looked on somewhat critically at our effort, but presently he went to a rail fence and, taking down a top rail, joined in. He swung his cumbersome weapon vigorously enough, but his aim left something to be desired, for aiming at a flying chicken, he nearly broke the leg of his milch cow, who stood in the lot amazed at our goings-on. Then, damning visitors and broilers, himself, and his cow, impartially, he retired from the field.

I needed that little holiday badly, and, oh, how I enjoyed it! I had worked hard, I had done my very best, I had not sought easy things for myself, I had given the best I had—a poor best,

but I had no better—to the best I knew. Then, unexpectedly, where a door seemed to open before me, it had been slammed in my face; and then again, how unexpectedly! it had opened, and stood wide open, and the work I felt myself fitted for was offered me.

Before going fishing with the Owens, I had sent copies of the kind Bishop's letter to the church papers, and when I returned to New York two responses to it were waiting for me.

I answered such offers of work always in the order in which they were written. I never made any demand for money, asked only for my travelling expenses, and left the matter of remuneration to the people I served. These rules I invariably kept. If an invitation came from an out-of-the-way church on Monday and another from a wealthy church on Tuesday, I took the Monday church first.

Much depended on my first mission. It was in St. Peter's, Baltimore. Doctor Grammer, the rector, wrote: "Mr. Rainsford, will you come and hold a mission? We have heard of your work in the tent. Our people are a church-going people, but we all need to be stirred up. You are just the man we want." I wrote, saying I would be glad to come, and asking that a house-to-house canvass of the parish should be undertaken at once. When I did this, I asked for more than even a well-organized parish could accomplish; for the time was too short, and the majority of St. Peter's congregation had not yet returned to heat-smitten Baltimore. By return of mail I had a hearty renewal of my invitation, and an assurance that they all would be expecting me.

I went down to Baltimore on the Wednesday before the Sunday when I was to begin, telegraphing the hour of my arrival. There was no one at the depot to meet me. I left my portmanteau and made my way to the rectory—closed! Going to the church, I found it closed. There was no address of any clergyman on either rectory or church. If I could not find a cleric, there was no difficulty in finding the undertaker, and judging by the prominence given to him, his office would seem to be of more importance than of any other church functionary.

The man who catered for the dead was discouraging.

"Where is Doctor G——?"

"At the Centennial."

"When is he coming home?"

"Saturday night."

"Where is his assistant?"

"There is no assistant."

"None at all?"

"No."

"Do you know of a mission to be held here next week?"

"No, don't know anything about any mission. The collections were taken some time ago."

I asked if there was no one in the city who could give me information about the church, and finally he gave me the name of an insurance agent, who he said was a "Deacon." All this was discouraging enough, and I hurried off down town to the address given me. I found the Deacon, and I found a friend.

"Do you know anything about a mission to be held in your church beginning next Sunday?"

"No."

"Don't you know anything at all about a man named Rainsford whom Doctor G—— has invited to take a mission for a fortnight in St. Peter's, beginning next Sunday morning?"

"Never heard of him," he said, cheerfully.

"Well, then, I might as well go back to New York this evening."

"What do you mean by a mission?" he said, becoming interested.

I sat down and talked to him as hard as I could for about half an hour. He listened to all I said.

"That's about the thing we want here."

"But if there has been no preparation at all, it cannot accomplish much in a fortnight."

"Well," he said, "Doctor G—— has forgotten all about it; that's just like him. He'll not be back till the eleven o'clock train Saturday night. But this is God's doing. You stay!"

"But what can I expect to accomplish without any preparation?"

"Do anything you like; I'll back you."

Well, there was not much I could do, but I took the last dollars I had in the world, and, going to a newspaper office, had two hundred large posters printed that same Wednesday

night. On Thursday morning I took a great roll of these posters under my arm, and succeeded in getting them placed in the windows of the best shops in Charles Street. Then I tackled the street railroads, and actually had the authorities put them up on the sides of the Baltimore street cars. There they stayed, and it did not cost me a cent, either. I never succeeded in getting such a thing done in any city again, no, not even in Baltimore, when I held another mission later and was much better known. That is one on me.

At eleven o'clock Saturday night, back came Doctor G——. Mr. Richardson, the Deacon, and I were in the rectory waiting for him. He was just as hearty as he could be. "Mr. Rainsford, I am glad to see you. I have not made any preparation; in fact, our people are not back in town yet, and we should have chosen a later date, but we will do what we can and give you a good send-off. I am going to preach Sunday morning, and I have asked the Bishop to preach in the evening, and you will begin Monday."

I was up against it with a vengeance!

"Dear Doctor G——," I said, "I have only come here to help you, but I cannot agree to the arrangement that you preach in the morning and the Bishop in the evening. I've *got* to get hold of the people on Sunday if I am to reach them during the week."

"Mr. Rainsford, you are a stranger in this country; you do not understand. I am rector of this church, and I repeat, I shall preach in the morning, the Bishop in the evening, and you begin Monday."

"Dear sir," I said again, "I came here to help the church; I have no other aim. I came at your invitation. I do know my own business, and if I begin the way you suggest the mission will be a failure. No doubt you are going to preach to-morrow morning, and the Bishop in the evening, but then I am *not* going to preach Monday."

The next twenty minutes were trying. He stormed up and down his study, his hat, a tall silk hat, pushed far back from his forehead. I see him now. I sat on the sofa and did not say one word. The Deacon did the fighting, and right well he did it.

At the end of quite twenty minutes he rushed out, saying he

had no idea how unreasonable an Englishman could be, woke the Bishop up—it was long after midnight—and asked him to let him off. The Bishop I fancy was naturally offended; he never came to the church while I was preaching. But I had my way.

This was not exactly an encouraging way to begin my first mission, and Sunday was wet and stormy; but I preached well, to a congregation of less than three hundred, in a church that held above a thousand. I was not seeking my own, and I felt God was with me.

When I got through the Doctor said, "You did a great deal better than I expected; you will make a preacher, but you made one mistake: you did not take a text."

"Doctor," I said, "I am not here to preach sermons. You have been taking texts and preaching better sermons than I can preach all these years. I am only here for a few days. I must work my own way."

"Be content to go the way other people go," he replied. "Do not do that sort of thing."

I preached again in the evening, and we had as many as in the morning. The Doctor grumbled again because I took no text. On Monday as many came as on Sunday, and by Wednesday, the church was three quarters full.

The old-fashioned pulpit at St. Peter's then stood looking down on the Holy Table. As I was finishing on Wednesday evening a loud sound of sobbing rose from the Communion Table beneath me, and looking down, I saw the Doctor, his head in his hands, kneeling, crying like a baby. Before I could give the blessing, he hurried down the aisle, stood at the door, his arms spread wide, and in a loud voice cried to the amazed congregation: "Friends, you must come to hear this young man. He is preaching the Gospel to us all."

After that night the church was full. That was my first mission in the United States and never can I forget it. Thus I became a missioner, and went to many places, and made many friends during the next two years. What kindness I everywhere received! What generous allowances were made for me! I gained invaluable experience, seeing many classes of people, and getting to know the country as I could not have done in any other way.

From Baltimore I went to old-fashioned Alexandria, held

a mission in Washington's church, and, for the first time, tasted Virginian hospitality. Then to Washington with Doctor Addison. There I did not do so well. Then as winter was closing in, to dear old Doctor Newton, at Epiphany, Philadelphia, father of Heber and W. Wilberforce Newton.

I had a curious experience here, illustrating the life of the city at the time. I was to begin my work at Epiphany on Sunday, and I reached the town Friday. It was snowing heavily, all the street cars were blocked, and I found that Doctor Newton lived at Chestnut Hill, several miles away from the church. After quite a long walk, through deep snow, I found the house. No response to my knocking! The door was unlocked and I went in. I heard voices upstairs. They sounded as though someone wanted help. I went up and found Mrs. Newton bending over her husband, who, the day before, had slipped, and falling, had broken his arm. Their single servant had been out a long time trying to find a doctor in the driving storm. I volunteered aid and began my mission there and then by hunting in the very scattered suburb for a doctor. I had a long and hard task, but finally dragged a medico to the dear old man's bedside against the storm, and had the satisfaction of seeing the broken arm set. All went well. In a few weeks Doctor Newton was out again, but he was not of much help to me during the next ten days at the church.

Most of the churches to which I went at this time were in difficulties; that was the reason I was invited to them. A mission was regarded as a sort of religious stimulant, and stimulants go but a short way in restoring health, either in the individual or the organization. No missionary visitor can turn a weak or an inefficient ministry into a strong and successful one. A mission cannot save a failing church. This of course I knew very well. But, though I could not always build up the churches I ministered to, I everywhere found men and women waiting to be helped, anxious to speak about their doubts and troubles, and trying to get in touch with God. I was specially careful to do all I could to strengthen the hands of the rector whose guest I was, and in my many visitations, to many states and cities, I can say truthfully, I won and retained the friendship of every man who invited me, excepting the first, Doctor—— in New York.

The gain to myself during these two years was great. I learned to appreciate an American audience, learned that American audiences spoil you for any other. They are quicker to respond to you, more charitable to your failures, more appreciative of anything worth while you have to offer, than any other audience (at least that speaks the English tongue). Those two years of happy work sowed the seed of Americanism in me. I went to many cities, and never to one that I did not regret to leave.

Of one other gain I made I must speak. I gained a profound belief that, in these times, as truly as in ancient times, *preaching the Gospel was the way of the power of God.* There never was a time when people were more ready to listen to that supremely compelling message, man's call to his brother-man. Some would have it that the popular magazine has taken away the preacher's job. A thousand times, no! None of them can take the place of "the King's Messenger." He alone it is who, face to face with his fellows, speaks straight from his soul to theirs. He never has, he never will lack a hearing, for his is in all the ages the tongue of fire.

I will tell a story of a modern King's Messenger, condemned as a heretic, by the way. I was making a forty-eight-hours journey, some years ago, and, by the middle of it, got to know some interesting fellow-travellers in the smoking compartment of our Pullman. (Great places are Pullman smoking cars for informing talk! Many good friends I have made in them.) One of them, an elderly man, a Chicagoan, interested me greatly. It seemed we had a good deal in common. So of course we finally got talking on religion. "I was thrown into the city, almost a boy," he said. "I had to fight, anyway. I received no mercy, and I gave none. I fought and made good, as people say. To-day I am a rich man. I was no worse and no better than the ordinary business man. I did not go to church. I made no religious profession. One night at a friend's table I met Doctor Swing. I knew he had been tried for heresy, and that attracted me to him. What he said was new to me and interested me. So I went to his lectures, Sundays. He had no church then. After I had been going to hear him for a little, I found that—well, somehow, I could not do on Monday or Tuesday some of the things in business I had till then done

as a matter of course. And later he had a string on me till Wednesday or Thursday. And, Mr. Rainsford, if he had lived, I'd have joined that man's church, and there is no saying but he'd have had his way with me right up to Saturday night."

I was so impressed with this story and the way it was told that I wrote it down there and then. I cannot on cold paper give the impression it made on me, and on the men in the car who heard it. It was one of the most real things I ever listened to. Surely the King's Messenger had reached the Chicago millionaire! And not to him alone did he deliver his message but to every man in that crowded smoking compartment. That story teller was a preacher, too, and passed on the message the King's Messenger had delivered to him.

The missioner is the loser by escaping criticism. He leaves before it can reach him, but in my case, I underwent a discipline that was severe enough. I think it did me good, but it was bitter medicine at the time.

I received an invitation to speak before the Church Congress at Boston, on "Missions." I don't know now how I happened to get it. I did not know anything about Church Congresses. I had never heard of one. I fancied it would be a small gathering of clergy and laity to discuss matters of interest. So I accepted. I had something to say; and while I was taking a mission at Randolph McKim's church, 125th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, I made the best preparation I could.

The Congress met in the Music Hall, the hour was 8 P. M. I reached Boston in the afternoon. I was rather fagged and had a very bad headache (an unusual thing for me). I went to the Music Hall, and to my terror found a great platform already crowded with religious dignitaries, clerical and lay, and an audience of some two thousand people on the floor. Father Benson, of Oxford, was the first speaker. He was to present parochial missions from the High Churchman's viewpoint, I from the low. Father Benson was a poor speaker; he did not make much of his subject. I was to follow him.

What struck me I don't know, but when I got on my feet the world went black! I could see nothing, neither my notes nor my audience. I was a stranger, standing before what was perhaps the most representative audience that had ever come together in the Episcopal Church. I had twenty-five minutes

allotted me. I mumbled and stumbled for less than five, said nothing at all, and in a cold sweat sat me down. I would not wish my worst enemy to have to endure what I went through during the next two hours. At last I was dimly aware that the benediction had been given, and the great assemblage was melting away. I sat on my chair still, in a numb sort of way. Not one soul did I know in the crowd. I had just realized that everything was over and that I must go, when I was aware of an immense bulk of a man standing over me. He must have said something before which I did not hear, for now I felt his hand touch my shoulder, and a kindly voice say, "Mr. Rainsford, will you preach for me next Sunday morning, in Trinity Church?" That was my first meeting with Phillips Brooks. I was too numb and prostrate at the moment to realize fully the thoughtful, magnanimous brotherliness of his act, but later he knew that he had won that night a lifelong devotion. I went back to my room in the old Parker House a pretty sick lad, and had it out with myself and God. Had I gone to that Congress seeking popularity? No! I had told my God I was willing to fail if it was His will, and I had failed. That was all about it. So after a time I went to sleep, and next day had no headache.

Next Sunday morning I preached in the great new church just then finished. There was a crowd. All Boston was then at Phillips Brooks's feet, and the presence of a strange Irish-English youth in his place was manifestly an unwelcome surprise to many. Some got up and went out. A few read hymn-books, and one irate old gentleman, who sat just in front of me, relieved his feelings with a newspaper. I had a bad time. So had they.

Seldom a year passed after this, till Phillips Brooks became Bishop of Massachusetts, that I did not preach for him, and a good friend he was to me. In those earlier years he had no understanding of, or sympathy with, the free and open church. Later he very completely changed his mind, and, when he visited me at St. George's, shortly after his election, he said, "I will do all that I can to make every church in Massachusetts free. You have been right all along." I shall have more to say about Phillips Brooks later. I grew to love him. He was strangely lonely, a man who found it impossible to reveal, even

to his few intimates, his own inner self, and who in consequence of that inability could not and did not draw out the inner selves of those he led and inspired by his preaching. Dr. A. V. G. Allen, his biographer, would make him a great man all round. This he was not. He was no organizer, poor debater, not a liturgist, and he had no aptitude for dealing with the wants and woes of men *outside the pulpit.* But he did one thing supremely well: he was a great preacher, and that surely is enough greatness for any man.

Three years after this, when I was in distress and doubt at Toronto, I wrote to him, telling something of my trouble, and asking if I might come to him for a night. I had a kind note by next mail, and I went to Boston and unburdened my soul as best I could, as we sat alone on the night of my arrival. "I wanted you to come," said Brooks, and then he added kindly, generous words of confidence in me, "but I can't help you. Go back and *fight it out.* You'll win." He could not help me my way; he certainly did help me his way, and I went back glad I had taken the journey to see him.

On the floor of the General Convention, Brooks was, of course, listened to with the utmost respect, but that he was not at home there any one could see. He had no faculty in reading the temper of "the House." When he spoke "he preached" at it, and did not usually gain votes.

I sat behind him once when the important matter of the revision and enlargement of the Prayer-Book was under debate. A motion was before the house to permit an optional use of the Beatitudes, instead of the Commandments, at the Holy Communion office, once in the month. The motion seemed likely to pass, as very many felt the fitness of prefacing the ordinance with the Lord's Beatitudes rather than Moses' law. Had it passed, it would have been a great boon. Phillips Brooks rose to speak. As he did so, Arthur Brooks, his brother, whispered something. At it Phillips Brooks shook his head and plunged forward in a torrent of words. "Why not trust the clergy? Why ever and always tie up the clergy with unnecessary restrictions? Why not trust the man appointed to lead the flock, to feed the flock?" So on and so on, eloquently. "Why only allow an optional use of the Beatitudes once a month? Why not always an optional use?"

Arthur Brooks, who was an unusually able debater, said in an aside to me, "Phillips has defeated the whole thing," and so he had. The timid majority took counsel of their fears, and promptly left the Ten Commandments where they were—and unfortunately still remain.

When it was not a question of debate, the sheer power of his eloquence would sometimes move and shake his listeners. I remember one remarkable instance of this which has not been printed in the "Life." It was at a Church Congress, and Brooks was pleading for a more elastic conception of the service. "A clergy muzzled as we were could not effectively serve our time," and then he went on torrentem—"I was seated on the floor of the General Convention of our church when the terrible news came to us over the wire, 'Chicago is burning.' The presiding Bishop called the Convention to prayer and, both houses united, knelt before God. The Bishop searched in the Prayer-Book for some office that fitted the occasion, and, after a pause, bade us join with him in the Litany, a noble prayer, consecrated by the usage of ages; a prayer in which the wants and hopes of countless millions have found expression, and yet, sir! perhaps the only woe with with which the Litany *does not deal is the woe of a burning city*."

How well I remember the charm of Boston in those days. My mission at St. Paul's meant for me a welcome to much that was quite new in this country. Robert C. Winthrop, then I think representing Massachusetts in Congress, asked me first to dinner, and then insisted that I stay at his house. There I met what was best worth meeting in the city. Mr. Winthrop was the first great citizen that I had come to know. I spent more than one evening alone with him. He paid me the compliment of explaining his views on the status of the coloured people, and on what should be the educational policy of the Government, and he did this as an older officer, soon to retire from service, might do it to a younger, only entering on his career.[1]

[1]Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half complete, while millions of freemen, with votes in their hands, are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the states in which they live, the safety of the whole Republic, the dignity of the elective franchise—all alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and that the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free.—Robert C. Winthrop.

I had been living from hand to mouth. Rushing all over the country from one mission to another, giving out, to the point of exhaustion, such poor little stuff as there was in me to give. To sit at the feet of such a man for even a few hours, to feel he liked me, and in spite of my collapse at the Church Congress, where he sat on the platform, believed in me, in my work, and in my future usefulness; and proved that belief by having me meet, at his table, the best in Boston—well, it meant more than I can say!

Mr. Winthrop put me up for the Somerset Club, and Russell Sturgis seconded me. Talk of Boston being cold! I was only a stranger, but Boston surely "took me in," in spite of my, to it, outworn Evangelical theology; and while Mr. Winthrop lived, I was more at home there than in any city in the United States.

Twenty-eight years after, this letter came to me from William Newton, the then rector of St. Paul's. William Newton had just heard of my resignation from St. George's. I was then in Africa.

My dear Rainsford,—

My heart goes out to you in that you have had to travel over the same hard, disheartening road that I have trod. Your work and service are monumental. There has been nothing like it in the history of the American Church. But you know "Then cometh the end," and it is given to you at least to live long enough to see and rejoice in the fruits of your labours.

How well I remember when you first came to Father, a Y. M. C. A., Evangelist, with a big Bible under your left arm.[1]

Do you remember the mission you had for me at St. Paul's, when you preached about the "scrub oaks," and made extempore prayers from the pulpit? Do you remember our two confessional rooms on either side of the chancel, like Zamacoes' picture of the two confessors?—you with a long line of fair penitents, and I with an old maid or two? Ringold was acting at the Boston theatre in *Henry V*, at that time, and the same girls came in the afternoon to see "Rainsford's smile," and then went at night to see Ringold's kiss to Katherine.

Let me throw in these pleasantries in the heart of a loyal, loving letter. I do not know when or where, if ever, this letter will reach you, but if it ever does get to you, remember that it comes with a soul full of love and affection from one who is not unmindful of the sweet hours of yesterday. God's blessing sustain you and give you calm.

Ever affectionately,
William Wilberforce Newton.

Feb. 9, 1906.

[1] This refers to the visit to Philadelphia I have spoken of.

When Randolph McKim of Washington died in July, 1920, the last of the brotherly band I knew in the '70's passed away. How hospitable, how generous they were to me, a stranger within their gates. In Sandusky in bleak midwinter, or in sunny New Orleans; in Boston or in Richmond, everywhere it was the same. I cannot recall one unpleasant incident or one unkind word during those two full years. And, looking backward, for one thing at least I am confidently thankful: I never left one of their churches weaker for my visit to it.

In the early winter of 1878, I took a mission in London, Ontario, which was unusually successful, and this led to my being invited to Toronto. There my work developed into something more than a mission; it led ultimately to my living in Toronto for four years. I must speak at length of Toronto and my work there, for it decided my future.

The Cathedral Church of St. James, by the vestry of which I was invited, was a large and unusually fine church very well endowed. It held in Toronto somewhat the same position that long ago Trinity held in New York.

Dean Grassett was a man of culture, refinement, and considerable learning, a graduate of Oxford, and a pronounced Evangelist. He was an old man failing rapidly, and at this time was sometimes incapable of any active work. The vestry was an unusually strong representative body of men. Parish affairs fell more and more into their hands. When the Dean could not preach, they supplied the pulpit, and their insistence it was that brought me to the town.

There had been no religious movement in Canada such as Mr. Moody had been associated with in this country and in England. The people were ready for such a movement, the time was ripe for it when I went to Canada. I did not bring it, yet it came by me.

From the very first it was evident that the spirit of God was moving the consciences of men. Nowhere before, in any place or at any time, had I seen anything like it. From the start the crowds were enormous. Several thousands were turned away nightly from the door. There was no undue excitement; masses waited in the deep snow till the doors were opened and then, with an orderliness that was extraordinary, quietly took seats or standing room.

Under the circumstances I felt the danger of excitement, and made no attempt to hold any after-meetings, or speak to individuals, till I had been preaching twice a day for a fortnight. There was a large Sunday-school room across the churchyard that would seat six hundred, and to check mere emotionalism I had the first after-meeting there, not in the church.

I said, one evening after the sermon: "If there are any present who wish to talk with me on matters of personal religion, if they will go into the Sunday-school room I will meet them there." I waited some time, and when I went into the room I found between five and six hundred people on their knees. There was no crying, no excitement, but a silence that could be felt. I may say that the effects of that work were largely permanent. Men known and respected in the city openly professed conversion, lived up to their confession for many years, and are living so to-day.

One of the first converts became mayor of the city next year, and a right good mayor he made. Some of the dearest friends man ever had clasped my hand and mingled their prayers and praises with mine in that Sunday-school room.

In large numbers people came forward to join, not St. James's alone, but other churches as well. At the end of a month my mission was over. I had turned my "barrel" inside out, said my last say, preached my last sermon, and was prepared to return to the United States for a short time before taking a rest that I felt both my mind and my nerves badly needed; but it was not to be.

The men whose insistence brought me there came to me again, and many others now joined them. "You must not go. Can any doubt that this is God's work? Stay with us. Canada wants you. The doctors have ordered the Dean to take absolute rest in England for four months. For so long a time stay with us, and build up and strengthen the work that it has been given you by God to do."

I felt that this was indeed a divine call for me. I must trust my Lord for daily bread, and feed as best I could the hungry flock that gathered round me.

The Toronto clergy, with one or two notable exceptions, were not cordial, and I did not blame them. St. James's itself was not popular with the other Episcopal churches, because it

was absorbing, or rather its rector was absorbing, the whole of the very large endowment that was intended to promote the well-being, not of one but of all the Anglican churches in the town. Then the suddenness of the religious awakening, the crowding of the people from other churches to hear the new voice—these things could not make for popularity.

I had then little help or advice from my clerical brethren. But if not from them, I had what I needed from a son of the Dean, George Grassett. He had been a fellow-student with me at St. John's College, Cambridge; we lived indeed on the same staircase. In those earlier days he was rather openly non-religious, and never came to our Evangelical meetings; but he was transparently an honest, clever, and witty man, as well as a sound scholar, and we saw a good deal of each other. He was profoundly influenced by the mission, and being then in poor health, unable to do any active work, he did what he alone could do, and what I sorely needed: he coached, criticized, and helped me. His younger brother, Arthur Grassett, was my companion on the ice and at the tennis net, and the loving friendship of both these men is one of the things I am proudest of in all my life. They saw a mere boy, a stranger, coming to the great church which for forty years (I think) their loved father had presided over; filling his place with great crowds he never had had, for four consecutive months, pushing old habits and precedents aside. And they took this stranger in as though he were a brother. I lived at the deanery with them for those four months, and no unkind word, no taint of jealousy, that I can remember, ever marred our brotherly intercourse.

There was a clever little weekly comic paper published in Toronto, the *Grip*. Its chief feature was a full-page cartoon, and before the weekly issue was in the hands of the public, this cartoon was always spread on the wall, before the eyes of all who walked crowded King Street. Shortly before I sailed for England, I was dumfounded one day to see myself as a gigantic Red Indian, on *Grip's* signboard, an immense row of heavy scalp-locks stretching from the back of my head (Indian-chief-wise) down my back to the ground. Looking closer, the scalp-locks resolved themselves into slippers. Underneath, in large capitals, was printed: "*In slippery places*," and in smaller

lettering at the bottom, "A reverend gentleman is reported to have received 440 pair."

The whole thing was very funny, but to be accurate, they should have let me off 439, for though my ground was in truth slippery, I had received just one pair. I have often wondered how I managed not to do foolish things then, for I have done them so often since.

I parted with the people of Toronto at the end of those wonderful four months. And what was my life work to be? That was the question. I felt it was not to be in England; and yet, here I was tearing myself away from Toronto, the place and the people suggesting home to me, who was beginning to grow weary of wandering.

CHAPTER XIII

A Dark Night—and a Glorious Morning

TORONTO, 1878–1880

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night.
—Tennyson.

Not in his goals but in his transitions man is great. The truest state of mind rested in, becomes false.—R. W. Emerson.

I was married in April to Emily Alma Green, third daughter of Frederick Green, of Prince's Gardens, London.

Neither my wife nor I was in very good health. She had devoted herself to nursing her father, who was blind, through a tedious illness—he had died the year before—and I was still extremely nervous, and a bad sleeper. We went to Southern Europe for six weeks, and had a never-to-be-forgotten good time. There is only one honeymoon in a man's life.

My wife and her younger sister had rented a small house in London, and there after our rest we returned to live. I had saved $3,000 during my two years of mission preaching, and so was not hampered for funds. Money went far then and we lived simply.

I soon felt that England was not for me. There were already gathering a band of men who must have stood about where I did. They grew into the Broad Church Party, but I knew none of them. I had been shut into the narrow enclosure of the Evangelical fold, and there was not at that time the mingling of parties, the live-and-let-live spirit you find to-day.

No one at home approved of my overseas doings, and I really do not think I made a fair presentment of them. I wanted to stop preaching—I did not quite know why myself—and refused many invitations to pulpits. I did not understand my own condition at all. I was like a crab changing its shell, a ticklish business. All the more so because I did not yet realize that the old shell must go or the crab would die.

I settled down in my wife's house for a time, but the future was uncertain. I studied the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England again and again, and the more I read them the less I liked them, and the surer I felt that I could not give to them an honest assent. One thing I could do: I could read, and I could study. While missionizing this had been impossible. And I read.

How strange it is that in our minds, as in our bodies, we assimilate and make part of ourselves only those things that we are ready for. We think we have gained what the teacher in our hand has to give; we may have listened carefully to all he has to say, and yet not have taken one single grain of corn out of his sheaf. And more, what he says we may have understood and appreciated, yet somewhere within us, it stays packed away, quite unused—a bundle on top of our backs, not blood and muscle strengthening our backbones.

How often have I noticed this in my young clergy, or in the people who came to me for help! I would name a book that had been helpful to me; hopefully they would tackle it, study it, remember it, and get no help or light out of it—not at the time, anyway. Such experiences I understood in later years, for in earlier days they had been my own.

A new idea came to me at this time. I suppose it was not my own idea at all, but so far as I was conscious, it came as the result of my own Bible study. "God's Revelation must be more than a Book. No book, however great, could contain it." When I examined the Book itself, I saw in it signs of progress. The God of the Pentateuch, the tribal God of the days when Israel struggled toward nationhood, and dutifully put to wholesale massacre those opposed to them, was not the God of the greatest of the Psalmists, who sang a nobler song, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world, and they that dwell therein." (Psalms 24.) And even the splendour of that

man's vision as he cries, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in," lacks the soul appeal of Isaiah, an even greater poet preacher than he: "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek. He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound. To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of the vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn." (Is. LXI, 1–2.)

Then comes the Master himself, and quoting this passage from Isaiah deliberately leaves out the sentence, "the day of vengeance of our God." Here in the Bible itself, then, the idea of God changes and rises, and the change was continuous; more important still, Jesus was recorded as saying that the continuous and changing quality in it would not cease with him. "I have many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now. But when he, the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth; he will shew you things to come. It is expedient for you that I go away." (John, XVI, 12, 13, 7.) Here was growth and change indeed. *Here was evolution in Religion.*

It sounds so simple now, and some of my readers may question the need of going over such well-trodden ground, and the repetition here of accepted conclusions; but I would repeat what I said in my introduction: I am not writing for scholars or advanced thinkers, but for the same sort of men and women as those I knew—men who worked hard and women who kept the home—and such do not even yet, many of them, understand the all-important place evolution takes and must in the future take in forming and reforming our religious ideas. Consequently they cannot help their children as they should; and children of religious parents in throngs are going forth from their homes rejecting old forms of the Faith, and unable to formulate new. I shall have more to say later on this subject. I must be forgiven if I often and with many illustrations insist on it. Teaching and preaching it I got new light myself, and I found I gave help to others.

If the ministry of the Christian church is, as St. Paul says, "to commend the Gospel to every man's conscience in the

sight of God," then it must be explained in terms of a divine evolution rather than in terms of a divine revelation. People will attach the idea of the supernatural to revelation, and man's mind is increasingly protesting against the supernatural. There is no such thing as the supernatural. The word explains nothing (a moving point in human ignorance). What is supernatural to one age is, to the next, as simple as common arithmetic.

I was far from understanding all this then, but I had at last got a clue to much that had hitherto puzzled me. If the Bible was the record of a growing, changing idea of God; if Jesus taught that His Spirit would lead men after he was dead into larger and newer truth; then surely it was open to the Church to modify customs and services as the needs of the time required, and the change from an earlier usage to a later was defensible and necessary. Thus the idea of growth in religion helped me out of some of my earlier "growing pains." For instance, infant baptism might not have been the custom in the time of the Apostles, and yet might have become, quite naturally, the custom of the Church at a later time.

But when I was asked to explain how I justified my change of mind, I found myself in worse trouble than I had been before; for among my friends, indeed among all the orthodox, anything suggesting evolution in religion was, in 1878, double-dyed heresy. I found no living teacher to help me, but one who was dead gave a message to me. The loneliest prophet of our modern time was F. W. Robertson, and, in the English Church, certainly the greatest.

I had an illustration, many years after this, of how Robertson had influenced my preaching. At two o'clock one morning the rectory bell rang, and kept ringing till it woke me. A messenger from the New York Hospital, on West 16th Street, was outside, saying that a dying woman wanted to see me immediately. I dressed hastily and went with him. I found a woman of some sixty years. There were few signs of death about her or the room she lay in. Beautiful flowers were there, and in her pale peaceful face, and through the undimmed eyes that steadily looked into mine, there shone a perfect peace. "You see," she said, "I lack for nothing. I have been governess for years to (she mentioned important people of New

York), and the children have been here all the time, and have surrounded me with every comfort. I have been coming to St. George's for a long time, but I did not give you my name, for I did not need your service. Now I have only a very few hours to live, but I could not die without telling you that the man who is an inspiration to you was the man who led me to my Saviour in Brighton forty years ago. I have never heard you name him, but your sermons breathe his spirit, and I know you would love to hear this, so I could not die without telling you. God bless you. Good-night."

Jesus can make the dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.

I went over my own sermon notes, those I had used during my four months in Toronto. They were good of their kind, carefully worked out and illustrated with telling things in them; and speaking from those notes, which had cost me much thought and preparation, I had been used to help many people. I was not flattering myself. So much was true. Yet the more I read my old sermons the less I liked them. I studied and thought, trying to find out what was the matter with me or with them. At last I saw, and the seeing startled me. *My own idea of God was changing.* Even the dear Companion God of my mother was changing. He whose chief purpose was the rewarding of His own special faithful ones, He who was *partiality embodied*, watching over, guarding, saving some, letting the greater mass rot in ignorance and sin—that God I could preach no longer. But what of the Bible's teaching to the contrary?

I remembered Luther's magnificent challenge: "Verses of the Bible don't make the slightest difference to me; I appeal to the Lord who is King of Scripture." (Erlanger, Ed. 63, 157.) Many will say that the faith I have described as mine, and the Creed I am protesting against as at this time intolerable to me are caricatures of the message and belief which the Evangelical party, and indeed all parties except the Unitarians, held and proclaimed. I cannot agree to this. Though my mind was immature and my scholarship superficial, I had been in constant touch, both privately and in public, with many of the leaders of that party. My dear father was one of the most

influential of them; and as to my own work, I had for five years constantly addressed large audiences; and when what I preached was criticized, it was on the ground that I was too radical, too much inclined to latitudinarianism. No, I am not caricaturing what was accepted as the popular gospel, either in England or in America, at that time. Doctor Tyng (senior) in New York, and the scholarly Canon Conway of Westminster, Simion at Cambridge, and hundreds of other lesser men, in pulpits and on platforms, all treated the gospel of Jesus in the same way, all held generally to the same sort of a God.

The fact is that a younger generation finds it hard to realize the cataclysmic change a general acceptance, however partial, of the evolutionary hypothesis has effected in religious belief. Doctrines popularly accepted are no longer thinkable; educated people will not discuss them. But just because they are no longer living issues, we are apt to undervalue the work done for God and man, by the brave soldiers of a less enlightened day. We may know more of nature, and so more of God (I, of course, include man in nature), but have we the fine hardihood, the directness, simpleness, and understandableness of those men's appeal? "This one thing I do." "This one way I go." "This one Master I serve." "He can and will save you from your sins." "Save you from hell, save you for Heaven." "He has saved and does save me." "Give up the world and come to Jesus."

I was unsettled, my future quite uncertain, when most unexpectedly a call came from Toronto again. "The Dean is failing; there are signs of brain trouble. You have built up the church in this community. We look to you. Come to us as assistant rector of St. James's. We give you our hands, as you know you have our hearts, and we pledge you that on his death you shall be elected our rector."

I asked my wife if she was willing to go to Canada. She said "yes!" and we went. What a reception we had! What kindness! What gladness! And enormous crowds waiting to hear me at the church. None were heartier in their welcome than the sons of the Dean; and from the bottom of my heart I appreciated this attitude of theirs; for here was a young stranger pushing aside one whose ministry had been, for forty years, most acceptable to his flock, and who was their loved father.

I made no change in the parish at first; waited to feel my way, and gave myself chiefly to the preparations of my sermons and an extended visitation of the large membership of the parish. While Dean Grassett was able to preach, we shared the pulpit, but his appearances grew necessarily less frequent month by month. After the first six months he scarcely preached at all.

And now I must tell, as briefly as I can, what befell me during the next eighteen months. First I shall tell the fact and then the cause. I do not over-state the matter when I say those months were the turning point in my life. Turning my back on professional prosperity in England had been hard. Leaving St. Giles' and Earlham was hard. Going against my mother's wishes and judgment, and feeling that as life closed in for her I was more and more estranged from her by my own deliberate choice and act, was bitterly hard. Now I was to face an experience harder far than anything I had yet known. I was to face undeniable failure in St. James's, Toronto. Great crowds had met me on my arrival. Sunday evenings thousands were turned from the doors. But soon a change came that the casual observer could not ignore. First the crowding stopped. Then empty spaces were to be seen. Then the old members, the stand-bys of the church, began to protest and sometimes to go to other churches.

I had no holiday in eighteen months. I dared not absent myself. I took my wife and our first-born to Gloucester, Massachusetts, left them there and returned next day. My vestrymen, men I loved and who loved me, men I had helped to a higher religious life during my mission, asked for an appointment; and not merely as friends, but as officers in the church, protested.

"We love you, we trust you, but what are you doing? You are not preaching as you used to preach, nor what you used to preach." "You are pulling down what you so lately built up, undoing what you did. You are confusing us all. Your friends can't understand you. Give us the old gospel you gave us with such power. For it people are hungry still." And as a final note, rightfully considering the responsibilities of their office, they added, "The collections have fallen greatly."

Shortly after this terrible visit, the Dean, during a brief return of mental vigour, asked me to come into his study, and

as our interview ended, said with emphasis, "Mr. Rainsford, if you respect yourself, sir, you will resign." I replied with equal emphasis that as my salary came from the vestry, and my call to the assistant rectorship from the vestry, till the vestry asked me to resign nothing would induce me to do so. I knew well that the Dean had very naturally a compact following; good men many of them, but all of them reactionary; and that these men had persuaded the old gentleman to act as he did. The *question before me was whether I or they knew best what my people needed.* Well I knew I was just then a faltering sort of guide. Yet, uncertain as I was of many things, I knew that I was not seeking my own, that I had whole-heartedly given myself in this matter to my God, and so my duty seemed clear. I had a responsibility for these people. Hungry, they had called me to feed them. I had led them to a certain point. Was I to leave them now? Was the gospel I had brought to them so poor a thing as that? If so, then indeed I had been sadly self-deceived. Then I had failed utterly. I had led my flock not into good pasture but into a wilderness. No, for them I must work and fight and pray; and once again my Master's mighty promise came to me, a promise I had many times before claimed and found true. "If any man wills to do His will ἐάν τις θέλῃ he shall know of the doctrine." (John VII, 17.) But to preach what I could no longer believe to be His truth I would not, or to get out of my difficulties by deserting my post I could not. For when I fought for my own Faith I was fighting for the faith of my people.

Yet in those days mine was a sorry case. I was like a man struggling in black, stormy waters to keep his own lip above the salt sea. How could such a swimmer save others?

Then it was I went to Phillips Brooks, as I have elsewhere told, and though he did not attempt to answer my difficulties, his kindly confidence cheered me.

There are few who can realize the agony of this gradual failure of mine. I had felt the intoxication of the gathering of thousands; the stimulus, the spiritual elation, and the joy, one of the purest joys surely given to man to feel, the joy of knowing that he had helped many to higher and better living. These things I had felt and seen; this joy I had had and known—and now all was changed. The very people I had helped cried to me

not to fail them. "Did you not believe what you preached to us?" they cried. "If you did, oh, preach it again to us now." So the church congregations shrank. Collections melted away. Friends looked doubtful and enemies jeered.

The greatest man that ever fought his way through darkness was Jesus. Next to him I think stands Paul. The story of his shipwreck and of his rallying the defeated crew is one of the greatest stories ever written. "Driven up and down in Adria, neither sun nor stars for many days appearing," all lesser men abandoned hope. Before the despairing crowd stands forth the little shackled Jew. Hear him! "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, 'Fear not, Paul.'" And I, too, after being driven up and down in my own Adria, and coming near as a man could to shipwreck, had my own angel visitor, who brought me strength to help in my time of need.

It happened in this wise. I had determined to spend a whole night in prayer. Several times I had done this before, and had not gained any help so far as I knew by it. But I would try it once more. So I prayed and prayed till I must have fallen asleep, kneeling by my bed. It was not far from morning, and I was in a semi-conscious state, when through my mind drifted the parable of the Prodigal Son. "When he came to himself," it ran, "To *himself*, to his true self," he said, "I will arise and go to my Father." Was it possible? How had I missed it? In the farthest of far countries he was still his father's son. In all the wild riot of youth he was still his father's son. Just as much his son as when he sat at his table at home. Fallen into the gutter and joined to the foreigner, he was his father's son. Everlastingly and indissolubly his son, not because he was converted, not because he turned homeward, but because he was a man-child, begotten of his father. Alive because within him beat his father's life. "Neither life nor death nor things present or to come" could ever make him anything else. I had my answer. I got up from my knees, got into bed, and slept till late next morning.

The message I got that night is the foundation of what I have taught ever since. It altered my whole ministry. It seems to me a greater, more far-reaching, more inclusive message every year I live and every time I try to preach it. An inexhausti-

ble gospel. The wayfaring man can understand it, and yet the wisest philosopher cannot exhaust it.

Next Sunday morning I preached from the text, "He came to himself," and I spoke to my people with an assurance and a power I had not known for many a long day. Two years before, at the close of my mission, I had had the same text, but this was a different sermon.

The three stories (Luke xv) all told the same emancipating gospel: The lost sheep belonged to the shepherd; the lost silver was owned by the woman; the wandering boy was his father's son. And all three of them were out of place till they were at home. No religious experience conceivable can make me a son of God. I am that already. That is the everlasting gospel proclaimed by Jesus. All Life was to me, that Sunday morning, God's vast cathedral, and the holiest thing, the divinest within it, was Man. I felt I had a new message from God to men, and the people felt it, and that Sunday morning was the turning of the tide.

Marcus Aurelius tells a story of his pilot, who had for many years, and in many seas, held the tiller of his galley. It was a stormy night and the Emperor came on deck to hearten his crew, for the danger was extreme. The old steersman, lashed to his tiller, was making a prayer to Neptune and the Emperor overheard him. "Father Neptune," he said, "you may sink me if you will, you may save me if you will, but whether you sink me or save me, I will hold my tiller true." To hold my tiller true I had tried hard, and God had given me grace to do it. That was the reason I came through my storm, yes, and carried my people with me. I had won a new sense of my own sonship to God. That sonship did not depend on any religious experience whatever; not because I repented of my sins and was converted was I God's son, but because I *was free-born.* And seeing this great truth and feeling its power, others felt it, too, and all the church's life and work took new vigour.

My readers who have followed me understandingly can readily see why I lost for the time being my grip on the community in Toronto. I had won them by infusing new reality into the religious forms of thought to which from childhood they had been accustomed. I could no longer state these well-known doctrines in the terms they knew, and I had as yet

nothing definite enough to take their place. And so, naturally, it seemed to my people that I was pulling down all I had builded up. I look back myself on those days of darkness with wonder. I do not understand how I accomplished what I did. I was so utterly lonely, and all circumstances seemed against me. George Grassett was perhaps the only man I knew who understood something of what I was going through.

I do not boast when I say that I am astonished that I won through as I did. I am sensible that I have not always walked so steadily the high, hard path, as I walked it during those dark months. Biographers seem to take it for granted that men whose lives prove them good men, always without faltering do walk the high, lonely path. Bible biographers are much too true to nature to support this modern theory. My youth was in my favour. There is a spiritual resilience in one before forty that is not always there after forty. That is what my friend, Professor Osler (who, by the way, was a Torontonian) meant, I take it, when jokingly he suggested euthanasia for older men. When we are young we are more one-sided than we are later. We have not yet learned to recognize the many-sidedness of the questions confronting us in life. Decisions are more quickly made. Then we have time, when we are younger, to correct our mistakes and sins. Like the wound a gardener makes in grafting a young tree, the growing power of the tree hides the scar your grafting knife has made, and the tree's native vigour finds newer and richer vent. "I write to you, young men, because ye are strong and have overcome the wicked one," so writes John.

> My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky;
> So was it when my days began. So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old, or let me die.

And Wordsworth agrees with John.

In describing these dark days and the effect my difficulties had on my people, I do not wish to be understood as saying that the bulk of the congregation realized what was the matter. Most of them thought that "the young rector did not preach as well as he used to preach; perhaps the vestry had been rather hasty in its call to him." And there with them the matter ended. I took good care that so far as I was concerned they

should have no inkling of what trouble I was in. I want to state my experiences in these days so that they may be perhaps of service to others who find themselves confronted with circumstances similar to mine. In the first place, I spoke to no one; confessed to no one but my friend George Grassett and Phillips Brooks. "You must fight it out by yourself," Phillips Brooks had said, and he was right.

Had I not preserved strict silence, my state of mind could not fail soon to have become town gossip, and then the sooner I resigned the better for the community. Next I watched my words and tried to avoid a negative dealing with great subjects and doctrines. I attacked none; I took back no statements I had made; but at the same time tried to cast the old doctrines in new forms when I preached. Never under any circumstances, however, did I say anything that I did not believe was true. Here, naturally, I was continually blundering and fumbling, and my uncertainty became evident to any who had moderate powers of observation. When I came among them all at first, I came as a man using a well-known, well-sharpened instrument, well adapted to its purpose. This I had discarded, though I did not say so, and was laying about me now with a weapon of my own manufacture, which, moreover, I did not use as efficiently as I had the first one.

I do not wish to dwell too long on those first eighteen months of ministry as assistant rector of St. James's, but not in the years before them, nor yet in those that were to come after, were there any experiences so vital to me. Under God they made me. There is an old Puritan saying about feeling "the burden of souls" that may have gathered to it in our day a suggestion of unreality. There was no unreality attaching to it when applied to me and my people then. I stood to many of them as a father in God. I had brought them the very bread of life. They and I together had renewed our vows of faithfulness to Jesus, and that any changes in my own views of Jesus and His teachings should result in these sheep of my flock growing doubtful of the Great Shepherd, to whom I had led them but a short time ago, was positively intolerable to me. And yet, suffer as I might—and I did suffer in those dark, lonely days—of one thing I was sure, one duty I saw clearly; it was this: If I, a poor, sinful, ignorant man, was to be true to

myself, to my people, and to my God, I dare not temporize about speaking the truth. The darker the night, the heavier the storm, the greater the reason to *hold my tiller true*.

Emerson says: "God offers every man the choice between Truth and Repose. Take which you please; you cannot have both." When I came back from England to my dear people in Toronto, that was just the choice offered to me, though I did not realize it then. I had a delightful home, among more than merely appreciative friends; in a community that was then the second, and seemed destined to become in the near future the first, in influence in a new and great country—I was young, and the world was before me, but search it all over and I could not have found a field that offered greater return for work done, for St. James's Cathedral was by long odds the most influential church in the Dominion. I was assured of its rectorship. What more pleasant surroundings than these could any young man want? No! It had not been easy to keep my tiller true, but thank God I had done it.

And now for me the winter was over and gone, and I preached and worked as I had never done in my life before. I found, too, I had a healthier outlook on things. I came to the conclusion that a holiday now and then was good for me. In fact, I grew in a healthy way quite worldly. I played tennis, and skated, and fished, and shot. If I had laid aside a well-worn coat, I had done so only because the sunshine I stood in made it no longer necessary. I began to feel a new courage, to cease to dread anything, even my own doubts. Plenty of fighting there surely lay ahead still, but new allies I had, new aid had come to me just as I was beginning to lose heart at the odds to which I was opposed. *Let the dear childish fables go, if they must. Life itself was good—all Life, for it was full of God.*

It is hard to put the change, the enlargement I felt, into words. Out of long-continued turmoil had come my body, far from perfect maybe, but good enough to work with. Out of spiritual turmoil had come my mind and soul, also far from perfect, but capable of receiving the abundant life that now filled the whole of me. If I must slough off precious old things, I should do so only because new life, fuller life, was pushing them off, as the young leaf that comes in springtime pushes off the old one. The frost and storms of winter could not tear the old away,

but the pushing of the new life that has come to bloom in its place is irresistible.

> 'Tis life whereof our veins are scant,
> 'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,
> More life and fuller that we want.

How I had wanted it! Now it had come, more life and richer. For I had more of God, more of a greater God, a God for whom I needed not to apologize.

I noticed now that certain people began to appear at the Cathedral services who had been noticeably absent from them during the mission, and also during the crowded times immediately following it. Among these was Goldwin Smith. He was unpopular just then, for he was supposed to advocate the absorption of Canada by the United States. He published a little weekly leaflet called the *Bystander*, extraordinarily well-written—none had a better style than he—and of course very clever. I think Goldwin Smith was one of the very ablest men intellectually I ever met. His fund of information was extraordinary, but he lacked the gift of making his guests talk, and so at his table, though there was an excellent cook at the Grange, dinners did not always seem to "go," and conversation was apt to be a monologue. He had little sympathy with the extreme evangelicism of my first days' work, but as he saw I was groping my way toward evolutionism he took a kindly interest in me, asking me to dinner, etc. He was not an easy man to talk to then; others felt this as I did. He was very much alone in the town and had no intimates. When I left Toronto, I received several letters from Goldwin Smith, and later I found his company altogether delightful, and visited him more than once. He was brilliant as ever, but he seemed to have won a more understanding, sympathetic outlook on life than he had when he first so kindly sought my acquaintance. He was thought to be a cold man, but I am sure he desired, before all things, to serve his day and generation.

Here is the last letter Goldwin Smith wrote me. It has not heretofore been published. I wish I had kept the others I received from him. In it appears the clear vision and unmovable courage of the fine critic of life that he was. How right he was in his adverse judgment of England's action in the Boer

War! Few of us saw things as he did then, and his confession of his sense of the need of Christian communion is a fitting and beautiful conclusion to a great critical and scholarly career.

The Grange, Toronto,
Jan. 7, 1904.

My dear Dr. Rainsford,—

I am very glad to find that you approve my letter to the *Sun*. No harm, I hope possibly some good, may be done to liberal clergymen like yourself who are trying to set Christianity free from its dogmatic shackles by lay discussion of these questions, with which you can hardly deal unrestrainedly yourselves without provoking angry opposition and imperilling your usefulness. Irreverent treatment, such as that of Ingersol, or even that of Haeckel, who sneers at the Christian God as a "Gaseous Vertebrate," must of course do harm to you and all of us. Anything like irreverence I do my best to avoid, not that to avoid it costs me any effort.

Though I am no longer able to profess belief in the creeds, I have not broken away from the spiritual life embodied in the Christian Communion. I attend a little Baptist church. The Baptists remained comparatively true to what I regarded as the principles of Christianity during the Boer War, while passion raged around, and the Anglican Synod at this place wound up with three cheers for Lord Roberts. The Methodists were fully as bad as the Anglicans, or, considering their professions, worse. The original enthusiasm of that sect is in great measure exhausted, and its place is being taken by other things.

I cannot look forward to the pleasure of seeing you at Lakewood again. L. is changed. It is no longer the quiet place which attracted us old people. But indeed I shall hardly leave home again. I wish there were a chance of seeing you here. (Come of the creeds what will, you are keeping the religion of Jesus alive in New York.)

Ever most truly yours,
Goldwin Smith.

Whenever he happened to be in Toronto over Sunday, Sir John Macdonald always came to the Cathedral. His great opponent, the Honourable Edward Blake, was a member of the vestry, and many times was I indebted to him for wise advice. Political feeling then ran high. Sir John was compacting the great Dominion. He was looking toward nationhood for Canada, but his "national policy" raised a storm. The event, I think it cannot be denied, proved Sir John right. When first I visited Canada in 1869, the United States was steadily drawing to itself Canadian manhood. Even so late as '78 and '79, many of the brightest young men in my large men's Bible class

were drifting annually over the border. But before I left St. James's, the tide had turned, and the population of the country, which, in spite of a considerable immigration and a large birth rate, had remained almost at a standstill, began first a slow and then a rapid advance.

Canadian politics were in my time, and I fear there can be no doubt about it still are, quite unusually corrupt. (If I hurt some old friends' feelings as I write this I cannot help it.) We on our side have still much to be ashamed of in that line, but I have not found in any locality, or in any party in the United States, corruption so universal and unashamed as I found in Canada.

Sir John Macdonald was an extraordinarily able man, a first-class debater. As a politician he was patriotic to the core. Personally he was incapable of touching a dirty penny. His strength, his brain, his life, he laid on the altar of his country. He lived simply and he died poor. He had an extraordinary command over himself. Before I knew him he had been a very heavy drinker. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say consumer of alcohol, for I was told no one ever knew him to be drunk. But he seemed to me to have quite conquered any craving for liquor that he had had. He had accustomed himself to do with little sleep. When Mrs. Rainsford and I stayed with Sir John and Lady Macdonald at Ottawa, he would keep me talking in his study till after two o'clock in the morning, and in the morning he was up earlier than the household, brisk, clearheaded, pleasantly witty, facing immense work, and armed at all points to meet the very able opponents arrayed against him in daily conflicts on which depended the fate of his government.

He was, I believe, extraordinarily gifted in the management of men. Hence his continued success. I was told he was unscrupulous in the means he employed to win his way. I can well believe it. But if he was, it was for the land and the people he believed in and loved; never for himself. I think Sir John was a very great man. He was an omnivorous reader; he read not as fast as Theodore Roosevelt, but still very fast indeed, and what he read he remembered. The stories of his ready wit are innumerable. I must give only two. An opponent on the floor of the House of Commons at Ottawa accused him

of having stolen part of the political programme of the opposition. Said he: "Sir John has stolen the brains of the opposition." Quick as a flash Sir John was on his feet, appealing to the Chair on a point of order. "Mr. Speaker, the Honourable Member has accused me of petty larceny." Sir John's opponents were called "the Grits," a popular name for the then Liberal party. Sir John had a severe operation for appendicitis. The causes of that disorder were not so well known as they are now. Sir Charles Tupper was an intimate friend and a member of his Cabinet. For days Sir John hung on the border land. When the tide slowly turned, Sir Charles was by the bedside, and Sir John, seeing him, whispered: "What did they find, Tupper?" "A small piece of grit." "Those damned Grits! I knew they would be the death of me."

Of course my opinion, a young outsider then, on the rights and wrongs of the doings of both Conservatives and Grits is of little worth, but I met men on whose actions great things hinged, and who knew what was going on. Some of the best informed of them gave me their confidence, and as a result I became sure that when the Canadian Pacific Railroad had to be put through, it was for more than one man in that deal a question whether he went to prison or to the House of Lords. To-day the corruption tacitly permitted in Canada where great railroads are concerned is as bad, I fear, as it was then. I cannot understand why the Christian conscience of the land tolerates it. One reason is that the religious people are still fighting over old, worn-out issues—"the mint, annis and cummin of the Law"—while there is a stinking Augean stable there that is breeding a national fever. Their house-cleaning, when it comes, may be costly.

My wife and I can never forget Sir John's and Lady Macdonald's kindness to us when we stayed with them at Ottawa. The visit was to have been brief, but Mrs. Rainsford was taken ill, and as she expected soon to be a mother, the doctors did not approve of an immediate return to Toronto. The new national policy was then in debate and excitement ran high. Yet for hours at a time Sir John would sit by a young wife's bedside, read to her, gossip to her, and be the altogether charming, fatherly man that at heart he was.

Yes, Sir John Macdonald was a many-sided and very great

man. He was a man of vision; he had knowledge of the times; he saw what his country needed. And using the instruments he found ready to hand, the only ones available, early and late he bent every energy that was in him to the accomplishment of his task. He has been compared frequently to Disraeli. In features and build there was a resemblance between them, but Macdonald's work was sound, far-seeing, and has finally stood the test of time. Disraeli, Lord Salisbury sadly confessed in later years, in his day of power "backed the wrong horse."

He was a very clever, but surely not a very great man. He appealed to all that was weakest and worst in the nation that, for a time, his brilliance dazzled. He was like his novels: they are clever, but certainly not first-class.

My last two years at St. James's were very happy years. I had of course a good deal of opposition from conscientious objectors to what I was teaching and preaching. To the old Evangelicals in the church and town I smelt of heresy. I was eminently unsound on such vital matters as the "Atonement," "Verbal Inspiration of the Scriptures," and "Eternal Punishment." They had another grievance, too. The bitterest sort of feeling then existed between Low Church and High Church, and I evidently could not be depended on to take an active part in this civil war.

Still, these were but trifling matters. The old church was once more packed with congregations, largely composed of young people. I had a splendid Bible class. My people were with me, heart and soul, and the collections were no longer a matter of concern to my worthy vestry. The only drawback to our happiness was my wife's health, which still was poor.

I read in the mornings, shutting my study door resolutely, trying to make up for the lack of sound reading which my missionary life had made inevitable. I discovered Fiske, and he was a discovery. I rediscovered Mazzini. I cannot overstate what I owe to Mazzini. He has to my mind a truer, saner hold on the real scope and meaning of the religion of Jesus as it should be applied to modern life than any great teacher, any great public figure of his time. His faith was profound, not in God only, but in man. He was at once a radical of radicals, a conspirator, working at constant peril of his life, for the union of his beloved Italy, and a preacher of the

oldest and purest of all gospels—that life was a glorious opportunity, to be resolutely spent in making the world better, and all men in it worthier of their high calling in Jesus, man's Leader and Lord.

All sorts of men, wise and foolish, learned and simple, offered to the Nineteenth Century their theories of social reform. Mazzini was the greatest figure of them all. Steadily, with an inflexible courage in which there was no taint of egoism, he trod his high and lonely way, his enemies many and powerful, his friends often few, and they but partially understanding him. Ceaselessly he strove for the Christianizing of politics. Religion as he saw and practised it was nowhere more necessary than in so-called secular affairs; for Christianity was no individual matter; it was the very soul of public duty. For man's relations to his fellow-man could never be just, peaceful, and harmonious till in business and politics he based his actions on its law of loving, believing, selfless service.

I had no teacher to go to in those formative days. If I had been able to sit under the Cairds in Scotland, Sabatier in Paris, or attend the lectures of our own great Royce at Harvard, I would have had the meat and drink I needed. They were not for me then. But my debt to Mazzini I can never exaggerate. The soundest leaders of reform have been inspired by this great, lonely Christian thinker and hero, who died in exile, denounced and misunderstood. His was the inevitable fate of men who are, like their master, far ahead of their time.

The Dean's failing health now cast the responsibility of the parish on me, and I had been unsuccessful in supplying myself with any really efficient clerical aid. Young clerics could be had, but they were not the sort of men I wanted, nor could such men be readily found. My discovery of this fact gave me quite a new idea of one of the chief functions of a great parish, which later I was to embody in St. George's, New York: It should be a training school for the younger clergy, supplementing the wholly inadequate training which the various divinity schools gave.

In this Canada was then woefully behindhand; the Episcopal Church was losing ground, but it was a hard matter to make the bishops face the facts. I will quote an instance. I had been staying at Ottawa with Sir John, when an invitation came to

me to address a great gathering of bishops and clergy at Montreal. An appeal was to be made for the extension of home missionary work. Sir John had told me of some census figures, lately tabulated by the Government. These had been before the public for some time, but had not gained any special notice. They proved that the English Church in Canada had for many years steadily been losing ground.[1] With her was from the first all the influence of the Church in the old land. She had a propitious start, was helped in many ways from overseas, and was very substantially endowed with Government gifts of land. In spite of these unusual advantages over the "sects," she had steadily lost ground to them. First the Roman Catholics passed her; then the Methodists; then the Presbyterians, and now the Baptists. She did not fit herself, she never has fitted herself, to Colonial conditions. She has not done in Australia as well as have other branches of the Christian bodies, who have not enjoyed the initial advantages that were hers.

This was no news to me, but I determined to make it the base of my appeal at the meeting. I would say, let us all, irrespective of party, face an alarming and shameful state of things, admit before God and men that there has been and is something radically mistaken in our methods, if not in our message, and seek whole-heartedly better to understand and come in touch with the people, rich and poor, of this great Dominion. Standing with the newly published census volumes in my hand, I did this. What response was there made? The Bishop of Montreal, who had called the meeting and was in the Chair, making no attempt whatever to answer what I said, ignoring the fact that as I spoke I gave chapter and verse for each statement I made, swept the whole matter aside, declaring that I was a newcomer to the country, and that all old residents like himself knew such statements were absurd. His remarks drew applause. After that the proceedings were of the usual monotonous kind so commonly characteristic of missionary gatherings.

Here again I digress, tempted by a reminiscence of Phillips Brooks. After his funeral, which I attended, I was asked to make a "talk" at our Divinity School at Harvard on my friend. I did so. It was not a lecture, just a talk. Doctor

[1] I think in late years the Church of England in Canada has been gaining.

Allen, who had already set to work on his Life of Phillips Brooks, and whom I admired as did all who knew him, heard of this talk of mine and asked me to write down what I had said, as he wanted to incorporate it in the "Life." I did so, and in due time received a kind note from Doctor Allen, saying he was sorry that he could not print what I had sent him, as it did not fit in with what he had written. When you hear my story you may agree with Doctor Allen, but I think it a very human story.

Phillips Brooks had written me, asking me to preach for him, saying he wanted a Sunday off, as he was tired. He was, at this time, visibly beginning to fail in health.

Phillips Brooks: "Rainsford, there is a big missionary meeting in the church to-night, and we must go to it. It is too bad; they will kill it. They are giving us *three missionary bishops*. One is too much. Three will kill it dead."

I expressed a certain hopefulness that I didn't feel, and we went together. Up the aisle I followed him. Of course we wore no robes, for the missionary authorities had the church that evening to themselves, and we were of the audience only.

Phillips Brooks and I sat in one of the front pews. The first missionary bishop made a long talk and said little. Phillips Brooks was restless. At the best, he was a poor listener, his great eyes always roving round and round.

The second missionary bishop followed and said no more than the first. When the third poor man got up, Phillips Brooks's great body showed what he felt, and I, who had often been scared almost out of my senses by Phillips Brooks in front of me, felt heartily sorry for, and in sympathy with, this third successor of the Apostles. When at last the last hymn was sung and the blessing given, Phillips Brooks rose and at once moved down the aisle, everyone making way for him, and I close behind. Not one word did he say as we crossed Copley Square, and made for the rectory on its corner. He opened the door and passed into the big study on the right. It was winter, a wood fire burned in the big fireplace, and beside it, close against the wall, stood his own great chair, where in the evenings when he was not working he always sat. In the wall on his right-hand side there was a wooden bracket; on the bracket always stood a box of big, bad cigars.

Phillips Brooks had not said one word since we left the church. He sank into his chair with a grunt, and stretching his great bulk slowly, put his hand into the box, felt it from end to end—not one cigar! Then he raised himself up heavily, stood before the fire, kicked the empty box into it. "Damn it all! these missionary bishops will make a man lose his soul." How I wished that the boys at Harvard who, though they admired, were afraid to come near him could have been in his study that night!

I have told this story about the great missionary meeting at Montreal, to illustrate what anything approaching progressivism had, in those times, to contend with in the Canadian Episcopal Church. I did not underestimate the power of my reactionary neighbours, either in Toronto or Montreal. In St. James's these were led by a man of very unusual force, the Hon. Samuel Blake, brother to Edward Blake, the Liberal party leader at Ottawa, afterward member for Cork, Ireland (I think), in the Home Rule interest. Sam Blake did all he could to make the Cathedral impossible to me, but I liked him. He was a good man and an honest fighter. If what he believed to be the Gospel of Jesus was the best presentation of it, certainly what I was preaching was, to say the least, a very inferior brand indeed. He believed I was on the high road to heresy, and he was perfectly right. So we both played fair. When he came to me and said he would resign his large Bible class, I did not attempt to persuade him to remain, for by this time I began to see my way clearly to build up in Toronto a great free and open liberal church for the people. Not an easy task, but it was a worthy one. I felt like a swimmer with the tide under him. I knew I had with me the youth of the town. I believed that the sort of church I aimed to build up was needed. I had absolute confidence in my people. How could it be otherwise, they who had been so patient with me, so faithfully standing by me in the difficult times now past?

There indeed was a work worth doing, and I felt I could do it.

CHAPTER XIV

A Unanimous Call

In the summer of 1882 I took a long holiday in the Rocky Mountains: it was the first I had had in four years. When I reached Toronto in the autumn, serious news awaited me. The Dean was dead, and I had received two calls, one to England, and another to St. George's Church, New York. Both I refused without hesitation. I had my work cut out for me where I was. In Toronto I had a field important enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition, and I loved the people and the place. The congregation was as anxious to have me stay as I was willing; and with practical unanimity they elected me rector. Then, to the great surprise of both parties, a serious hitch arose. A new bishop had been recently elected. He had been for years a schoolmaster, and took a strict view of what was due to his office under the canon. This required that no appointment should be made to the rectory of St. James's till the Bishop had first been consulted, and the name of the proposed rector submitted to him.

This canon had not been rigorously applied in the diocese, and the vestry had failed to notify the Bishop before calling me. The Bishop stood on his undoubted canonical rights, and there arose a deadlock. I need not say more. Strong feeling was developed in the church, and vestry and Bishop locked horns. The situation became intolerable. I saw that no good could come of the parish's insistence on a right that was not theirs. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but my duty was clear. In some other field I must try to carry out the plans that I had formed for church reform, since to do so in this dear field that I had won and almost lost and then won back again, was denied me.

I went to the Bishop and told him that I thought he was making a grave mistake, but that, since he insisted on thwarting the admitted wish of the congregation, and since he had a technical right to do so, I would not permit my name to be any longer presented to him as candidate for the rectorship. He asked me if I would consider remaining as assistant rector. I said, certainly not. And so came to a sudden end perhaps the best four years of my life.

I had not sought Toronto. The church had sought me. How well I remembered the first day in London, Ontario, when I met members of its vestry who came on to beg me to come to them and hold a mission. That was in the winter of 1878. Then the three months' continued preaching, while the town was all astir. Then the parting, and the unexpected call and return. And then those dark days when everything seemed to slip away from me, and I was utterly alone.

And then at last! after the night, "a morning without clouds, a clear and shining morning after rain"—and the people's faces in the big church shining back at mine as I spoke to them. And the new warm companionship that sprung up between us, they listened and I spoke. For though neither they nor I knew it, we both had been passing through the same country, walking side by side. They needed what I needed, and the larger liberty and light I had won for my soul, their souls were hungry for; and as it became our common possession, it bound us together with a new and holy tie.

Of all this I was just becoming aware when circumstances over which I had no control swept me away to a different and more difficult field of work. My plans were all undone. Ties that had grown very close and very dear must be snapped, and I must leave the field I had but begun to sow long before the time of harvesting. Here was our first home. Here our children had been born to us. To my wife and myself leaving Toronto was a cruel wrench.

In the midst of the deadlock between the Cathedral vestry and the Bishop came the second call to St. George's. It was followed by a telegram saying that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. J. Noble Stearns were coming to Toronto to see me and to press my acceptance of the call. I telegraphed in reply that I had rather they allowed me to come to New York to see them.

and there, in consultation with the whole of St. George's vestry, go over matters.

I knew already something about the church and its present circumstances. I had preached twice in St. George's, once during Doctor Tyng's pastorate in 1876. I preached for the old gentleman in July, to a mere handful of people. Again, during the pastorate of Doctor Williams, Doctor Tyng's successor, in 1878. Then also to a mere handful.

Doctor Williams was a whole-hearted servant of God and man; but he was by birth and training a Southerner, and was in lower New York very much of a round peg in a square hole. When I stayed with him he was thoroughly discouraged. He had been beaten, he said. The church where it stood was doomed. The Roman Catholics would not take it over as a mission. Overtures had been made by some members of the vestry, it seems, to the Roman Catholics for a sale of the property. I could never find that there had been any authorization for this offer, if it had been made, but Doctor Williams evidently believed the report. I did not think that Doctor Williams understood New York or his vestry, and though I had stayed only two days with him, I came to the conclusion then, that to give up the teeming neighbourhood in which the church stood and move uptown would be an unwarranted retreat in the face of the enemy. I had taken a couple of missions in uptown New York churches and had noticed that these churches had no hold on the working people. Round St. George's, the street and little parks, such as they were, were packed with children. Furthermore, I learned from my own observation and from Doctor Williams, that though St. George's had done more than perhaps any other New York church in establishing missions for these poor folks, old and young, each and all of her missions were either on the high road to failure or had already so palpably failed that they had been closed up.

Neither Doctor Williams nor any of the clergy I met in New York during these perambulating mission days could give me any reason for such failures as these. They simply said it was hard to get the poor to go to church. To me, the reason of the missionary chapel's almost universal failure lay much deeper. I had seen the very same thing in Bethnal Green when I was a

boy, and in the large English cities when I was a young cleric. I had not then been able to account for it to myself, but in the intervening years the explanation had come to me.

The Evangelical revival had saved religious life in England in the Eighteenth Century. It had done lasting good in the Nineteenth Century. But it was petering out at the close of that century, because the churches had not made any effort to enter into or to understand the social needs and aspirations of the masses of the people. The slow filtration of education had enlarged immensely the human outlook of millions. Painfully, slowly, but determinedly, these were surging forward. But the Church of Jesus, who came to the poor, understood the poor, and talked to the poor, had let the poor go—had lost touch with them. And when the Church's voice did reach them, in the din of the factory or the unhealthful crowding of the slums, it did nothing but call on them to seek a future salvation from a distant catastrophe, and had no word of understanding sympathy, nor hands of ready help, to save them or rather help them to save themselves, from the cruel despotism of an unjust economic condition and an environment that made a mockery of all hopes of home.

In short, with a new purposefulness people wanted two things —Justice and Brotherhood. And the churches were giving them neither and yet deceived themselves into fancying that they were giving them both. Just think of it! The churches' customary method of approach to the poor in New York was to send green, inexperienced divinity students, who had never seen the inside of a factory, or a prison, or a sweatshop, or a mine, to the districts out of which the great churches had themselves moved, because within them they could no longer fill their pews. And the expectation was that, meagrely supported with funds and helpers, these youths should win to the ugly little mission chapel service the very people that the strong preacher and beautiful service had failed to draw. I am not drawing a caricature. The facts are bad enough as they stood, *nay, as they stand to-day.* Surely "something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

As I sat in the railroad car on my way to New York, these things were present to me. I knew that St. George's was a hard

problem. In every way it was old-fashioned. Doctor Tyng had been perhaps the most uncompromising Evangelical clergyman in the United States, and what remained of the church bodyguard were undoubtedly his spiritual children. How should I get on with them? Could I make that great church in any sense homelike to the thousands that were crowding into the houses lately transformed from dwellings fit for one family into tenements fit for none? Better men than I had failed. The thing seemed too difficult. Why, oh, why, through no fault of mine, had I to leave Toronto, and begin among strangers the battle all over again?

Once again on that journey, so momentous for me, in thought I stood before the ugly yellow brick Baptist chapel in South London. I *knew* I was not seeking my own happiness or fortune, and peace of mind came to me. Nothing could make me accept St. George's unless I had conditions accorded to me that gave me some hopes of succeeding; and the success I aimed for was an unusual kind of success. I would aim to accomplish in New York what I had laid plans to accomplish in Toronto. I would make my church a great free church, open to all, not in name only, not by profession only, but in actual operation. I would make it a church of the people, a truly democratic church. All well and good. But what probability was there that the vestry had either the will or the power to act *with* me; nay, more than that, act *under my direction* in a course so novel and so revolutionary in its change? Was there any likelihood of their coming to my terms? I concluded that there was not one chance in a hundred of their doing so. If they did not, what should I do then? That lay in the future; one thing at a time. So for the present I blotted the troublesome uncertainty as to my own future out of my mind, and gave all my thought to the coming interview.

I was met at the depot by J. Noble Stearns, one of the vestry, and we went at once to Mr. Morgan's house on the corner of 36th Street and Madison Avenue, where the vestry were already assembled in his study. All were more than kind in the greeting they gave me. Mr. Charles Tracy acted as spokesman. He was senior warden. He did not seek to minimize the serious condition of St. George's. There were very few pew holders. There was a $35,000 floating debt. The church had

had a splendid endowment, when Trinity set it on its own feet as a parish, in 1811. Thirty-two lots, excellent property downtown, it had owned. All but two of these lots had been sold during the Tyng régime. In fact, the great church now standing had been chiefly built from the proceeds of their sale. The other side of the picture was rather personal. They had heard of my work. Some of them had been at one or more of my tent services six years before. If I would come they would stand by me. I cannot exaggerate the kindly heartiness with which this was said.

Then my turn came, and briefly but as clearly as I could I laid before them my plans of what a church situated as was St. George's should be. "Gentlemen," I said, "that is the only sort of church I would care to be rector of, but frankly I think your church has gone too far to be pulled up. In any case, I do not think I am a big enough man to pull it up."

Mr. Morgan did very little speaking till we reached this point. I think he had scarcely spoken at all. He turned to me. "Mr. Rainsford, will you be our rector? If you consent I will do what I can to help you carry out this plan." Turning to the others, "Gentlemen, do you agree with me?" Then, again turning to me, "Will you accept our unanimous call?"

At once I replied, "I will, on three conditions."

"Name them."

"First, you must make the church absolutely free. Buy out those who will not donate their pews. Second, abolish all committees in the church except the vestry, and only reappoint such as I shall name. Third, I must have an annual fund of $10,000 for three years, independent of my salary, to spend as I see fit on church work. My salary I leave to you."

Dead silence followed. I saw Mr. Morgan look round that circle of tense faces. Then he looked full at me and said one word: "Done."

I don't believe usually in publishing subscription lists—but I think that here it is fitting that the names of that small group of men—who loved the old church—and practically made her a going concern when hundreds had deserted her—should be recorded—W. S. R.

New York, January 17, 1883.

Minutes of St. George's Vestry

Subscribers to $10,000 annual fund to be used by rector.

	Amounts
J. Pierpont Morgan	$3,000
David Dows	3,000
John D. Wood	1,000
Charles Tracy	1,000
Harvey Spencer	500
Jno. N. Stearns	2,000

CHAPTER XV

St. George's, 1883[1]

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the Sky-line where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.—R. Kipling.

In Mr. Morgan's study I had the first of many meetings with a right noble band of men. Through years of her failing fortunes, they had stood by a church that all of them had attended since they were young, some of them since they were boys. I could see at a glance that they were able, and very much in earnest. They had so quickly accepted my astounding conditions that it took my breath away. In no Protestant Episcopal church in the country had any propositions at all like them ever been made before. Their practical result could not fail to be to give the rector an almost autocratic power for three years, and at the same time deny to the vestry itself a voice in those church matters usually placed under its control, such as music, the Sunday School, etc., etc.

Here let me say I had not spent in vain my years of preaching as a missioner. Long and earnest were the consultations I often had with my clerical hosts. The difficulties besetting them were confidentially poured into my ears. I ought to have known more about the art of managing or mismanaging vestries by rectors from these recounted experiences than if I had had a long parish experience of my own. I had become convinced that the success or failure of a church depends absolutely on the man that steers it. If he is a good helmsman he will carry crew and cargo safely through. If he is a poor one, the crew cannot save him from disaster. And in either case the crew's business is not at the tiller but on the "sheets."

[1]Space forbids my giving at length the previous history of St. George's Church. It will be found in "History of St. George's Church, New York."—Rev. Henry Anstice, D. D.—Harper Bros. 1911.

Now if a church has been steadily going down for many years, as had St. George's, it is inevitable that owing to change in the command, power falls automatically into the vestry's hands which it is unfitted to exercise. And so it comes about that even an exemplary vestry, composed of capable and self-denying men, will run a church into the ground; for a committee cannot run a church any more than it can lead an army. I knew well that an uphill job awaited me whether I succeeded or failed. I had an empty church and an empty treasury, and a vast, unchurched population around me to be won. To reach the neighbourhood would tax to the uttermost any gifts I had. If in addition to fishing for men I must go round, as clergy usually had to, and fish for dollars, I was undone. That was my reason for making the third condition.

Then I knew that my ideas of the sort of music that would help our worship were—well, my own; not quite the current ideas. And if I had to wrestle with a music committee, no matter how competent, in order to have my way, again I should be undone. And thirdly, my whole plan and purpose made an absolutely free and open church a *sine qua non*. In short, my plans for St. George's future necessitated a complete departure from St. George's past.

As I look back I am really surprised at my own audacity, and as much surprised at the whole-hearted and enthusiastic acceptance of it by the vestry. To them was due, in far greater measure than the public could know, the success we won. My senior warden was Charles Tracy. In his profession of the law few stood as high as he. Others may have been more brilliant, but his fine rectitude and wide culture made him a man apart. He was seventy when I met him, but he was still young. During the first months of my rectorship I used to go round to his house in East 17th Street on Sunday evenings, and he and I counted the envelope subscriptions and the cash. It did not take us long. A kind and wise friend he was to me. He was an influential member of the Century Club, and somehow or other he secured my election to that most delightful of all clubs in an undeservedly short time.

The junior warden was David Dows, all his life a faithful attendant at church but never a communicant. Mr. Dows was to me a quite new type of man—the self-made millionaire. He

seemed a lonely man, growing more lonely as he aged. Most of his friends had gone, and he was not at home among the younger people. Business had been his life. Recreations he had none, and of books he was ignorant; a grizzled veteran of Wall Street, who had, in unscrupulous days, won his place in the front. At that first vestry meeting he had been an absentee, and I had to win him. This I set out to do without delay. I made several visits to Mr. Dows, and the more I saw of him the more he appealed to me. He wanted to be a Christian, and he didn't know how. For six days in the week, during a long life, he had indefatigably served Mammon. He knew it, and he said so. And on the seventh, he had listened for many and many a year to the extremest, the most uncompromising statement possible, of the Evangelical "plan of salvation." It evidently did not satisfy David Dows, but he knew no other statement that did. One evening as I sat with him in his great new house on the corner of 69th Street and Fifth Avenue, he said suddenly to me, "Rector, why don't you speak to me about my soul?" I replied, "I would gladly, Mr. Dows, do so if you wish me to." Said he, "I do wish it. Come down to my office to-morrow; there we can be quite alone."

What passed next day between us is of too intimate a nature to print even here; but I left my warden's office with a deep respect for the fine honesty of soul that he permitted me to see. Some said hard things of David Dows. He said hard things of himself. But what was rare and fine about him was, *that he said no single hard thing about any one else but himself.* One thing he said was unforgettable: "The Bible says you cannot serve God and Mammon. That's true. Many a time I have gone into this inner office and locked the door and kneeled down and prayed for strength not to grovel; but the Street has always been too much for me."

I don't know that I was much help to my junior warden, but from that day I most certainly loved and respected him, and till he died, I saw regularly that grizzled face looking into mine, generally twice a day on Sundays in St. George's Church.

I had called on Mr. Dows on business matters before the visits I have here referred to, and the first of my calls was the only one in which I ever had any difference with him. The church had notes out for $35,000; to meet these was my duty,

one I did not relish, but it had to be done and done at once. So I went to my councillor, Charles Tracy. Said he, "Go to Mr. Dows first. He is the only very rich man in the church. Get as much as you can from him. Mr. Morgan will, I think, do the same, and perhaps Mr. Stearns will give half as much."

Be patient with me, dear reader, if it seems to you that these details are not worthy of record, but this was my very first and also my last experiment in church finance. I had no organization, remember, but my vestry. I had practically no congregation; just a great empty church. And much depended on my ability to meet the sudden problem that had arisen. I had practically told the vestry that I proposed to "run" St. George's my own way. I must now prove to them that I could make good. In later times I never had any difficulties over finances. We always agreed, the vestry and I. When they knew more about a question than I did, they very properly had their way. When it was a matter of church policy, of what St. George's stood for, they let me have mine, and to a man backed me every time (as I shall hereafter tell).

Well, this was my first meeting with Mr. Dows, and I had to try and get from him a large sum of money. I had worked the matter out in my mind, and had concluded that I must have $10,000 from him and $10,000 from Mr. Morgan. That would leave $15,000 still to raise. Mr. Stearns would probably give another $5,000 and I would have to struggle, and struggle hard, for the last $10,000.

I laid the matter before Mr. Dows. He listened attentively. "Mr. Rainsford, I approve. You are right, that $35,000 must be raised at once. We cannot have the church's name on paper. I will give you $5,000, sir."

"But, Mr. Dows, that won't do. Where am I to get the other $30,000? If you, the warden, give only $5,000, no one in the vestry will give more than you do. Mr. Morgan will give $5,000 perhaps, and I may be able to scrape together another five, and I am then left with $20,000 still to raise. I can't possibly do it, sir. There is no congregation to raise it from."

"Mr. Rainsford, $5,000 is a great deal of money. I won't give you another dollar."

I saw I was up against it with a vengeance, so I rose and said, "Mr. Dows, I have come among you to try and save the old

church. I give you my word that I will do my best, but I have a right to expect the only band of men that remain in St. George's to do their best, too, and this business of paying off debts you have incurred is by rights not mine at all but yours. Won't you give me $10,000? I cannot do with less. If you give me ten, I think Mr. Morgan will duplicate it, and Mr. Stearns will give five, and somehow I'll get the rest."

"No, sir. I'll give $5,000 and no more."

"Then, Mr. Dows, I won't take your $5,000." And I went home.

Next morning there came to me a kind note from Mr. Dows, enclosing his cheque for $10,000, and an invitation to dine with him the first evening I was free.

J. Noble Stearns was one of the best men I have ever known. He was a man who carried the religion of Jesus into his daily life. Everything he had was at the service of the old church he loved. He alone of the vestry had taken a leading part in religious work. St. George's had been famous for its success in Sunday-school development and J. Noble Stearns had for many years been one of the teachers, and to see the church school and the mission schools fail hurt him. He had been to Toronto months before the second call came to me, and had hoped to go over the affairs of St. George's with me before the formal call came. I was at the time in the Rocky Mountains, but he saw Mrs. Rainsford, and got a fairly good idea of what I had done and was aiming to do. He saw the value of my insistence on free church from the first. He knew more about what St. George's needed than any other member of the vestry, for he had worked among the children of the neighbourhood. And so it came about that in any effort I made to democratize the church, and, what was a much more delicate matter (as I proved later), to democratize my vestry, he stood by me against all opposition, even when that opposition came from those old friends whose support was of vital moment to himself.

I had more in common with Mr. Stearns than with any other member of the vestry. We had both commenced our religious life believing in the total depravity of all men. As we worked among our fellows, we had discarded this dreadful Calvinistic creed. I never knew a man who was more ready than he to accept and understand the new, beautiful, and hopeful things,

"breaking forth from God's word," in men themselves, men who were ever rising on "stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things"; men who, though they had come from the animal world, could not be confined to it because in all of them was a bit of God.

During the happy twenty-four years I was rector of St. George's I had at times some fighting to do; never for myself, I am thankful to say; but for things I thought were necessary, and for right policies in the church's conduct. Sometimes a friend left me; often a friend differed from me; but J. Noble Stearns, my junior warden, never left my side.

I had two great advantages in coming to St. George's. The first was the emptiness of the church. There had been an interim of two years, after Doctor Williams resigned, during which the church was without a rector. Several had been "called," but the rectorate had been declined. I found about twenty families that were still in partly regular attendance. Among these I knew full well I would discover some who were far from approving of a free church. They resented a policy that called on them to surrender their property rights in their pews. Some might be prepared within reasonable limits to be hospitable to strangers. Others felt as the Scotsman did, who complained to his rector that a gentleman not of his acquaintance had been put into his pew.—"I would not disturb divine service by putting him out, Sir, but I took the liberty of sitting on his hat." (In those days they wore tall "chimney pots.") And so I was glad that their number was no larger. Some of the twenty soon left, and of this I was glad, for departures were less depressing than funerals, and it had to be one or the other.

My second advantage was that we began very unostentatiously and put no advertisements in the papers. I insisted on this, for I wanted to feel my way. I wanted to be sure what I would do and not do; where I had best leave things alone and where change them. Crowds of curious "casuals" are an unprofitable and disturbing element. I wanted first to know pretty thoroughly what material I had ready to hand in the Sunday School and the church. Then I had to study "the plant" of St. George's, making up my mind where I could change, and where it was necessary to discard or create.

The building itself, while impressive outside, specially so long as the open stone-work towers were standing, was sadly ugly and depressing inside; and, in addition to this, was about as hard a building to hear in as an architect had ever devised. Its great flat stone wall spaces made the voice of the preacher rattle from side to side like peas in a shaken bladder. The effect when a great congregation sang was fine. The resonance helped the music, but when the preacher spoke from the low pulpit, near the Holy Table, the echo was baffling.

The change from the warm-hearted crowd of St. James's Cathedral to the empty ugliness of St. George's was at first rather chilling, but my extraordinarily kind and trusting reception by the vestry filled me with purposeful hope and courage.

St. Paul says that "at Ephesus a great door and effectual was opened unto him, and that there were many adversaries." I saw the great door wide open, in those teeming streets and crowding baby-carriages in the neglected Stuyvesant Park. And as to the adversaries! Why, in my case they never materialized, or if they did there were but few of them. I felt sure that with the backing of such men as I had behind me, we could win to the old, empty, misunderstood church some at least of the thousands who, though they knew it not, needed sorely what she had to give them.

To put my plans briefly, before all else I wanted to understand my neighbourhood, and did *not* want to draw a curious crowd from all over town, even supposing that I could do it. This was my reason for putting a ban on advertising the services. I had had experiences, too, while a mission preacher, of the extraordinary twists and distortions to which the sermon is often put when placed before the public on Monday morning in the daily press. I will give an amusing instance of how I suffered at a later time, when St. George's was crowded. The city editor of the New York *Herald* wrote me a kind note, saying that his paper was anxious to publish a full report of a Sunday morning sermon, and asked me, since the church was always crowded, to provide a chair so placed that their stenographer could "get me" accurately. Mr. W. H. Schieffelin, who was then in charge of the delicate job of seating the congregation, had the chair ready. It was placed right under the pulpit.

My sermon was on evolution. I cannot remember the text, but I quoted at length Professor Carruth's beautiful poem on evolution beginning:

A fire mist and a planet—
A crystal and a cell—
A jelly fish and a saurian
And a cave where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face raised from the clod—
Some call it evolution
And others call it God.

As I preached I had occasion to use many times the word "saurian." On Monday, I had the honour of a long report in the *Herald*, right enough, but the nonsense I was made to talk may be imagined when I say that in each and every place where I said "saurian" the *Herald* made me say "Saviour."

St. George's stands facing the east, looking over Stuyvesant Square, which is cut in two by Second Avenue. Stuyvesant Square had not so completely fallen from grace as had its neighbour, Tompkins Square, where in those days you took considerable chances if you walked across it at night. But it was a dirty, neglected mockery of what a city park might be. Its fountains were waterless, the basins filled with rubbish from the street. I myself saw dead cats and empty tomato cans piled in them. There was no attempt to plant flowers or renew the long-neglected grass, or to protect the park at all.

One of the first things I did was to visit the families whose names I found remaining on the church roll. Looking over my list, I noticed the name "Croker." I made inquiries, and found that the famous Tammany boss's mother was one of my members, and was then an old woman living on Staten Island. Duty and policy suggested an immediate call. I found a charming old lady, who evidently appreciated my searching her out, and asked me to return and give her the Holy Communion. This I did. Not long after I had a very courteous letter from Mr. Croker, saying that he appreciated my taking the long trip to Staten Island to see his mother, who had not had a clerical call for years, and that he hoped I would remember that at any time he would be glad to pay me any courtesy in his power.

After that, the change in our park, if not immediate, was

assured; and in time we had quite beautiful flowers grouped round the fountains, and, what was even more important than a restored beauty, we had the invaluable service and coöperation of an intelligent and sympathetic park policeman, who greatly helped us for many years. Then I had Japanese creeper planted round the brownstone walls of the church, and this added, specially in autumn time, to the quiet beauty of the square.

St. George's, in the '60's, had been successful. Since 1865 it had slowly fallen down. I found it empty, expensive to run, and very costly to heat; ill-adapted in many ways to the work it ought to do.

Evidently the old methods were a total failure. New ones must be invented. When I found my vestry disturbed a little at the radical changes I proposed, I told them a story I had heard by the banks of a Canadian salmon river. The salmon had ceased to visit the stream, and the scattered settlers on its banks, who had depended on their salmon nets, were in a bad way for a living. All but one man. He, cannier than the rest, sold his salmon nets and bought smelt nets. He changed the size of his mesh, and soon was better off than he had been before.

The old methods of all the Protestant churches were adapted to the family. The new must be adapted to the individual. The days of the Individual were upon us, let us deplore it as we might. The essential principle I stood for took shape in what, very inaccurately, came to be called the "institutional Church."

My first move was to make the outside of the church and its setting in its little park more tidy and attractive. The next, to change as much as possible what was amiss in the inside. Here my vestry backed me up with extraordinary unanimity. We not only declared the church free, but we made men and women and children feel that it was free. We elected Mr. William H. Schieffelin, who lived in the Square, to the vestry. He came to me a few Sundays after my arrival and offered his help. For many years following that day, Sunday by Sunday, rain or shine, half an hour before service time, in the evening as well as morning, he stood at the church door. Patient, good-tempered, always wisely discriminating, absolutely fair and without partiality, never ruffled, always resourceful, no crowd-

ing affected his nerves. At times his task was a peculiarly difficult one, yet in its fulfillment he always proved himself a courteous and capable gentleman. I felt sure that as long as he was at his post there would never be any unnecessary friction, and regular attendants and strangers would both be made to feel the welcome of a church home.

Such a man could not fail to gather round him men of like mind, and this Mr. Schieffelin did. I left the whole difficult, delicate matter of seating the crowds that thronged us for years to him. He saved me all care. Mr. Harvey Spencer ably assisted Mr. Schieffelin in very early days.

On the question of free church I stand to-day where I stood then. There should be one place besides the grave—to which all should have a common right: that place is the Church of God. To my mind, as between free church and pew church, there is no choice at all. The one is right; the other is wrong. You cannot preach one thing from the pulpit and practise another in the pew. I do not care how liberal pew-holders may be, or how hospitable they may show themselves. To own or rent a foot of the floor of the house we claim to be the House of God is to contradict and deny in practice the Gospel of Jesus. In theory at least, in this as in many other matters, the custom of the Roman Catholic Church is better, wiser, more apostolic than is the custom of those churches which have broken away from her.

In the early '80's the free church ideal was not popular, and many were the arguments I had with clerical brethren on account of it. In the "club," an unusually able body of clergy, to which I had the honour of being elected, I stood alone on that question. I had fallen foul of Phillips Brooks when in Boston, on the question of free church. With him I did not venture an argument. It was not much use arguing with Phillips Brooks. I just held my ground. Years after, when he was Bishop, he visited me, and then said: "We all laughed at your pleas for free church, but you were right, and I was wrong. What influence I have as Bishop of Massachusetts I shall steadily use to make every church in the diocese free."

Inside the church, Mr. Schieffelin and his band of sides-men stood for a radical change of policy; and in simple and natural ways, there was evident at the church door, Sunday by Sunday,

a spirit of welcome that did great good. I always tried to be there and to greet not only strangers but those I had visited. J. Pierpont Morgan was always there, and his presence meant a great deal even in the remote '80's.

Later, when I had a staff of assistant clergy, I made as many introductions as I could during those crowded minutes before service began. Thus it was we wrought a change in the inside temperature of the old church.

The next change I strove for was in the church music, and here I first encountered opposition. My plans were revolutionary—nothing less than a new organ, new organist, new choir, and a complete change of the whole plant from the east end of the church to the west end, where stood the Communion Table. I wanted congregational singing. Quartet and double quartet to me were anathema, for with them congregational singing was impossible. I could not pay for good soloists, even if I wanted them. Moreover, I had my own settled idea of what St. George's choir should be. Its front line should be of boys, drawn from its own Sunday School. Back of them must be women, for the quality of an American boy's voice is too thin, too sharp, to serve adequately in soprano parts, and needs the richer support of the female voice tone. I am speaking of course of the material I had, or could hope to have, to my hand. With time and large means the right sort of boys' voices can be found and trained; but I, having neither time nor money, could not hope to have good congregational singing led by male voices alone.

There was another reason, too. I did dearly want to make the services of the church appeal to *all*, not part of my people. I wanted a chancel choir, but I wanted it of women as well as of boys and men, and this being my aim, *that choir must be a surpliced choir*. There lay the difficulty. My vestry was divided. Surpliced choir in old St. George's! That was too much, even for them. Hence my first opposition. That was forty years ago (though I can scarcely believe it), and it may be hard for a younger generation to enter into their feeling; but the change I advocated could not fail to seem to some of my vestry a deliberate flouting of what the old church had so stoutly stood for in the days of its strength and glory.

Over this controversy one or two of my vestry left me, and

Mr. Morgan took a good deal of persuading before I got him to my view. But he came to it finally, and then headed the list of subscribers that put up the very considerable amount of money my changes called for.

The congregations at first were small—some two hundred and fifty. I had the ushers show all who came to seats well up in front. Propinquity counts for something in worship, and I locked the galleries up for several months. I preached poorly, and I knew it. It has always been so with me. I cannot remember ever having made a specially successful start in anything I attempted to do, except in my mission at Toronto.

I noted the faces before me morning by morning. (This was not hard to do, for there was no crowd.) One man particularly I saw, who came regularly. In the plates carried in the central aisle there lay a note of considerable amount whenever he was there. Mr. Tracy and I, who did the counting, talked this over. (Remember, these were the days of small things.) Then one Sunday I asked for $500 to start a lending library for the children of the Sunday School. On the plate that day was a cheque for $250, signed "A. C. C——." How well I remember it! It was the very first that had come to me on the church plate. I found Mr. C——'s address and called to thank him for his help, and to explain why I specially wanted that library for my East Side children. There was a little library of sorts—oh, such sorts!—too goody-goody to interest or help any healthy child.

Mr. C—— asked me to dinner, and I saw that he was deeply interested in St. George's. He made me tell him my plans. He evidently was prepared to approve them, and was wholeheartedly free church. "Now," said he: "What about your music? It should be first class." I agreed, naturally, and we fell to talking about the music. Alas, I quickly realized that here I had one idea and Mr. C—— another. I wanted a choir of my people, and by my people; and as far as possible a voluntary body. He had in view the best organist and the best double quartet that could be had for money. I wanted a choir formed out of St. George's itself, part of the church's life, an organization so attractive that my prospective East Side boys and girls (I had not got them yet) should plan and study to win entrance to it. A choir where brownstone-housed ladies

and Wanamaker's "shop ladies" should sit side by side. Mr. C—— listened, interested, but I could see that he was not enthusiastic over my choir dream.

Mr. C—— was one of my audience the very first Sunday I preached, and he attended regularly for some months. During that time I saw him several times. We were growing; the morning and evening congregations increasing. But though we were out of debt, we were not yet paying the running expenses of the church—and there were so many things that might be attempted, if only we had the money! And here was a man who had the money, and seemed to have a hearty will to help us.

One evening, after dinner at his apartment, Mr. C—— asked me into his study and said: "I am heartily with you. Tell me frankly your plans for the future. I don't ask out of curiosity; I want to stand back of you." So I told him what, till then, I had spoken of to no one. Told of a building I wanted, large, beautiful, commodious, where rich and poor should meet; a building that should be a visible evidence of the church's recognition of the needs and wrongs of the city toilers and their children. *It should be a teaching house and a dancing house; a reading house and a playing house; and because it was these, it should be a preaching house, bidding the neighbourhood look for, strive for, and believe in a better manhood and a better day.*

Mr. C—— expressed whole-hearted approval, and said: "Do you not see that to succeed in these radical changes you must depute parts of your work to others? You must find those who agree with you and who trust you; men whom you can trust, men willing to coöperate fully. Now you can count on me as such a helper. I am with you heart and soul. I have now to make to you a proposition. Hand over all the musical matters of the church to my keeping and control; free your mind of them altogether. I will give you the best organ, best organist, and best choir in New York, and will meet all the expenses."

I did not answer at once, though of course I saw that this tempting scheme would not work. I had not abolished my musical committee, composed of old members of the vestry, to hand over the whole conduct of the church's music to one

man, however efficient and generous he might be. Mr. C—— saw my hesitation. "Wait a moment," he said, "before you reply to my offer." He rose and went to his desk. "What do you think your parish building would cost?" "About $200,000." He wrote a cheque for that amount, and pushing it toward me, said, "I want to help you; let me."

Here was my dream come true. The old church securing a clear-headed and most generous helper, and the success of my pet scheme assured. But it might not be. If I was to surrender control of one department of my difficult work to one man it could only be a matter of time till other departments would be surrendered also. I could not hold my vestry together if I permitted any autocracy other than my own. I never tried harder in my life to make my side of a question plain than I did for the next few minutes to this good, headstrong, would-be aid of mine, Mr. A. C. C——. But, though I did my best, with sinking heart I knew I must fail. He was a very rich man; he had had his own way; he was wholly bent on having it now, and sooner or later he and I were bound to disagree. Then he would leave me. Besides these general considerations, I could not, I would not give up my large chancel choir idea, its members recruited from the congregation, leading that congregation in its worship because they wanted to lead it, not because they were paid. *I say I would not give up that ideal for any quartet music, however good.*

Often and often in my Cambridge days I used to sit in the evening gloom of that wonderful Henry VII chapel at King's College, listening as the best choir in the University sang some anthem by the masters of their great art. And music and setting moved me. But when I hear a congregation of all sorts and conditions of men joining with heart and soul in such a hymn as Isaac Watts' "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," or Lyte's "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," my whole being, the best that is within me, thrills to what I must believe is the voice of God. Then new hopes are quickened, and old resolutions are reborn. *That is worship.* A man can give to others only what is given to him.

Congregational worship I was going to work for in St. George's. That meant a spontaneous congregational response, inspiring in its unison, whether in prayer or in praise. To me

it was too plain that here, at the very outset, Mr. C——'s ideals and mine were wide apart. Mr. C—— had said, "I want to help you; let me." I replied, "God knows no clergyman in New York needs such help as you can give more than I do, but I cannot have you help me in this way. I cannot surrender the direction of St. George's music to you."

"Then I will never put my foot inside your church again."

I said, "You are doing wrong, sir. You should not have offered me that money."

I never saw Mr. A. C. C—— again. He died a few years later.

I was going to Jekyll Island Club, in 1889, for a much-needed rest. I had been very ill. On the little steamer that took passengers from Brunswick to the Island I met Mr. F. B——. He was, I knew, head of the great concern that Mr. A. C. C—— had been president of. When I knew Mr. C——, Mr. B—— was his secretary. At the club I got to know Mr. B—— pretty well, and he told me that Mr. C—— often spoke kindly of St. George's progress and of me. He had told him all about our falling out, and declared frankly that I had been right and he wrong.

I will depart a little from the order of events in order to tell the sequel of this story. From earliest days I fell into the habit of breakfasting once a week with Mr. Morgan. Shortly after my disaster with Mr. C——, I was at Mr. Morgan's table, and when breakfast was over, I told him the whole story. He listened carefully to all I had to say, but, as was his custom, he said nothing. The parish building scheme he had not heard of before. Twelve months passed, and of it I said no more to him, nor had he made any reference to the matter. One morning in early spring, a shabby hired coupé stopped at the door of the rectory. In it was J. P. Morgan. In those days he never drove in any other vehicle. He was on his way to the steamer; he was sailing for Europe that day. "I have come to bid you good-bye," he said. Then, pulling a letter out of his pocket. "I think this is what you want, Rector. If I have left anything out, you can tell me when I come back." And he was off.

On reading the paper, I found that every single detail of what I had said that morning a year previous had deen re-

membered, and was here specified in this sketch of a deed of gift. On Mr. Morgan's return he and I went over the matter again together, and the result was the following:

To the Rector, Church Wardens, and Vestrymen of St. George's Church
New York City:

GENTLEMEN:

On behalf of the family of the late Senior Warden, Charles Tracy, I wish to communicate to you officially, their wish to erect to his memory a church house to be styled, "The Memorial House of St. George's Church."

My proposition is this: that your corporation shall transfer to me, in fee simple, the plot of ground on East 16th Street.

Upon receiving from you the deed of the property mentioned, I will engage to have erected upon the entire property a church house, which house shall include an adequate chapel and Sunday-school rooms, rooms for the resident clergy, an office for the Corporation, and rooms for the mission work of the parish, these latter to include suitable accommodations for the Boys' and Girls' Clubs, Girls' Friendly Society, Helping Hand, etc., etc. Also bath-rooms and a gymnasium.

When completed, the property to be deeded, free of debt, to the Rector, Church Wardens, and Vestrymen of St. George's Church, New York, on condition that they keep the same in good repair, and use the same exclusively for the parish work in perpetuity.

If this proposition meets your approval, I suggest that a committee, consisting of the Rector, the Wardens, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Cutting and Mr. Tracy, be appointed, with full power to assist in carrying out the same.

Yours truly,
J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

CHAPTER XVI

The Beginnings of an Institutional Church

When shall we learn that what attaches people to us is the spirit we are of, not the machinery we employ?—Matthew Arnold.

The $10,000 fund placed at my disposal provided the means, but where was I to find the men? For the aggressive work I must do, the ordinary Divinity "Theologue" was of no use at all. My greatest difficulty was to find clerical assistance. One good man who had been with me in Toronto, Ralph Bridges, joined me soon. With his aid and some temporary help I kept things going till I could find the material I wanted; but at first this seemed impossible.

The young clergy, or would-be clergy, who presented themselves were plainly not of the stamp I required. They were fresh from the seminary. A man may think, and a man may read, and a man may toil, *but he will never know life unless he lives;* and there the seminary gives him no help at all.

To improve and modernize clerical education was beyond me; but I could do, or try to do something for my clergy, which was not generally done for clerical beginners. If the seminaries were largely responsible for their clerical inefficiency, the relations that were usual between rectors and assistants did little or nothing to remedy a bad start. The assistant clergy I had met in my wanderings all over the United States seemed seldom to have taken any root in the parishes where I found them. They did not get, they did not expect to get, much help from their superiors. They usually read the lessons and prayers abominably, and it was but seldom indeed that any one tried to better either their reading or their preaching. I had known intimately a number of able men, rectors in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but so far as I could see, none of them had made much effort to establish intimate relations with

assistants. Some of the most popular of the clergy never took the trouble to make friends of their assistants at all.

My sympathy had gone out often to those poor, ill-trained boys making a beginning in the greatest profession in the world; preaching but seldom, and when they did, feeling that the people they talked to wanted to hear someone else; and even when they visited, made to feel that their visiting was a bore. It might be that no system could be suddenly invented which would change these conditions, but so far as they could be changed or modified, I determined to try to do it in my own case.

To that end, my clergy should live together in a comfortable, well-found clergy house. There they should find regular hours (which they must keep), good housekeeping, and good food. I would give them teaching and preaching work to do, and would make time to attend the services at which they preached. They, their work, and their preaching I would criticize, openly to their faces, *never behind their backs*, and I would make them believe that I welcomed their criticism *of me*, my plans and my preaching, that I was but a learner and an experimenter, as they were, in the great wide field of human service. So together we would aim at efficiency, and strive hard to be brothers in more than name.

In outline this was my plan for my "boys"—so, as the years passed, they came to be called; and so they called themselves. In all, thirty-six men came to me as assistant clergy in twenty-four years. And the dearest friends I have to-day still so sign their names when they write to me. What the old church came to stand for and what it accomplished was "my boys'" work as truly as mine. God bless them and lead them on forever!

There is an old proverb my mother was fond of—I tried to practise it with my clergy: "Patience, perseverance, and sweet oil will bring a snail to Jerusalem." I believed in sweet oil, but I tried not to engage snails.

Looking back on it all, nothing I have accomplished gives me a deeper satisfaction than my association with my assistant clergy. They were men of very different stamps and very different capacities. One was a saint, one a genius, and only one a thoroughly bad egg (and he, poor boy, had many gifts); one

more, a brilliant man, disappointed me and failed himself. But the average was high.[1] Two became bishops and one a suffragan bishop, and the Protestant Episcopal Church would be the stronger to-day if at least five or six more of them had been elected to the Episcopate.

As a venture of faith, I rented a house on East 17th Street, that backed on to our old Sunday-school building on East 16th Street, next the large and commodious rectory at 209 East 16th Street. Here I would start my clerical family when I had gathered it. And now I will tell how I got the first of my new band—my Saint. I had a letter from an English officer of artillery stationed at Kingston, Ontario, whom I had known when I was in Toronto. "There was a clergyman in Kingston," he wrote, "who needed help from someone badly; brotherly help and counsel." Henry Wilson was born in Peterborough, Canada, 1841. He entered Trinity College, Toronto, where he did more than well, taking two scholarships and an honour degree. In 1883, he received its D. D. Trinity College stood for the High and Dry school of Churchmanship, and Wilson had been of that party. He was chaplain to the Bishop of Ontario, and assistant to the Dean of Kingston. About the time I came to New York, the Salvation Army opened a campaign in Kingston.

At first Wilson stood with the Anglican clergy, who to a man opposed the "Army." After a little it was evident to him that the much-scoffed-at Salvationists were reaching some of his own flock with whom he had for years toiled in vain. Old, bibulous veterans of many years' army service gave up whiskey and began to pray and preach. Never was there a man more wholly given to the service of his flock than was Wilson, and since the evidence of change of heart in the case of many of his own people was inescapable, he went to the Salvation Army meetings and saw what was going on—first silently, later rejoicingly. Some of his own people who had been converted called on him to speak, and soon he was preaching side by side with his newly found allies.

Clerical bigotry in Kingston was extreme. His clerical friends first cut him then denounced him, and the Bishop forbade his association with the "Army." My correspondent,

[1] Charles Scudding, Oregon; E. C. Acheson, suffragan, Connecticut; H. R. Hulse, Cuba.

who knew Wilson well and loved him, said it was evident he could not stand the strain he was under for long, and if he decided to ignore the Bishop's instructions, he would be "unfrocked."

"His rector, the Dean of the Cathedral at Kingston, had insisted on his sending in his resignation; and when he begged his Bishop to license him as a lay preacher, and allow him still to work among the poor and non-church-going people of the diocese, where he had laboured for seventeen years, depending on such offerings as they might give for his services, his request was refused. Both the Bishop of Ontario and the Dean of Kingston finally clinched the matter by insisting 'that he give up all connection with the Salvation Army and withdraw from its grotesque performances.' This Wilson refused to do. Could I help?"

I had never met Wilson, nor did I know anything about him till I received this letter; but the blind folly and ignorant cruelty of the thing moved me. I took a leap in the dark. I wrote, asking Wilson to come to me as assistant. It was taking chances, but I never did a wiser thing. When he arrived, I saw that he was a broken man. He had left behind him all he knew and all he loved. His whole ministry had been spent in Kingston, and there his wife and eldest child were buried. He did not look to me like a man who would do much more work anywhere. That was in 1885. I will skip now seventeen years in the life story of my friend. During those years Kingston never saw him. First with me, afterward with Doctor Simpson, he went on his way serving his Master and helping his fellow-men. In 1908 (I was in Africa) they brought back to Kingston all that remained of Henry Wilson, and laid him beside his wife and his little son. The two ecclesiastics who had cast him out were dead; new men filled their places. By his grave a great crowd had gathered, for fifteen years had not served to blight his memory, or make the people he had loved and served forget their friend. And the new Dean, when he had read the service, speaking not for the English church only but for Kingston town, said: "No man had ever left a deeper impress on the spiritual life of this city."

I went to meet my future friend, and soon I saw that I could not start my clergy-house idea with him, for he was evidently

on the very borderland of a serious nervous breakdown. I took him to the rectory, and after consulting with my wife, lodged him in a large upper bedroom, at the top of the house. I suggested his seeing a doctor, but here he was adamant. He trusted his Master to keep his body as safe as his soul; and I could do nothing with him on that score and never did. I got him to compromise in the matter of toothache; after a fierce siege of it he was persuaded to go to a dentist. How he distinguished in his own mind between surgery and medicine, and where he drew the line, I never discovered, and indeed, never tried, for his simple childlike trust in a God of goodness was a help often to us all who worked with him, and—well, life is more than logic.

For some weeks my wife and I were much concerned about our visitor. At meal times he did not speak, and he spent his time in his room. While I was naturally exercised as to the balanced possibilities and disabilities of saintship in Wilson's case, the man who was to help us both turned up without introduction. The Rev. Lindsay Parker walked into my study one morning and at once frankly said he wanted to be my assistant. He said that he was a Methodist minister in good standing, but he had decided to seek orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Would I help him? Parker captured me from the start: an Irishman, traces of the brogue still unmistakable, but such an honest human soul as looked full at me out of his wide-opened blue eyes!

If I had taken a leap in the dark in choosing Henry Wilson without seeing him, Parker had leaped more heedlessly than I, for he had already withdrawn from the Methodist body without having any idea of the grave difficulties Episcopal legalists had ingeniously pieced together to hedge the door of access to orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Doing so, our church, of course, was only following indisputable Scriptural precedent. Had she not the very highest authority for insisting on the "narrow door"? Surely she had. So let other "religious bodies" (let no man confuse them with *The Church*) do as they would. She, at least, would keep her door of entrance strait and narrow—so strait and narrow that *she always let in the little man, and usually kept the big out.*

Lindsay Parker promised to be too big a man to push through

that door, or, to put the matter plainly, I could see small chance of my getting him into Deacon's orders soon enough to enable him to be of practical use to me. Over the pros and cons we went together. He had a wife and children, no money, no home, no scholarship, worst of all *no Greek*. Then came to me a happy thought. There in my rectory sat Henry Wilson, a first-class Greek scholar; silent, plunged in a deep melancholy. I went upstairs and took Parker with me, and left the two men together.

I wish I could do justice, or anything like justice, to the compelling qualities of Lindsay Parker's charm and bonhommie, allied to an unusually keen wit. He was a second-rate preacher, but one of the best story tellers, and that in many dialects, I ever met. Transparently honest, full of sympathy, but exceedingly wise and shrewd in his judgments of people, rich or poor; the life of the dinner table or the club meeting; always understanding young human nature, and by it understood. He saw the humorous side of everything, and his jokes and stories would draw laughter from a stone. Loving and loyal to me and to all his friends, he brought sunshine and courage with him wherever he went. Who could have foreseen that one who lived "abundantly," if ever a man did, should be doomed to sink for long years into a far more hopeless melancholy than that out of which he rescued his dearest friend? Yet such was nature's cruel decree.

The two men spent the morning together, and Parker had his first lesson in New Testament Greek, and Henry Wilson had found work for which he was well fitted. Great days those first days together were! By extraordinary good fortune I had got the men I needed to help me in laying the foundation I required. Each had his own work, loved it and succeeded in it. My vestry was an unfailing support. Every corner in our insufficient old Sunday-school building was filling up with young people. On Sunday it was crammed. I took my first men's confirmation class in the laundry of the rectory. The great, dark basement of the church was turned into a bowling alley. At this, some of my "best" were rather concerned, but the spirit of the congregation was well expressed by one of Mr. Schieffelin's staff of ushers when one Sunday morning he was questioned by a newspaper reporter. The reporter, coming

early, was shown to a seat high up in the church. He noticed that that morning Mr. Morgan had some difficulty in getting any seat at all. When the service was over, the reporter buttonholed the usher and said: "How do the old St. George's people, like Mr. Morgan there, stand this sort of thing?" "Oh," said the usher, "most of the old stand-bys have gone away long ago, and those that remain will stand anything."

I am not going to weary the readers of my story with long quotations from my year books of early or later days, or with a history of the things I aimed to do and failed to do; or of those I succeeded in doing. But briefly I must outline what was my aim when I began my work in East Side New York. I do this the more readily because if I were a young man to-day beginning all over again (and I wish I were), I should follow the same policy, though naturally I should not always employ the same machinery.

The business of the Christian Church is to lead men on and up. A God all men can believe in is a God resident in man himself. If that is so, man's first duty is to help his brother-man to betterment; and that again means that the Christian Church, which is composed of men believing in and standing for what Jesus stood for, must ever be engaged in any and every effort to help men to rise into fellowship with the Great Master Helper and Saviour of us all.

Putting this philosophy of the Christian endeavour into concrete shape amounts to this: the Church of Jesus should show the way to all sorts of betterment. She cannot do the doctor's work, or the policeman's, or the teacher's, or the mayor's; but she can and should not only protest when these agencies fail in their manifest duty; but further, she must stand ready to illustrate concretely, even in a small way, what should and could be accomplished for good under the circumstances confronting her. That having been done, then let her step out from under, and let her take up some new need, some new reform. If she persists in saying that religion only (in its narrow sense) is her business, men of sense and sympathy will leave her; or, if they do not leave, will occupy themselves less and less with what she is or claims to be. This is what with half an eye any one can see is happening to her to-day. To her, children are brought for baptism; men and women kneel to be

married; and when death comes, crowds who have rarely visited her courts are present to express their respectful regard for the bereaved, and their sense of a common loss. She gracefully and most fittingly blesses life's beginnings, and most eloquently would solace those facing its inevitable close. And there her chief function for these multitudes ends. Their names appear on some church roll, *but in no real sense are they of her.*

There was a time, and not so long ago, when what the Church said in council had immense weight with men. Who pays attention to-day to the wordy reports of even a Lambeth conference, where, gathered from all over the world, two hundred and seventy-two bishops met for weeks, to discuss behind closed doors what are the present duties of the Christian Church? So long as the bishops confine themselves to religious generalities, their pronouncements are in accord with the desires and hopes of good people everywhere. But this is only true of them so far as they deal in generalities. When it comes to speaking plainly on specific ills; to advising courses of action to be pursued, approving some, and singling out others for blame—then it is startlingly evident that these Right Reverend Fathers in God are floundering in uncertain paths; in fact, do not know what they are talking about; and are quite unfit to act as guides to society.

One stands aghast at a group of bishops venturing, as the specially accredited messengers of God, to declare that since syphilis, the most terrible physical curse known to man, may be the result of individual sin, therefore all prophylactic precautions taken against it, even when such were taken by medical service of the Army and Navy, must be condemned as manifestly opposed to the will of a holy and merciful God.[1]

Think of it! This is Episcopacy's *ultimatum* to doctors, chaplains, and officers, servants of their fellows, facing for themselves and for the youth of all lands such conditions of prolonged nerve rack and horror as never have mortal men faced before.

When I showed the report to an eminent physician, a friend of mine, he said: "Is it any wonder that few intelligent men can find time to go and hear such clergy preach?"

The committee was composed of thirty-six bishops, their Sees scattered all over the world. Doctor Ingram, Bishop of

[1] See paragraph 69 of Lambeth Conference report.

London, was chairman, and the Protestant Episcopal Church was represented on that committee by the Bishops of Duluth, Kansas, Texas, and Vermont.[1]

I will tell a story about Bishop Ingram, illustrating the unfitness of that saintly man for the chairmanship of so vitally important a committee. I cannot go further into the matter here. But the report of that committee on the sex relation of man and wife was silly, impracticable, and untrue. Every sensible man knows the report is nonsense, but so far as I have seen none of the church papers have said one word of criticism. Ingram was a close personal friend of my youngest brother, Rev. Marcus Rainsford, Jr., Rector of Paddington, London, who himself told the story to me. Marcus was, like his father, an Evangelical, and his was one of the very few appointments made by the Bishop of London from the Evangelical party.

In my brother's parish was a nice boy, son of one of the prominent members of the church. He married the daughter of an excellent citizen, living close to my brother's rectory, who belonged to an old Unitarian family. My brother married the young couple, and they went to Switzerland for their honeymoon. Sunday fell two or three days after the wedding. On Sunday morning the young couple went to church. It was the first Sunday in the month, and, said the bridegroom to his bride, "Let us take the Holy Communion together." At the church door was posted a notice that the Bishop of London would preach that Sunday.

"Oh," said the boy, "I know him. He is a friend of our rector. I will introduce you to him." They went into the vestry and were cordially received. "Bishop, we were married on Wednesday, and we would like at the beginning of our married life to take the Holy Communion together."

The Bishop was most cordial. "Whose daughter are you, my dear?"

The bride named her father.

"But your father's family are Unitarians. When were you confirmed?"

"Bishop, I have not been confirmed, but I want to join my husband's church, of course, and I would like to take the Holy

[1]See Lambeth Conference, 1920, pages 111–112, MacMillan & Co.

Communion with him, on our first Sunday together as man and wife."

Bishop Ingram was adamant, and refused then and there to give that young thing the Sacrament.

That is what Bishop Ingram did, and I say his action comes near being a sin against the Holy Ghost.

There you have the incorrigible spiritual stupidity of Anglicanism at its worst! And such was the man named by Bishop Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, to preside over and direct the councils of a committee whose findings must go forth to the whole world as the last word of wisdom and direction that that great Communion has to give on matters so vitally important to our race as the relations of the sexes.

But I must get back to my East Side people and tell what applications of the theory I have outlined I was to try to put in practice.

(1) First, if I would reach the neighbourhood, I must win the children. Neglect of child-life in the city at that time was woeful. The public schools were bad.

The Roman Catholic Church largely controlled appointments of teachers. There was no provision whatever in the schools for the very little children. There was *not one single kindergarten in connection with the city schools of New York.* This is hardly believable, but it is the truth.

(2) Auchmulty's fine industrial school was doing good work, but it stood alone. Boys and girls in our public schools had nothing offered to them but books. There was no teaching for the hand or eye, so I would start an industrial school for my boys. In this, and in many other schemes dear to my heart, the kindly and trustful help of my warden, J. P. Morgan, was given me. I laid my plans before him, and he gave me $6,000 a year for many years, and more when I needed it for St. George's Industrial School. It had quite a history, and I shall speak of it later.

One other practical reason I had for that school. From my entrance on work in the East Side I tried to come into touch with the labour unions, and here I found the strange obsession, that to promote the well-being of the labouring man it was necessary to put limits to his education. In brief, I was pressed into starting my school by the discovery that it was

most difficult, sometimes impossible, to find places for likely lads who wanted to learn a trade. They could only learn it by becoming apprentices, and the unions of each trade rigorously cut down the number of apprentices permitted.

(3) Then I saw children and growing boys in the schools given nothing or next to nothing in the way of exercise. I went to the schools and looked around for myself. What I saw was tragically absurd. A few minutes' recreation was due in one school I visited more than once. I waited to see it taken, and what I saw was over one hundred boys, from eight to sixteen, lined up in silence, their toes touching a chalk line. In the next room joyous jabber broke out of a sudden.

"What is going on there?"

"Oh, that is the girls' room."

"Are they toeing a chalk line?"

"Oh, no; they are good; we let them play. But these boys are an unruly lot."

This was said *before the poor, mute, unruly lot.* Some of those outraged boys looked their unspoken protest to me, and I think they saw that I understood the wrong done them. Said I to myself, "My boys shall have a good gymnasium." Oh, the wrongs done the children still are many, but we have "marched," as the French say, since those days of corrupt folly.

(4) I never had forgotten my own first, lonely, dreadfully hot summer in New York, in 1876. Not one holiday in it for me during the torrid period! And I made my plans to do what could be done for the children during the heat. I could send them to the sea; a car-load at first, later two car-loads every day during school vacations. To get this going I went to my ladies and they helped me splendidly. To-day children can go to the country and dabble in the sea. A hundred organizations are busily at work making it possible. It was not so in 1883. I had secured the efficient assistance of the Rev. E. F. Miles, M. D., and Mrs. Miles, and to these competent people I turned over our seaside work.

The first excursion to Rockaway Beach was on June 4, 1883, and every week after that till September 4th a special car went down loaded with children and their parents. Many of those little ones had never seen the sea. This was about the

first thing I did in New York. I am proud of the date of our beginning. Nothing was settled in the old church then. The galleries were not yet opened, nor the changes our new musical arrangements called for made. I knew well that if we could but win the children we would have the parents, too. And that first summer (and it was a hot one) we went for the children of the neighbourhood and laid the foundations of lasting friendship with hosts of them.

Besides the daily excursions, we took two hundred sickly children and their mothers to the sea and kept them there for a week or more. By these four ways of approach I would reach the young. I would get on understandable terms with them and their parents—*outside the church first*—my expectation being that later they would of their own will seek a place inside it. I was not disappointed.

Thus it was that during the first few months of my rectorship I laid the foundations for a new kind of church, the Institutional Church. As time went on it was copied, and sometimes misrepresented and misunderstood; but I believed then and believe still that both in cities and in country it must supersede the older form of religious organization. This latter dealt with the family, provided for the family, had its family pew, and depended on patriarchal family ideas. Those ideas worked well in their time, but that time is not our time. The sort of church I was striving for should appeal to the community as well as to the family. It should do this not by pulpit denouncement of evil things only, but by demonstration of a better way, even if the demonstration had to be but a small affair.

To sum up: My Institutional Church should

(1) Select its points of attack and education wisely.

(2) Be positive, not merely negative; not only attack an evil thing, but illustrate a good thing.

(3) Do this so as to educate the community, not merely to fill the church; and, most important, as soon as this has been accomplished, *get from under*.

I would insist on this last point. Here it is that, in nine cases out of ten, churches all over the land fail.

Hospitals are founded, schools established, dispensaries opened, libraries and a hundred other excellent and necessary

institutions offered to the public; and year in and year out, the patient souls that gave money to found them are pestered to support them, while the fact is, they should not be supported; they should be scrapped, or handed over to lay organization, municipal or state.

The quotation from Matthew Arnold with which I headed this chapter finely stresses the principle I wish to insist on here. You can help your fellows to better living in many ways, but it is the spirit of sympathy, understanding, and love in which you go about it, and in which all your reforms are administered, that can alone make them successful. Real religion is not too common on the highway of life. Yet those who tread it are very really hungry for real religion, and quickly recognize the real thing—and also quickly resent any substitute offered for it.

From our beginning my bishop, Henry C. Potter, gave me his invaluable counsel. None knew our problems better, and none helped more to solve them. He saw what we were trying to do. I tried him sometimes sorely, I fear. Sometimes I frankly differed from him. More than once he saved me from annoyance by quietly pigeonholing the communications addressed to him as head of the diocese, by good people who resented things I said or did. He sent a valuable parcel of the newest books to me when for a year I was in the wilds of Africa. I wish I had not lost the note that accompanied his gift. Ever and always he was my dear friend and wise counsellor—and if he had lived I certainly should not have resigned my orders.

CHAPTER XVII

Avenue A—Work Among the Young

A great drought afflicted the land of Israel. The heavens were as brass, the earth as iron. Water dried up at the fountains and cattle dropped in the stall. The King called his people together, so that the nation should beseech the Lord to send rain upon the earth. Then the King stood forth and made his prayer, but the sky was as brass and the earth as iron. The priests of the temple made their prayer, but the sky was as brass and the earth as iron. And the lords and great men, the wise men and chief captains, made their prayer, yet still the sky was as brass and the earth as iron.

Then there stood forth an old man, poor and in mean clothing, and he made his prayer, and lo! the sky was black with clouds, and there was a sound of abundance of rain.

Then the King and his counsellors and his captains, the priests and the wise men gathered round that poor old man, saying: "And who are you whose prayer has availed with Jehovah, to send rain in the earth?" And he said, "I am a teacher of little children."—Talmud.

The shaping of my work in New York City, whatever was of value in it, took final form from the foundations I laid at its very beginning. I must therefore ask indulgence if I write at some length of our earliest beginnings, and our plannings to win to our church those who had never entered any church, or for long had lapsed from church attendance; and if I dwell on the work done by those dear fellow-soldiers, both clerical and lay, whose loyal aid never failed me while I was their leader.

I do not think it would be easy in any church to find three men more profoundly unlike than were Wilson, Parker, and I. Nor do I think it would be easy to find three who so completely understood and trusted each other, or who worked better together. To get Parker through his examination for deacon's orders gave Wilson all he could do, even when our understanding bishop lent his all-powerful help. It was altogether delightful to me to see the way in which my dear saint's melancholy quickly disappeared, as fog before sunlight. Parker

gave Wilson something to do that was worth doing, and the close, warm friendship that sprang up between the men was a great good thing for them both. Each had an unusually keen sense of humour, and each admired in the other what he knew himself to lack.

There is fascination in adventuring into a new field! This fascination I think we all three keenly felt. Each of us had in that field to find his own special work and go about it in his own way. I always left to my assistants large liberty in this, and the test of my policy came when we went to work collecting the first confirmation classes. I took the men's class, depending on my preaching and visiting to reach them. Parker asked to be allowed to gather a class of his own, and in his own way. And Wilson, who adored little children, who understood them and was understood by them, had the youngest class.

I shall never forget what that first presentation to our bishop of the fruits of our opening work meant to me. We were real fishermen; we had to go out and find and catch our fish. There were by now very few old affiliated families on whose youth we might count to make up our classes. There were not more than twenty such when I became rector, and several of these had sought a more peaceful ecclesiastical atmosphere than St. George's afforded them.

At the very outset Lindsay Parker showed his quality. He elected to canvass the great stores that were then springing up near Union Square. At meal hours he went through them day after day. In a little while there was not a floorwalker and scarcely a sales-lady that did not know and welcome him. Sixty-five such young people, men and women, all or nearly all over twenty years of age, my as yet unordained deacon Lindsay Parker prepared and presented to the Bishop for confirmation. And his was the strongest part of an extraordinarily strong class.

So far I have been telling chiefly of our plans for reaching the young. I have had a purpose in doing this. My conviction was then and is still that the true way to build firmly is to reach the young. If you win them, the future is yours. If you fail to get them, then you face certain ultimate defeat, no matter how many signs of temporary prosperity may attend you. I shall have more to say on this point later, but it was evident

that we must invent some way of reaching the unchurched adult on the East Side, as well as the young people, and of our earliest efforts in this direction I must now give an outline.

I had a notice board fixed to the stone pillars of the church porch. It read: "Come in, rest and pray." Many such can be seen in New York now. Ours was the first and it did steady work, that notice board! It spoke to the passer-by of what the church stood for.

One Sunday morning after service I noticed a gentleman and a lady waiting till others had gone, evidently wishing to speak to me alone. "I have come here to discharge a debt, sir," said the man. "I was a physician in Brooklyn, doing well in my profession and happily married. Looking back, I cannot see any reason why we did not continue to be happy, but meddling friends interfered, we drew apart, and to my shame I confess I began to drink. As I drank more and more we drew further apart. I began to lose my practice. My wife left me, and to make a long story short, in a couple of years I had no home and no practice. I was a lonely man on the way to the pit, and going there as fast as I could go.

"One hot day in July I was wandering about this part of the city and I saw a notice outside this church which I had never seen on any other church. 'Come in, rest and pray.' I went in and threw myself on my knees. I had not prayed for years. I reviewed my life. I knew my wife was a good woman; I knew I still loved her; I believed she loved me; I saw no reason why I should be beaten. I prayed for strength and I got it. I sought my wife. I regained my friends and my professional position. I owe it all to your open church and to your call, 'Come in, rest and pray.' Let me introduce you, sir, to my wife."

The church did not stand on a thoroughfare. For what we were attempting it was not well-placed, for it faced a quiet square and no great thoroughfare ran near us. But into the square came some of the drifting element of the East Side, some "bums," some tired and disheartened folk, and they read our sign, and sometimes came in. They soiled a few cushions, they stole a few church books, but they were never shown the door. Of course they did not come to the church services. Such beaten folk had got too far from any church for that. But

some of them began to show interest in us—and on a cold day, to a badly clothed man, it was a pleasant place. On Sundays I stood at the church door till a few minutes before the services opened. I also got back to the door as soon after the blessing was given as I could.

In August, 1884, I rented, at $5 a day, a large room back of a saloon at 253 Avenue A, between 15th and 16th streets. I persuaded some of the small local storekeepers to display placards I had printed asking the neighbours to come to a religious service on Sunday afternoon. The only entrance was through the saloon, where, in spite of the Sunday closing law, an active trade in drinks of many sorts, all of them strong, was always going on, and a rough crowd was smoking and playing billiards and cards. A questionable environment it seemed for a "baby mission," but the thing in its favour that decided me was that there was no stand-offishness about it. Here was a meeting place of the people I was after, a meeting place of their own choosing and making, not one that the church made and thrust on them. I had walked many, many miles in those dirty swarming streets (where women and children hung in midsummer out of windows and doors in a way that made you think they were pushed out from inside), looking for a place, before I found what I wanted. No. 253 Avenue A suited me well.

Since that beginning in the little Baptist chapel in Bethnal Green almost twenty years before, I had made a good many experiments in the missionary field, but as I made my way, that hot August afternoon, to the saloon in Avenue A, I felt I was on ground absolutely unknown to me. Of what was going to happen I had no idea whatever. I took neither of my assistant clergy. Parker was too fat, and Wilson was as preëminently committed to non-resistance as I was not. I took only two or three volunteer workers, men all. Bryant Lindley was one of them, I remember, and I had more than a suspicion that as he belonged to the church militant he came because he had an inkling we would be in for a scrap. No one could foretell what audience we would get or if we would get any. A friendly policeman begged me to take a cop, but I had thought that over before choosing our ground, and had decided that if I could not carry on this work without the aid of a policeman I'd give up and try something else.

I found the room almost full of children and rough boys, a few poor women, and no men except those whose heads were occasionally thrust through the door dividing us from the saloon, and who were evidently interested only in what a figure these new adventurers into the tenement region would cut. A babel of voices greeted our entering. The boys were on their feet, rushing after each other all round the place—a regular "follow-my-leader" scramble. The girls were there too for a lark, and took their fair share in raising a row. It was a youthful but an exceedingly tough looking crowd.

I called them to order and tried to speak. This brought things to an immediate crisis. Those boys formed a flying wedge. It was well and promptly done, and I was knocked flat on the floor. It was all play, rough play—no viciousness in it, but play with a definite purpose. They knew the purpose; so did I. It was to decide who was the master in that room, and certainly they won the first round. When I got up from the floor we had a lively time of it, singling out the leaders and getting them outside.

As you can imagine, after this beginning the rest of the proceedings were somewhat disturbed. When we had locked up the room and turned homeward the neighbourhood gave us another taste of its quality. I had hardly reached the street when I found that behind me quite a procession of youngsters had formed. They fell into line and where I went they went, joining in a sort of chant as they marched which ran: "Won't he be a comfort to his mummy when he's grown up?"

That first hot afternoon taught me afresh a lesson I was prepared to learn. To the young I must look for my allies. 'Tis they who are ready to follow a leader. St. George's future on the East Side depended on its success or its failure in winnng the confidence of its neglected little ones.

Here I had my first real meeting with the living thing Jacob Riis afterward immortalized as "Tony,"[1] and I love to remember that Riis first saw Tony pasting the ugly old stained-glass windows of St. George's (the lower ones) with mud. If we had things to teach Tony, Tony certainly had much to teach us. His home a slum tenement, no room or little room for him at school, no understanding of him when he did get a place

[1]See chapter on "Four Dinners" for the story of how Tony made good.

in school, and when he broke from school's unsympathetic and most unnatural restraint, then a bad law, shamefully administered, which tied his wild, vivid boyhood up with older and vicious criminals, in a prison for truants. No place to play but the street, and no peace in the street for the ubiquitous "cop," his natural enemy. Everything that stood for order and for property, the policeman, the landlord, the church, all were against him. Even in the parks he was faced with "Keep off the grass." So there was nothing left him but the gutter.

Yes, as I got up that afternoon with very considerable difficulty and delay from the accumulated dirt of that squalid room back of the saloon on Avenue A, my heart went out to those romping ragamuffins who had thrown me on the floor. What a dirty and neglected crew they were, and yet what infinite possibilities! What abundant life was packed away under their ragged jackets! I had started out intending to reach their fathers and mothers, and *here the children had pushed in between.* Though they may not have been aware of it, they had a purpose. They wanted to see and know if we had anything to give them worth while; if to their so empty and neglected lives we could bring anything better than they had been accustomed to.

I shook as much of the filth off my clothes as I could and went home with much to think about.

When I look back on my twenty-four years of service in St. George's, I cannot remember that I ever failed to win a response when I called for volunteers for any work, however difficult. I never asked for aid in any undertaking that required more tact and patience than did this business of the Avenue A Sunday School, and never did I have aid more efficient. Some of my strongest and best new members came at once. Frederick H. Betts, a noted lawyer and a member of my vestry, and Mrs. Betts, Miss Blandina Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. T. Bryant Lindley (now in Africa), Mrs. James M. Ruggles, Mr. H. E. Eggleston, and a few more came and, what was even more important, stayed with the school till we could move it up to 16th Street, which finally we did with very little loss of personnel.

The effect that little school had (we opened it first on Sunday afternoons, then in the mornings as well) on the whole work of the church was profound. It illustrated and explained our purpose as nothing else could. The place came to serve as

a common meeting ground, a modest bridge across which East Siders who had given up all church life did seek and find a place in the great congregation composed of all sorts and conditions of men. But to win and hold that meeting ground took intelligent, self-denying, and regular work; and for giving it, a debt is due to that first little band of volunteers who so promptly came to my call.

I will tell another story of those early days. One Sunday afternoon I noticed a big, strong, fine-looking young man come into the room after I had opened the school. He stood at the door looking over the classes. There were a dozen, with about one hundred boys and girls. Presently he picked out a class of elderly boys taught by a good-looking lady and seated himself at the upper end of the form near her. I watched him and presently saw my teacher's face flush as she moved her chair farther away from the man. I suspected what had happened. The man was drunk and was talking smut to the teacher. I walked over and told him to get out. He looked defiance and refused to move. I said, "We are here to help you people, and you know it. This lady only comes here because she wants to help you. She is not paid anything for coming; you know that, too. Now you are enough of a man to respect a lady. Why do you sit here and try by your talk to make it impossible for her to teach her boys or to come here at all? You are drunk or you would not do so unmanly a thing. I don't want to call a policeman. You get up and go out of the room quietly."

I was watching my man carefully, meanwhile. He was just drunk enough to be ugly and there was fight in his eye. So I edged my foot back a bit till I felt firmly the iron leg of the form that was screwed to the floor and got a good purchase against it. I had spoken quietly, not raising my voice, and as I said "Go out," he swore at me and jumped to his feet. He was almost as tall and quite as heavy as I was, but before he could raise his hands I hit him on the chin with all the power of arm and body I could put into a right-hand jog. He went down in a heap and lay there. When he began to come to I stood over him and said, "Have you had enough?" He said, "Yes." "All right; now get out," and he went.

Some weeks after we got into a slight scrimmage outside the Sunday-school room with some toughs, one of whom seemed to

want a fight. To my horror I saw, elbowing his way through the crowd, this same tall handsome rascal that I had knocked out, and I began to feel that I was in serious trouble. To my amazement and relief he walked up to the ringleader and said, "The Doctor and me can clean out this saloon; you get out." He got out at once.

My story has a tragic ending: I think it must have been a year later when the big fellow came to me at the rectory one night. "Doctor, I do want to go straight. I have been a bartender; I have been a thief." He linked the two professions together. "I can get a good paying job in more than one saloon round here for I know the boys and they come where I am. But whiskey makes me a brute as you know, and as long as I tend bar I can't keep away from it and I can't break with the gang. I want to quit drink, and I want to quit the 'business,'" (of a thief, he meant), "and I have tried and tried, but I can't get another job. The cops know me and are against me. If you will trust me with the money I'll work a push cart, and I think I can make it go."

"How much do you want?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

I gave him the money and said what cheering things I could, for here was Tony grown up and I truly longed for that man. He was so fine and well-built, so handsome and strong; vice had not yet spoiled either his face or figure. A splendid bit of manhood gone wrong—nay, more, pushed wrong. He would have made a first-class soldier.

In a couple of months he paid me back the money. It was some time before I saw him again, but one night he came to my study at 209 East 16th Street.

"It's no good, Doctor. I can't make it. I did well at first, but these damned Jews are crowding me out. I am going back into 'business,' but I won't do it any longer in a small way, and I'll promise you one thing: I'll never take another man's life." He had made up his mind and I could not move him.

Not very long after a band of three burglars were cornered by the police in the act of boring the safe of a large bank, I think in Jersey City. One of them, at the point of the pistol, held off the police while his confederates escaped. At last the police rushed him and beat him down. He had held them up

with an *unloaded* revolver. It was my poor fine "Tony" of Avenue A. I saw him in prison, where very soon he died of galloping consumption.

I have said at the beginning of this chapter that we three worked well together. I found that Wilson had above all other desires a passion for trying to reach and save the "down-and-outers." It was its appeal to these that had drawn him to the Salvation Army at Kingston, in the '80's. At that time the East Side was thronged with human failures, advertising their failure to get a meal. There were missions many and bread lines long, and the offer of a hot cup of coffee and a sandwich would quickly fill any downtown mission hall. In the adult work of Avenue A I gave my dear Saint his head and the best financial support I could afford. He drew round him, as was natural, a following of men and women who also preferred work of this sort to any other. Together day and night, for many years, they sought in street and tenement and in the mission the shifting and most elusive "bum." Gradually I had given up, perhaps more even than I knew, my appeal to that class. I preached on the streets sometimes, and at all sorts of halls and missions, but the conviction grew on me that I could accomplish better work in other fields. The most lost bum was not always a bum. That is the tragic feature of the situation. Yet I could not avoid facing the fact that once a man has sunk to real bum-dom, the chance of lifting him out of such a life is small indeed.

I have known many bums who were not drunkards at all. One extraordinarily clever fellow never came to Avenue A without his Horace in his pocket, which he knew from cover to cover; and he was a better classicist than Wilson, and Wilson was a good classicist. Where he came from or how he came to be what he was he would never tell. I do not think that man had ever done an honest day's work in his life.

I supported Wilson at Avenue A with paid assistants sometimes. I think S. H. Hadley was the ablest of these. William James, in "The Varieties of Religious Experience," pages 201-03, gives Mr. Hadley's own account of his conversion. He was an exceedingly good speaker, and had had long experience in dealing with the male wreckage of great cities. No better or more capable missioner could be found. We gave him in all

things his own way, and he had back of him an able and enthusiastic support.

We put into that mission all our energy. For the time being other church work was regarded as of secondary importance. But its results, so far as I could judge of them, were far from satisfactory. I felt more convinced than ever that the emphasis was wrong. *A down-and-out man, a bum, a drunkard, these are the very last who should be pushed to their feet to tell to others a religious experience that they have had or suppose themselves to have had.* To do so is to strike strings already out of tone, and none I think can attend such services and listen for long to the experiences they produce and attach real importance in permanent value to the one or the other. Dealing with human nature is serious and responsible work, and to suppose that mortal moral wounds that have drained the life blood for years can be quickly cured by a "first aid to the injured" sort of religion is a very dangerous error. That is my criticism in a nutshell of the Gospel Mission method of saving a city's "rounders." We have only a short time to work and very limited means to work with. Our duty is to employ that time and those means in the most fruitful way we know.

There are degrees of lostness in men. It is folly to ignore them. Though we worked long and faithfully at Avenue A, we succeeded in drawing into healthy church relationships a few, only a few, of those adults who had lapsed from all church attendance for a long time. We did not, so far as I can remember, get one single genuine "down-and-outer" to join the church. But we got children for the asking, and during my twenty-four years' rectorship we received into the church's membership more than three thousand young people from the East Side alone.

As I read over what I have written I feel that I may seem to criticize unfairly the work of some of the very best men I have known. Such is not my desire. But here again in New York I could not but see that the same mistake had been made, and still was being made, that the Evangelical party I knew so well had made in England long before. The church's emphasis was wrong. Men outside her fold were crying not for *rescue* but for *justice*. They called for bread; we gave them a stone—a religious stone.

The church's policy was a hand-to-mouth policy; for the contaminating and spreading evil of a bad environment the church had no policy at all. To comfort and help with doles an overworked and "sweated" family was not what was wanted and the sufferers knew it. What was needed was a radical change in those conditions that made such householding possible.

I have referred to the Evangelical party's blindness to the church's social duty to the poor, but such blindness was not confined to one party. High Churchmen were just as convinced as were Low that reforms were none of their business. Certain facts came to my knowledge as to conditions obtaining in some of the houses owned by Trinity Corporation. Not only was the church getting rent from saloons, but at least one brothel I knew of was church property. I laid the facts I had learned before my senior warden, Charles Tracy. He satisfied himself as to the facts, and he and I then called on the rector, Doctor Dix, who referred us to the vestry, the clerk of which body at that time was a personal friend of Mr. Tracy. Mr. Tracy wrote stating the facts, and asking for action by Trinity vestry. Two letters passed between my warden and that body, still nothing was done. Mr. Tracy and I then stated that if in the specific case we named the matter was not attended to, we would be obliged to bring it up before the Diocesan Convention of the Church. Under such pressure at last action was taken.

There are many who are disheartened as they face the evil of a great city. If they but knew how great has been the advance since the time I speak of they would not be so despondent. The moral advance in the life of the community has been a steady advance. But as an agency for effecting God's will, the churches have lost a great chance. They are not reaching and there is small prospect that they will reach the labouring class. They are *not* associated, in the worker's mind, with any intelligent, persistent effort to gain, for him and his, common justice. They turned a stupid, deaf, unbrotherly ear to Labour's bitter cry, and Labour has now turned away its ear from the Church's appeal. Labour told us what it wanted years ago; common sense should have told us it was only justice it wanted. In the United States as in England Labour wanted a fair show, a fair chance to launch its little boat on life's great sea. In short,

sympathetic aid in bettering an unfair, uneconomic, and unjust condition of life. To such a demand "Come to Jesus and be saved" is no answer whatever.

But though we did not gain the outcasts who came to our mission, the work there done by scores of devoted speakers and teachers and visitors had a widespread and lasting effect on the neighbourhood, and we gained a firmer hold on the growing boys. Doctor Wilson was much more than a mission worker. He was an admirable class leader, and to his call came from the very beginning a number of growing boys and young men. No less than eighty-two joined the Doctor's morning Bible class, and from that class quickly was formed a brotherhood. The effectiveness of that first organization, formed exclusively from the class we were trying to reach, was one of the most encouraging things I ever saw in my life. They came to us, they were part of us. The class grew to a membership of one hundred and ninety in three years.

When Wilson left me, the Hon. Seth Low, who had become a member of the vestry, took it over, and with great regularity, amid the press of innumerable engagements, remained its leader for many years. When at last he resigned, Mr. Low said to me, "I have filled a good many positions, as Mayor of Brooklyn, President, of Columbia, and Mayor of New York, but in no position have I had so valuable an opportunity of coming to understand my fellow-men as in this Bible class." And that class had its beginnings in the dirty room behind the saloon, No. 253 Avenue A, August 4, 1884.

There was soon no more rowdiness in the Avenue A Sunday School. It became orderly, attendance grew from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty. The children came on time and came regularly, and the very poorest brought their pennies. Twenty-five dollars was given by the children to missions, the second year of the school. *Think what those pennies represented in actual self-denial to these poorest of the poor.*

Our next venture was a kindergarten in Avenue A. My wife was the first to urge this step. She had a genius for understanding little children. That kindergarten deserves a chapter to itself. It was the second of its order in the great city. But its little ones were often my best helpers, for they opened to us the door of many an East Side home.

I look back on the first few years of my work in St. George's and the East Side with peculiar pleasure. I had found two most unusual fellow-workers in Wilson and Parker; found them when I was beginning to despair of securing the sort of assistant clergy I needed. Once the parish work had gained head, once it was established on approximately the lines I had decided on, the work itself trained my young clergymen. It rubbed and squeezed excessive "seminarism" (to coin a long word) out of them. They soon found that many of those they were set over knew far better how to reach people than they did; and a mutual spirit of loving fellowship and common service drew clergy and laity into friendships that lasted till death.

But to establish that sort of education work, to spread that sort of spirit from its very beginning was of vital importance, and it was these two men who made it possible. After they left me I depended largely on my admirable lay workers to "break my young clerics in."

We formed a habit of walking daily round the park (Stuyvesant) together after morning prayer; and during that half hour we exchanged experiences and made plans, and last and not least told stories. Stories of Wilson's adventures with his bums, which by the way he always kept to himself at first till Parker, who infallibly guessed at a good story, if Wilson had one, managed to drag it forth. Then the "Holy one" (as Parker laughingly called him) would let his last pet cat out of the bag, and from the windows overlooking the park decorous ladies were scandalized, I fear, at seeing three clergymen fairly contorted with laughter. Here is one of his stories that he succeeded in keeping to himself for quite a time.

He had begged for an all-night prayer meeting at Avenue A, and he had his way. Bible reading, exhortation, singing, and prayer. The night was well advanced, and the meeting had become, as was inevitable, a sort of religious endurance test. One after another had prayed for anything and everything he could think of. From generalities the petitioners had passed to personalities. They prayed for the mission, for the church, for the clergy, for themselves, and as time passed, the names of many attendants at the meetings came to mind. "O Lord, bless Widow X," prayed one, "send her someone to pay her rent." "Amen." "Send her a barrel of coal." "Amen."

"Send her a barrel of cabbages." "Amen." The petitioner's list was giving out and here came a pause. "O Lord, send her—send her—a barrel of pepper—oh, hell, that's too much pepper." After that Wilson thought it was time to go home, which they all did.

One more story, not of the slums. Wilson was a conscientious visitor, and greatly enjoyed that part of his work. We each had a district of our own to visit, and what we learned in visiting was duly reported.

Among the names Wilson found on his visiting list was one "Potter." Wilson was vaguely under the impression that he had heard that name as belonging to an actress. (The Bishop's niece was an admired actress then.) He entered a charming home and was kindly greeted by his hostess, but neither the interior nor its mistress suggested the theatre. In time the conversation turned to matters of religion, and Wilson asked if the good lady's husband attended any church regularly. "He is a great church-goer, but he wanders round a good deal." Wilson tried to suggest that it might be better to settle on one church, but the lady here put him off, saying that he must call again and talk the matter over with her good husband himself. Wilson agreed and, calling again, was introduced to Henry C. Potter, his Bishop.

After seven years of invaluable aid, Wilson resigned his assistantship in order to become associate pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle Church, 44th Street and Eighth Avenue, whose pastor was Doctor A. B. Simpson. From an ecclesiastical point of view his continuing in Episcopal orders after taking this step was of course irregular, and for a time I greatly feared he would be obliged to resign his orders. But the Bishop's kind patience and wisdom saved a good, and at heart most loyal, servant for our church.

> There are, in this loud, stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of everlasting chime.

Of such was Henry Wilson. Wherever they are, our world is the better for their passing, but seldom are they balanced men. They see and feel and believe too intensely to have an

all-round view of things; and this was my dear friend's limitation. When his fine loyalty to me made him unwilling to preach, morning, noon, and night, a gospel of bodily health in St. George's parish, he felt he could no longer stay there as assistant, and in my absence (I was very ill at the time) practically committed himself to Doctor Simpson. When I returned I did what I could to retain my friend by my side, but it was in vain. Failing in this I went to Bishop Potter, but my dear Saint had got ahead of me, and in a letter, dated October 22, 1891, had declared his intention of giving up his orders, and resigning from the Episcopal Church.

There was no precedent, so far as I know, for Wilson's course or the Bishop's action in ignoring its irregularity, but ignore it he finally did, and for many years a band of men and women who were trying to serve their Master and help their fellow-men met regularly, at eight o'clock on Sunday mornings, in a little room fitted up as a chapel on one side of the Tabernacle on Eighth Avenue, and there Wilson administered to them the Sacrament he loved, after the order of the old Church he also loved with all his heart.

Here fittingly I must close the story of my friend. After he left me we seldom met. His path led one way, mine another. Two or three times a year we exchanged letters, and I cannot refrain from printing the last I received from him. It was written a few weeks before he died, almost sixteen years after we had parted, and I received it in Africa, when he was dead:

June 22, 1907.

My beloved Friend,—

Your dear face, in a picture over my bed, looks at me every morning and evening as I rise and retire. But much oftener than that, many times a day and in the night, I lift you up in loving prayer "to Him who ever liveth to make intercession." That is the one thing I can and will do for you, dear heart, for whom I would give worlds, if I have them, to have you back and fit for work.

As for me and my work, of which you ask. I am well and thoroughly happy in it. Twenty thousand miles travelled last year; meetings in seventy cities and towns, meetings thrice and four times a day, and this with a spring of joy not known in the old days. Hardly an ache or a pain for twenty-five years, and so young and fresh in feeling that I am like a boy at play more than a man at work. You, too, will renew your youth—even yours.

Ever loving,
Henry Wilson.

If we are really honest with ourselves we must admit that it is a rare thing to know a man who, without hesitation or backward look, is willing to place his very all on the altar. Such was he. He was wholly given to his Master, mind, body, goods. He was not his own, and "the life that he lived in the flesh, he lived by the faith of the Son of God." Thousands of children, and thousands no longer children but who as children first knew him, thank God that they ever looked into his handsome, kindly face.

Churches have few honours for holy men; not while they live. Honours do not seek them, and they are too fully occupied with "the King's business" to seek after anything else. But still to-day Christiana and her children, as they set their faces toward the Celestial City, are led and guarded as of old by Mr. Greatheart. His shining armour and holy courage they, at least, are quick to see. And Mr. Greatheart himself was no more stainless soldier than was this humble, fearless man of God, who worked so joyously to the very end. The King's highway will be lonelier to many because he no longer treads it with them.

Two other enterprises we undertook in those early days. One was a failure; the other a great success. I was urged to undertake a mission in the old Epiphany House, 130 Stanton Street. I found in two or three years' time that it was beyond our strength, and when St. George's gave it up, Bishop Potter took personal charge.

I hope I learned things of value by our failure at the old Epiphany House. I had at least an opportunity of measuring difficulties that cannot be appreciated by those who have not had experience in dealing with the massed foreign populations to be found in New York. I can say I know how these people should *not* be served, and that is the way all the churches, excepting the Roman Catholic (and in her case I can only make a partial exception), have attempted and still are attempting to serve them. There is no true strategy in present missionary effort. The little churches and little men are set to attempt the biggest and hardest jobs. Where our social neglect and selfishness and short-sightedness have resulted in the denial of all beauty and spaciousness to the toilers of our city, there should the Church come, bringing both.

The small mission church, struggling to live, equipped with second-rate machinery, human and material, can never succeed and is a waste of energy. We were facing then and we are facing still the fact that, excuse it as we may, the policy of all the Christian churches has been one of retreat. When problems have increased the churches have solved them by getting out. There was no true courage in leaving the south of the island and crowding to the north of it. If it was inevitable it was on its face an admission of defeat. It was an admission that the churches were institutions intended for and supported by the rich and the well-to-do—that they had lost the power of winning the poor. I say if the modern city church has got to that point, let her confess it. But to go north and leave a half-starved mission behind her is not only a cowardly policy but a dishonest policy as well.

Considerations like these I had in mind when the scheme for a great New York Cathedral[1] was laid before the public, and naturally I longed that that great church should stand among the poor. I hope that the Cathedral on Morningside Heights will some day draw within its spell all sorts and conditions of people. But when Bishop Potter set himself to push that enterprise, I pleaded for a downtown Cathedral, set in a great block of open ground where, in the name of Jesus, beauty from without and within, and with beauty breathing space for the smothering millions, might make their appeal to those folk who so sorely needed both.

I am not now finding fault with the choice of the site made, but I am still convinced that the way to reach the non-church-going un-Americanized masses is to place the great churches where they are face to face with the great social need of men. In such places the old cathedrals were builded, and well they did their work. *There is the place for the modern cathedral.*

I learned one thing of great value to me at the old Epiphany House: that was that German and often Jewish parents, who refused to darken a church door themselves, were ready and eager to coöperate with us when we tried to gain their children for our schools and classes. It really seemed that the farther the Germans lived from the church, the readier they were to

[1]The Bishop made me one of the Cathedral Trustees, but the present site was fixed on before my election to that body.

have their children go there. In short, the old Epiphany House but confirmed what Avenue A had witnessed: *you can win the second generation, if you have failed with the first.* I state the simple fact when I say that, from 1885 to 1906, a steady flow of children born of German parents into the active membership of St. George's never ceased. They came into the church and they stayed in it, and they supported it with their work and their money, too, both willingly and liberally given. And to this day, scattered all over the city, they call themselves St. George's folk.

When I resigned my rectorship in 1906, quite one third of the membership of St. George's was German born. And I will say yet another thing about these German neighbours of mine, who would not come regularly to the church, but who did trust us with their boys and girls. They were, when the World War broke out, with very, very few exceptions, *right loyal citizens of the land of their adoption.*

And now I must speak of the second enterprise I referred to, which was a success. St. George's Boys' Club was organized on January 7, 1884, at a meeting held in St. George's rectory, there being present Messrs. Murray, Waterworth, Lockwood, Minturn, and Collins. Evert Wendell afterward joined the group. These young men felt that they were not specially fitted for Sunday-school or ordinary mission work, and preferred to try to reach and help the boys of the neighbourhood by way of a social club.

I told them to go and look the ground over, and any plan they agreed upon I would support. A crowd of boys was easily collected, and on Monday and Thursday evenings these young men met the lads. At first the aim of the organization was just to give a good time. Later a small house, 237 East 21st Street, was rented, a library was opened, and at the boys' request classes were undertaken. A type-setting class was a success, and the boys themselves organized a debating society. Next, classes in stenography and drawing and modelling and carpentry all drew applicants. Remember, at this time there was no industrial training whatever given in the public schools. Auchmulty's Industrial School was the one place in the whole city where a poor lad could learn the rudiments of the trade he would adopt for life.

Remember, also, that most mistakenly the labour unions placed limitations on the number of lads that were permitted to seek apprenticeship in the various trades, and there was no other door of entrance open to them. This has been denied vigorously, of course, but from my own direct knowledge I know it to have been true.

I need not tell at length the ups and downs of our boys' industrial club, nor of the many changes we made in the methods adopted. Evert Wendell, playing his own accompaniments, and singing innumerable songs, was its chief apostle. It very steadily grew into a teaching school. Fun was not absent, there being a gymnasium that was well patronized, and the seaside for its regular members in summer. But a good time, if it was needed by the East Side boy, was a secondary need. Our boys were in danger of starting wrong in life and staying wrong. I said that the parents were our willing allies in doing what they could to induce their children to come to our Sunday Schools and week-day classes; but this aid of theirs was apt to lessen, sometimes to cease altogether, sometimes to change into opposition, as soon as the children were fourteen years or older. After that age, it was pathetic to notice what a large proportion of them thought first of the two and a half or three dollars their children could earn weekly. What their work might be did not seem to matter much. I found parents, not bad parents either, who actually did not know what work their children were doing, or even where they were doing it.

The times were hard, cruelly hard. There were many out of work, but such blindness to life's real values means, in after years, a crop of men and women who are a charge on the community; and any one can see that religious appeals to emotional natures can do little to alter such parents or save for the future the children brought up in such tenement homes.

The study of these conditions led me to attempt an industrial school, not, as I have repeatedly said, to take the place of any institution already existing but rather as an illustration in a small way of what most evidently the East Side needed sorely, though the East Side might prove stubbornly ignorant of its own need. Speaking to my people of the need of an industrial school and of our aim in starting it, I wrote in 1893:

So long as the public schools do not deal with industrial education, and at present, alas! they do not, there is no more important work connected with this parish than this I propose to you. Our whole idea of education needs to be raised and developed. The public schools of New York are lamentably behind the times; and what the Church should do is to set an example of a higher standard for growing girls and boys, and establish kindergartens for the very little ones, until at length this example shall have done something to create a healthier public opinion, and at last our Boards of Education gain light on educational matters seemingly at present denied them.

If Henry Wilson and Lindsay Parker had set their stamp on the early religious work of St. George's by commending in the right way to the right people the new aim of St. George's Church, I was again to be supremely fortunate in the allies I found for laying on wise and true and broad foundations our industrial work as supplementary to our religious among East Side youth. The Rev. Theodore Sedgwick joined my staff in 1891. He was one of the most faithful and indefatigable servants of his fellows I have ever known. He loved and understood boys, and so boys trusted him. He won hearts wherever he went. To him I handed over the industrial school —a difficult job—and splendidly did he discharge his duty to it.

We had then over five hundred youths, between fourteen and twenty, owning some sort of connection with the church. A large proportion of these lads stood in need of just what the industrial school was founded to give them, but if they were to gain and benefit from it, a regular attendance on their part was the first thing necessary. Open the school and they were ready to crowd in; but if they could not be depended on to come to the classes in which they had been placed and to come on time, no lasting benefit could be had; money would be wasted, and good instruction could not be obtained. Sedgwick divided up the would-be scholars into groups of from twelve to twenty and to each group a gentleman visitor was appointed. It was his business to be present on certain nights at the school; to be present regularly, and then to see which of his lads were absent, visiting them there and then.

I pleaded in St. George's for more college and business men to offer themselves for this oversight of our East Side lads. I had an immediate response. Among the newcomers I remember Theodore H. Price and Stewart Wortley.

The worry of providing the needed money had broken down our first attempt. Now my senior warden came to my aid, anonymously as usual, for Mr. J. P. Morgan's name never was appended to any good work when he could avoid it; and free from this care, full of hope, and well organized for the difficult venture into totally new fields, we started.

In a short while the number of those wishing to attend had shrunk from more than four hundred to about two hundred, but what was of infinitely greater importance than the shrinking was the fact that we were holding the two hundred. (In a couple of years we had many more applicants than we could take in.) But important as was the visiting end of this endeavour, the school's success mainly depended on its teaching staff of trained and paid men. Here again fortune gave me its very best. The first superintendent was Mr. George E. Tuthill, and under him were two assistants, Mr. Arthur Hamerschlag and Mr. Ball.

Arthur Hamerschlag, himself a graduate of Auchmulty's trade school, took over the management of the school shortly after its fresh start. For many years he worked his will in it, chose its masters, and directed it in matters great and small, and in that narrow East Side house of industrial education showed to those who could see that he understood the true nature of the educational problems that must be solved if, as a people, we are to prosper.

Of nothing in all my life work am I prouder than that with me he had his first independent job; and I rejoice when I think that in his early and so happy association with poor people and rich people, wise people and foolish people in old St. George's, he gained a knowledge of his fellow-men which enabled him to fill brilliantly the places that were inevitably assigned him among the progressive educators of the United States.

Many were the talks he and I had, and the plans we made about the boys and for them, in those early days. Nor did we in our theorizing leave the girls out. And so it came to pass that many years after he had taken sole charge of my little school, I came to stand, on a first great Commencement day, before a splendid audience in Pittsburgh, and make the address of welcome to the women graduates of that institution, who then took the first diplomas bestowed for proficiency in a

new field of study, woman's own field, "the Science of the Home."

Women gain what they demand persistently. It is right that they should. Women demanded that the universities be opened to them on the same conditions as they are open to men. Slowly, grudgingly, yet inevitably, those doors have opened or are opening.

Women demanded that they should compete with men in oral and written tests of knowledge in classrooms or laboratories. Under such testing they held their own. But women were and still are slow to see, strangely enough, that when they have gained efficiency in co-educational fields they still are not educated; and that no success won in competition with men can be an evidence of a sufficient education for women. The man is a man; the woman remains, for all her masculine accomplishment and learning, a woman. A man cannot have a baby and a woman can, and ought to have several. And any scheme of education, however brilliant and alluring, that leaves out this immense and radical distinction in educating the sex is a totally inadequate plan.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave $2,000,000 to develop women's education in connection with the Institute of Technology, founded and endowed by him at Pittsburgh,[1] and there, for the first time, on a broad and sound foundation, such a scheme of study was offered to the young women of the city. The home is woman's province undisputed, and the first step she must take in order to fill it to the joy and pride of others and to her own lasting happiness is to understand the profound obligation that sex imposes and motherhood entails. Our women have graduated in many classes of knowledge, but, alas! multitudes of them are sadly ignorant in this. Taking them in the mass, they are not very successful mothers, and quite the worst and most extravagant cooks in the world.

Mr. Carnegie was always remarkably well advised in the partners and assistants he chose to aid him in his ventures. His great success has been largely ascribed to his judgment of such men. When he sought a man to place at the head of the

[1]The Margaret Morrison Division of the Institute Technology at Pittsburgh was an experimental project in the science of the home. It was a leader in that field. For its development Mr. Carnegie gave $2,000,000. Simmons College in Boston and McDonald Institution in Canada offer a similar course of instruction.

Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh as director, he combed the country, and his final choice fell on Arthur Hamerschlag.

Hamerschlag had been with me for many years, and we were paying him $1,500 a year. When this great work was offered, with its salary of $10,000, he asked my advice. I advised him to accept, rejoicing that to so admirably fitted an educator such a field for usefulness was offered.

Some three weeks after his acceptance he received a note requesting him to call at Mr. Carnegie's house in New York. The great man received him affably and then said: "Mr. Hamerschlag, I expected you to call on me when you accepted the directorate of this Institute. It is not every day that a young man is offered a job with $10,000 a year salary." Hamerschlag hesitated and then replied:

"Mr. Carnegie, I thought it would be more becoming in me to wait first before calling on you. Sir, you are a busy man, and I knew if you desired to see me you would send for me."

"Yes," said Mr. Carnegie, "but it is not every day that a young man receives a salary of $10,000 a year."

Soon after Hamerschlag was installed, and at work. I chanced to meet Mr. Carnegie at a men's dinner at a friend's house. There were eighteen guests, and Bishop Potter was of the number. Everyone knows that Mr. Carnegie dearly loved to chaff the clergy, and he was wont to carry his badinage quite as far as good taste allowed. He specially loved to banter Bishop Potter.

Now our Bishop could generally hold his own in any company he found himself in, and he was on occasion a master of his rapier. Mr. Carnegie's methods, however, suggested the cudgel rather than the sword, and that evening when cigars came and servants left, he seemed to me to go rather far in his raillery.

I waited my chance and when a pause came said, "Mr. Carnegie, I do not think you are fair in your attack on the clergy."

"Why not, Doctor Rainsford?"

"Why, because, sir, when all over the land you were searching for a man to take direction of the splendid endowment by which you wish to be remembered in Pittsburgh, you finally chose, and wisely, a young man who has been for many years head of St. George's trade school and a member of St. George's Church.

I congratulate you on your choice, sir, but it's not good taste to rail at the church that gave him to you."

"Well, Doctor Rainsford, I'll pray for you, sir; I'll pray for you."

Then I had my chance. "Thank you, sir; but I'd rather you paid in a coin you were more accustomed to."

Many years after I suddenly almost jostled Mr. Carnegie one afternoon on Fifth Avenue, as he feebly made his way to his carriage. He recognized me instantly, and holding out his hand said, "I won't cross swords with you again, young man." All of which may sound egotistical, but it is worth telling.

How I hate to turn away from Avenue A and its memories! I think they are perhaps the best in my life. Avenue A brought to me some of the truest friends I have had, and one of the best of them was Jacob Riis. A lover of, a believer in the East Side boy was Jacob Riis. He cried:

> Save Tony, and you save the future. *He is himself the to-morrow.* It matters less what tongue he speaks, or which he is spoken to in, than that he is spoken to at all. He is yours for the asking, if you will but ask. Were it not so, our immigration problem would be a problem indeed not to be endured. Tony is the really important member of the family. The rest will follow where he goes. I have said enough to show the way all this is tending, which to me means the mission of Christianity in the world. If it has not that, if it is not here to make men better, to make them brothers, if it lack the power to do *that*, it were better that every lofty church spire in the land be laid low until the lesson be learned.

So wrote Riis nineteen years ago. As I write, millions of defeated folks are turning to our land as a land of refuge and of hope. There is a greater need than there was, even when Jacob Riis wrote, to go after Tony. It can be done; it must be done, but it is not being done yet, as Christian love and national safety and honour cry to all good men and women to do it.

CHAPTER XVIII

Testing of Men and Measures and John R ——

The spring of 1889 found St. George's prospering exceedingly. Not only was the church packed at the eleven o'clock service Sunday morning, but at the early Communion Service there were present more than a thousand communicants, the vastly larger portion being young wage workers. The attendance at the Sunday School and the various young people's classes connected with it had so grown that the rectory, the church basement, the deaconess house, the clergy house, the Avenue A mission house, as well as a hall we had hired near by, were all filled to overflowing. One of the unusual features of this youthful crowd was that in it there were more males than females. From the first beginnings of our work this was true.

We had "cast out nets on the right side of the ship," and we had on our hands "a great draught of fishes." There was no denying that. Now I was anxious to better the apostolic experience, and to see to it that our nets did *not* break.

Suddenly all we had done and all we planned to do was tested—quite severely tested.

Before the beginning of Lent, I had gone to Princeton for a short mission, preaching two or three times a day in a little church in the village, or in some college building. I stayed at the house of my friend, Professor Fairfield Osborne, and when the day's work was over, men from the University, after the pleasant custom of Princeton, drifted in and we talked till all hours, and it was earnest, interesting talk.

I had worked as hard as I knew how during those first six years of my rectorship, going to bed late and rising early; getting little exercise except during my autumn hunting trips to my little ranch in the Rocky Mountains. But I felt well, and though my hours of sleep grew shorter (and when I did get to bed my head was so full of things I wanted to do and to

say, that I lay awake half the night), it did not occur to me that I was overdoing it. Nothing in my body warned me, so far as I can remember, of a coming breakdown. On the contrary, my mind seemed unusually alert and clear.

Specially was this true during my stay at Princeton. Speaking to the college was an honour and a delight, and at night, when professors and students dropped in, and we talked round the fire, anything and everything I had ever read or known seemed to be at my command. For me this was an unusual experience, as my memory was always one of my weak spots.

I went home the night before Ash Wednesday, and had to preach twice that day in my church. In the morning I preached as well as I ever preached in my life, having the same illuminated and illuminating feeling about me (I cannot find a better word), and in the afternoon rose to preach again. I gave out the hymn. It was one I love above others: "Jesus shall reign." As I joined in the singing, I felt a soft, warm, foggy sensation in my head, as if someone was watering it with tepid water, and felt my knees bending under me, so that I must grasp the pulpit sides to keep myself standing. So much I clearly remember, and not much more. I did not fall; somehow I got to the vestry, and from the vestry up the steps to my study in the rectory next door. But of life for the next few weeks I remember very little indeed. I do remember that it cost effort to settle in my mind which of my little sons was which.

Mr. Morgan, always to the fore when there was trouble, came round at once with Dr. Alfred Loomis; and that great man said, "No more St. George's for him for six months." And he might have said "a year." So here was a testing time indeed come on us unexpectedly. We were like a crab caught changing its shell. We were off with the old, but not yet on with the new. Our old nest pulled down, our new, our parish house, rising but not risen. Our organizations were all in process of change; growing change, it is true, but still change; not yet with fitted parts working harmoniously. My clerical staff had been weakened by the departure of some of its members to accept parishes of their own—men I had trained. This was as it should be, but of course the newcomers were not as yet at home in their work. Two clerical assistants I had that were in-

valuable, Henry Wilson, mentioned in the preceding chapter, and W. T. Crocker. Crocker took up the work Charles Scadding[1] had surrendered, and during my long absence, with rare tact and faithfulness, did all one man could do to keep things going. It has never been my good fortune to have as an assistant one on whose faithfulness, fairness, and common sense I could better depend.

Wilson's presence as head of my clergy house was a source of abiding strength. To preach to the thronging Sunday morning congregations was a task he was not specially fitted for. He knew this well, and always got someone else to preach for him when he could. But his gentle spirit, his unselfish devotion, spread round him an atmosphere which drove strife and jealousies far away. Nothing petty or mean or uncharitable flourished where Henry Wilson had rule; and in our little clergy house his quiet but firm discipline was a blessing and a power for good that leavened St. George's work from top to bottom, and set a standard for what that sort of establishment ought to be.

At my first coming, I had been most kindly welcomed by the city clergy, more especially by Rev. Arthur Brooks and Henry Mottet. Everyone knew that if we were to succeed where others had signally failed we must work hard and faithfully; so of criticism there was little. However, as the church filled and the parish grew, it was evident that St. George's stood for a new departure in the Protestant Episcopal Church's work in a great city. There was no denying this, and the public saw it. Now you cannot advocate new methods, methods so new that many called them revolutionary, without by implication criticizing and sometimes condemning old and approved ones.

If the free church, the church open to all, is right, then the pew church owned by a few who can pay for and control its floor is not right. In practice we asserted this; and in the pulpit, in season and out of season, I have preached that the very genius and spirit of Jesus' religion was denied and outraged by the modern Protestant closed pew church. Naturally, therefore, we reckoned on criticism, and by 1889 were beginning to get it.

But not on grounds of polity chiefly did we incur criticism.

[1]Afterward Bishop of Oregon. He did excellent work among the poor.

In the subject matter of my sermons and in my treatment of doctrinal questions, many protesting voices began to be heard. For a time what we accomplished in reaching out to the untouched East Side, and in filling our nets with old and young, rich and poor, caught the public eye; and few outside or inside the church cared to be too critical of what might be passing peculiarities of a voluble Irish-American preacher. The occasional listener, "the church itinerant," does not criticize, and if he does, no one pays much heed to him. But as a congregation draws together and assumes solid shape, criticism is of more importance, is listened to, and has weight. Now St. George's had, after these first six years, got to this point. There were some mere visitors still, but already a solid body of worshippers had drawn together because in the ugly old church they had found what *they wanted*.

Some came because religion to them had come to be chiefly the service of their fellows. They wanted to give that service, and St. George's was a working church. Some, because the warmth and fervour of a great congregational response drew and uplifted them. Some, because my preaching helped them to get a fresh hold on old truths that they feared they might be forced to abandon. One able business man told me years after why he came. "I came as a stranger," he said, "and the usher put a poor coloured woman alongside me. That is the church for me, I said to myself."

Now the criticism of outsiders I cared very little for, but that of my own people was at this time often serious, and, let me say here, continued to be serious during all my ministry. I think my sudden illness had the effect of silencing for a time a good part of it, but certainly it grew in seriousness as the years passed, and many of the friends I valued found my teaching so "unsettling" that they went to other churches.

It was hard to part with some of these people. I remember one of them whose departure I specially regretted, for he was a man of a fine spirit and of sound learning—Admiral Mahan. However, I had learned my lesson in Toronto, and knew well that no organization is the stronger for half-hearted members. It is a mistake to raise so much as a finger to keep any one in your church who thinks he ought to get out of it. If you cannot help him and lead him on a little, someone else probably

can. And you certainly cannot help him or any one else by being untrue to yourself. Your business, if you believe you have any business in the Church of Jesus at all, is to speak out the truth as you see it, and never, never "hedge."

To the best of my ability, this I had been trying to do during these first happy, eventful years in St. George's. In New York, therefore, as was natural, I was given a place among the "dangerous men." (See the cleverly drawn skit from *Life*.) In other states than New York, where there still occasionally lingered some memory of work done in my earliest missionizing days (in them, remember, I was quite averagely orthodox), I still stood well, and my unsoundness in the faith had not drawn general remark. So much so that once, certainly, and I think probably a second time, the Episcopate was open to me. But after those early years were over, so was all chance of the Episcopate for me.[1]

At the time I had, of course, no choice as to what was my duty. In later years, I would have accepted the Episcopate, if for one reason only, namely: the opportunity it offers in our church to a Bishop who refuses to be a slave to modern precedent (I say *modern* advisedly), to gather round him and to ordain men he believes to have been called of God to preach the Gospel. This immense power is part of the *unused and so decaying treasure* of the Protestant Episcopal Church: her talent, laid away in a most correctly embroidered and folded ecclesiastical napkin, and not put out to interest, as the Master demanded that it should be. (See Matt. xxv, 25–26.)

I said that the lesson I had learned in Toronto I practised in New York. I resolutely tried never to "hedge." Let me explain that in saying this I do not mean that I took an aggressive, denunciatory attitude as to doctrines I believed to be outworn or false. Rather did I try to present the old doctrines in such a way as to commend, if not their form, yet surely their meaning and purpose and spirit, to men's conscience. For I do not believe that any old doctrine, however crude and even cruel it sounds in our ears to-day, but has some moral sanction, some far-away spiritual truth behind it, that gave it the vital energy necessary to its survival.

[1]Here I find I am mistaken, there was a movement to induce me to allow my name to be presented in Colorado several years later.

Nothing is ever lost, and much may be gained, if such are dealt with reverently, as costly things; consecrated by the blood and tears of those who formulated them and fought for them—the signals, watchwords, battle cries by which they had marched and fought and conquered. Title deeds to our spiritual estate, to be remembered and honoured, not forgotten. Fine metal in them, worthy of recasting; eternal truth in them, worthy of restating. But if they are to help and not hinder us to-day, if they are to inspire our vision, not blind and confine it *then restated and recast they most certainly must be.*

The banian tree's down-thrusting branches root themselves slowly, firmly, round the parent stem. After a long time, the central stem decays, but its function well done, its children prolong its life forever. So with our dear old beliefs. We owe all to them, we are what we are because of them. Yet in their former shape they exist for us no longer.

I have outlined some of those things we did that were worth while in my first six years at St. George's, and I dwell on this quality in my preaching because I believe that in it chiefly lay what value my preaching had. I tried to do as well as I could, with such faulty educational and mental outfit as I possessed, what most of the clergy were afraid to attempt at all. I tried, and kept trying, to recast, to restate, the church's orthodox doctrines. For such restatement intelligent lay people were everywhere hungry, and to satisfy that hunger I did my poor best. It was this quality in my preaching, more than any other, that drew to me my people. Of this I had constant proof.

The cultured laity are not giving up religion, though of this they are often accused. But they are ceasing to look to the churches for it. There is a real danger that public worship may be left to the uneducated, to women, clergymen, and religious cranks.

In another chapter I will write more fully of the changes my theology was undergoing, and of the effect these changes, frankly confessed from the pulpit by me, had on my hearers. I can best illustrate my position with my people by here quoting a very few of the large number of letters I received at this time from regular attendants at my church. I have just named one, a man of weight and influence, who felt obliged to leave us.

The writers of some of these letters I cannot name, for reasons that are obvious, but for one letter of withdrawal I had scores written in the spirit of the following.

The extraordinary experience told in the first of these would in other days have been claimed as miraculous. In every particular, it is the statement of things as they occurred. The writer was a well-known citizen of New York, honoured in his profession, loved by all who knew him: a sober-minded Christian gentleman. His letter shows what an act of Faith can accomplish. The second letter, so touchingly, bravely beautiful, speaks for itself, and for many another soul who found "daily bread" with us.

These letters were written about the time of my return to my pulpit, after my first breakdown.

You will be very much interested in knowing that your sermon last Sunday produced a wonderful effect upon a man who, with the exception of Sunday, February 10th, had not been inside a church for twenty-five years.

If it were not for a most extraordinary circumstance, that you really ought to know, I would not tell the story, because it looks so much like self-glorification; and as my own heart is full of thankfulness, I may write in too egotistical a manner.

Four Sundays ago I was teaching my class in Sunday School the lesson of the man stricken with the palsy, whose friends brought him to Jesus. I told them that no one living was so wicked that Jesus would reject him, if he went to Jesus as this man went, taken by his friends. And as I made the statement I stopped a moment to think whether I really meant what I said, and if it was really true; and if so, why did I not make an effort to bring my eldest brother to a realizing sense of what Jesus could do for him.

My brother has been the black sheep of the family through drink, and his mental and moral condition was as bad as words can describe. In your sermon that Sunday, you said that if God created, He *must* redeem or He is no Father of men; and you asked those present to go among those they knew, or even those whom they did not know, and bring them to divine service.

Then the thought came to me again, "How absurd for me to ask a stranger to come with me, when I do not ask my own brother." The rest of that day was one of great mental excitement, and although my brother was living five hundred miles away, I determined to go at once to him, and see what I could do in the direction indicated in the Sunday-school lesson.

I wrote to his wife I was coming, and then started. His wife telegraphed me not to come on any account, and followed it up with a letter assuring me of the utter hopelessness of my doing any good. Thank God, I had already started and did not receive them until my return.

I got there and found him sober for the first time in a long while. I told him my story, and told him of the Sunday-school lesson—that it was the

man's friends who took him to Jesus. That it was their love and faith that made them act as they did. Because of their act his sins were forgiven and he was cured.

I cannot tell you all that occurred, but hasten on to the point. I brought him to New York, took him to my own house, clothed him with the best, treated him as I would the most loving friend I had. And then on Sunday last took him to your church. When you gave out your text, "The man whose friends brought him to Jesus," in my astonishment at the coincidence I exclaimed, "It is marvellous," so that those around me heard, and the effect on my brother (after being assured that there was no collusion between us) was stupendous. Being an agnostic, he was superstitious, and the sudden visit, the sudden change of living, and your sermon, have done a work whose effects will, I think, never be effaced.

I have sent him on a sailing ship to Australia, and his wife declares that the change in the man is as great a miracle as was the case of the man with the palsy.

I have not told you all the things that were said and done, because everything cannot be written.

Affectionately yours,

———.

No, the days of miracles are not over; only be it remembered that miracles are not supernatural happenings, things we overpersuade God to do for a favoured few. They are the exercise of the divine powers slowly growing to fulfillment in man himself; powers Jesus thought of when he said, in his parting words to his disciples: "And greater works than mine shall ye do because I go to the Father." (John XIV, 12.)

I remember that exclamation. In the silence of the church it came to me distinctly, from my friend's seat under the gallery on my left hand.

Would you admit as a communicant one who cannot honestly subscribe to the Apostles' Creed? I worship a divine Christ, yet am hampered by an awful doubt that he may have been disappointed in his Father, when, for the sake of what he conceived his Father to be, He

"*Struck singly out, and dashed against the rocks.*"

Did he find His God beyond the grave?

I was born and nurtured under sweet church influences whose memories still hold my deepest affection, and I am a widow forty-seven years old.

Life and critical reading led me to Unitarianism. Bitter, tragic, despairing sorrow brought me to feel only "God, if there be a God, have mercy on my soul—if I have a soul immortal." Ethical culture seemed the best that remained, until it was condemned out of its own mouth, to my mind through the confession of one of its choicest spirits, "that it is only a sect among sects, making Popes of its teachers."

Then I knew I loved the Lord Jesus, and could not side with those who dishonour Him and disown Him, from Whom they get all the light they have to work by; who ridicule the gropings of the past after God, as though wisdom were just born.

Close upon this, as I drifted homeless, hopeless, sore bestead, I "happened" to attend at St. George's the first Good Friday Passion Service I had ever heard.

The religious experience of a lifetime was concentrated in those three hours. Every word probed to the depths of my being, and answered to my own experience of life and longings of soul. I never knew the Lord Jesus till then. Henceforth, I cannot live without Him.

If in my mortal heart-break and alone-ness, weighted with heavy responsibilities concerning my children, which I must carry yet cannot meet, I have finally put my trust in a beautiful dream—"Here I stand. I cannot do other. God help me."

Pardon my intrusion on your valuable time, and whether you admit me or not, accept the gratitude of one more soul, lifted by your words into new and hopeful living, through glimpses, at least, of the mind of Christ.

During these years, the tragic dualism of our nature grew clearer to me—its beast inheritance and its divine possession. In my preaching, I constantly emphasized it—Man

> A cripple of God, half true, half formed,
> And by great sparks Promethean warmed—

his salvation a slow business, yet an assured business, since the Promethean spark is inextinguishable. Man rising out of the beast man into the God man. Out of the first Adam man (for Paul and Darwin are finely agreed) into the second Adam man.

I found that my own beliefs, however imperfect and unsatisfactory, had yet always had, from boyhood up, enough real life in them to allow of growth and development. If I found I had to give up some things, some cherished opinion, those I ministered to were in just the same state of mental flux as I was; and the struggle I was going through for my faith was just the experience that enabled me to strengthen and establish their faith; and that in this lay the mystic power of man's influence over man.

The real preacher is a little ahead of his flock. If he is not a little ahead, he is no guide. If, on the other hand, he is too far ahead, then is he also no guide; he is lost to his following in the mist.

After that Ash Wednesday afternoon it was many months before I entered my pulpit again. The doctors ordered me complete rest and change. For six months no church news of any sort whatever reached me. I was not even allowed to read the printed report of the year's work, when our year-book came out. Then it was I proved fortunate in my friends. I had no care. Others planned my life and saved me all expense and all trouble. Of course the strongest arm under me was that of my senior warden. He was ever a man to lean on in time of trouble. You differed with him, and he with you, but when a helper was needed, you turned to him, you leaned on him, and you leaned hard. He had a great heart, had my senior warden, J. Pierpont Morgan.

Junius Morgan, a nephew of J. P. Morgan, was my most kind and cheery companion during the first dark months of that time; and great is the debt I owe to him. To help me and save me from darkness, he gave up his work and his friends for the time being. It took no small self-denial to watch and care for me, depressed in mind and weakened in body as I was, but he travelled with me for months, till I was almost my own man once more.

Thus wisely and completely was I eliminated. So far so good, but what of the church? There was no denying that church and people were facing a trying time. How splendidly they came through, and why they came through as they did, I must try to tell.

Each Sunday morning there met at the church door a little group of men. Some were there quite half an hour before service began. Some joined the company a little later. The group is worth looking at, for those composing it represent what St. George's is standing for; what it has done and is trying to do. The rector is away; when he may return is uncertain. These men are holding together things as he left them. St. George's is their church; they have had great part in making it what it is, and if they were regular in attendance, and liberal in their offerings, and dependable in the various services they rendered, while things were running smoothly, it is doubly important that they should not fail now. And so they do not fail.

They are standing for great principles. They are undisturbed by divisions or jealousies. They are practising, as

they meet at the church door, what was from the pulpit preached: a welcome to all sorts and conditions of men.

Prominent in that group are J. Pierpont Morgan and J. Noble Stearns, the vestrymen. All attendants at the church know these men by sight, and as they stand welcoming all who come, they represent a large band; a band made up of the known and unknown, of the rich and the poor, who, one and all, are in their own places keeping up steadily the work to which they believe themselves called, and to which they had been appointed.

While I was away from my people, the parish life went on regularly and prosperously, undisturbed by divisions or jealousies or any breath of strife. I walked into the Sunday School in our new parish house, unannounced and quite unexpected, one Sunday morning in the December following my illness. There were present, by actual count, more than eleven hundred children, and of the band of teachers, then numbering one hundred and twelve, just two were absent.

From top to bottom in all our organizations this was the sort of service rendered by my people during my long absence. From the wardens down, no one failed to do what he or she had undertaken. This was in a church, remember, where no one owned or rented a seat.

William Foulke was in that Sunday morning group, and to him and William H. Schieffelin fell the very delicate duty of convincing the heterogeneous mass that crowded the church on Sundays that one and all of them were welcome, and yet that our welcome did not necessarily include the right for each of the visitors to select just such a seat as pleased him best.

In that group, too, stood William Chester, my organist—young and tall and fair and handsome, an enthusiastic musician, and, unlike many who have a genius for music, not hard for a non-musical or semi-musical man like myself to get on with. Chester grasped my ideas of the relation I strove for between the free church and the choir, and most loyally and ably, for many years till his death, he did what in him lay to give effect to them.

He drew his choir of volunteers round him and made them his loving friends; and, what was much harder, as all who have had choir experience will admit, loving friends to each other. I can only recall, in all those years, one serious commotion in my

white-robed company. That was on the memorable occasion when, without warning (for this course I thought the wisest), I broke the news to them that I was going to have for soloist a Negro, Harry Burleigh. Then division, consternation, confusion, and protest reigned for a time. I never knew how the troubled waters settled down. Indeed, I carefully avoided knowing who was for and who against my revolutionary arrangement. Nothing like it had ever been known in the church's musical history. The thing was arranged and I gave no opportunity for its discussion. When the question is one of church policy, I held, and hold, that the decision lies with the rector and with none other. Some one man must command. Popular vote should be able to displace incapable command; it can do so in all Protestant churches except ours; but no vote should be able to halt an order.

To my friend Daniel G. Elliot I owed much. At choir meetings he seldom spoke, but from them he never was absent, and he set a standard of courtesy and loyalty that was not without influence on each one of its ninety-one members.

Well, my choir held together! I don't think I lost a member of it, even if I forced into it a black brother. And oh! how glad I and the choir were afterward that I had acted as I did. That was many years ago, and very, very many of the dear friends who helped so effectively to lead and inspire their fellow-worshippers then can no longer take their place in any earthly choir. But Harry Burleigh's sweet baritone voice, worn a little, it may be, still leads the choir which he entered against much protest then; and St. George's is proud of him, proud of what he has accomplished as a musician, and loves and honours him for what he has proved himself to be as a Christian man.

Of one more, an inconspicuous figure in that group at the church door, I must write before I close the chapter on our time of testing. As you looked at him, there was nothing especially distinguishing in the appearance of John Reichert—a short, rather stocky figure, suggestive of Germany.

In 1883, Lindsay Parker said to me one day, "I have got hold of an unusual sort of boy to black our boots and do odd jobs round the clergy house." We had to save the pennies then, and I had to provide them, so I said: "What are you paying

him?" "Three fifty a week," said he, "and he will soon be worth more." Two or three days before, a hungry, weather-beaten boy, almost sunk into the ranks of trampdom, as he told me afterward, knocked at the clergy-house door in East 17th Street and asked for work. John Reichert's story can be duplicated in many cities of our land, but it can never be told too often. Of his life in Germany I know nothing, nor have I ever asked him about it. When he came to us he presented to Lindsay Parker his credentials—a passport with an attachment stating that he was a sailor on the bark *Astronom*, sailing from Hamburg in 1883—the trip lasting over ninety days. After being twenty-five years in this country he made several trips to Europe, but no visits to his home—touching Germany only on the western frontier, so I fancy his trouble was military. When he landed in New York, times were very hard, and try as he would he could get no work. He had a German schoolboy's knowledge of English, speaking it a little, with a very foreign accent. Soon what little money he had was gone, and he slept where he could, and begged what he ate. When the clergy-house door opened to him, he had been sleeping for three weeks in one of the ice wagons that stood in those days, for repairs, on a downtown pier of the North River. It was November, and nights were cold. John Reichert has often told me of those experiences of his, and some of the poor fellows who shared them with him; and he always declared that he could well understand how easily, under such circumstances, a would-be honest man became a "bum."

"I had done my very best," said he. "I had called on every German organization I knew of or could learn of. I had knocked at thousands of doors. I never asked for money; I always asked for work, but pitiful people gave me food often, and offered me clothes sometimes; and gradually I found that even in an open wagon on the river side the cold did not prevent my sleeping at night. I could *live*, somehow, at the very worst. I could live off the city. I was slowly but surely sinking to that point where I could be contented so to live, since I had done all a man could do, and no other sort of life was possible to me. Once to sink to the point of accepting as inevitable such a life is to be a 'lost bum.' I almost became a bum. I understand how the bum is made."

John Reichert told me this story thirty-seven years ago, and since the days he spoke of he and I have, one way or another, had a good deal to do with poor beaten folk, of whose number he had so narrowly escaped being one. But a keener, kinder helper bums never had than he. When I crossed the threshold of St. George's Church, I determined I would reach the poor people, the defeated people round me, or I would give up the ministry. If this resolution had brought me nothing more than the friendship of John Reichert and the assistance he and those he drew round him were to give to St. George's, I would not have failed as its rector.

We had gone to the East Side, and the East Side had come to us. Why? Because we had spoken in terms it could understand. The people of the East Side knew me by sight and repute. This was natural, but I was not one of themselves. They did not know or care much about my vestry. What they did know did not impress them. They were accustomed to the idea that rich men were all-powerful in all churches, perhaps excepting the Roman Catholic, and that was one of the reasons why they kept away from the churches. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's name they knew, as did all New York, but great names made as small impression on the packed masses of lower New York then as they do on Greater New York to-day. A man like John Reichert was a very different proposition. He went day by day, hour by hour, in and out of the crowded houses where our young people *slept* (I can't say lived). He spoke their German tongue, and did more to make them feel that the old church really cared for them than did all the sermons we preached on the street, or the dinners and teas and clothes the ladies gave at the mission.

Moreover, John Reichert soon drew round him his kind. He did not long walk alone. As the full and happy years of my life rolled by, I was blessed and helped by many friends and assistants. Few have been as fortunate; but not to any one of them do I owe as great a debt as to that friendless German boy who came knocking at the clergy-house door in 1883. To me he became eyes and ears. He saw what I could not see. He heard the things I wanted to hear. And, oh, so often, when, owing to my impetuous tongue and temper, I hurt people's feelings or was too harsh in my judgment of individuals, John

Reichert would lay facts before me that I had not known or had forgotten, and wisely pour a little kindly oil on some heated "bearing" in life. My memory was bad; his never seemed to fail him. I could rely on it always. He knew everyone, and more about each and all of them than all the clergy put together. Yet he never was known to gossip. How such multifarious information ever got into John Reichert and never, except to me, got out of John Reichert, puzzled me then, and puzzles me still. Confidences he had beyond number, and yet he never was known to give any one away.

John Reichert became a quite admirable secretary, first to me, afterward to the vestry as well; and Mr. Morgan often said he was worth $5,000 a year. "If you let him go," said Mr. Morgan, "he may call at 23 Wall Street at once." My assistant clergy got in the habit of consulting him. Shy of a raw German lad at first, they soon realized, as I did, his value; and the truth is that they went often to John Reichert for advice as to what had best be done in a matter *before* they came to me. Needless to say, I encouraged the habit, and a certain German beer-garden round the corner of Third Avenue (be charitable, dear reader; we had not passed the Eighteenth Amendment then, and John Reichert was not so long over from Germany) witnessed many an innocent and merry consultation when the day's work was done, that was none the less truly Christian because it was had in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, and the councillors drank moderately of good German brown beer.

Man after man of those "boys" of mine, after they left me, or when they spoke at leaving of what the church had been to them, in words strangely similar, would say they thanked God that they had known John Reichert, and they were the better able to minister to their fellows because they knew him.

It was part of my plan to have my laity help train and develop what was best in my assistants, and to get rid of what was worst in them: Seminary product often, the mannerisms and affectations, mental, moral, and physical, which so commonly afflict and limit the clergy. Contact with John Reichert, not excluding the quiet beer-garden he favoured, was very effective.

I took chances when I engaged Henry Wilson and Lindsay

Parker as my first clerical assistants. The result of my chance taking I have told. I have referred to a third chance I took the same year. In it I had again good fortune. I handed over my scheme for summer seaside work entirely to Doctor and Mrs. Miles. They asked me for John Reichert and so John left the boots and other sundry jobs for good, and under Mrs. Miles's quite extraordinarily capable instruction learned to handle railroad people, ferry boats, and from twelve to sixteen thousand people in the summer. Mrs. Miles's energy and force of character was wonderful. Doctor Miles was her faithful and competent echo. She had only one limitation—an occasionally impossible temper. But John Reichert says his debt to her is great. I left this first summer appeal of mine to the mothers and children of the East Side entirely to Doctor and Mrs. Miles. I told them what money I had to spend, and bade them do the best they could with it. And they certainly accomplished marvels. The plans they made then we worked on, virtually without change, for more than twenty-five years. But the greatest thing they did was "to *start*" John Reichert.

A cheap cottage at Rockaway Beach was my starting point. Rockaway was easy of access; its beach then was not foul as, in later years, our wasteful methods of dumping city refuse made it; and the local railroad gave us reasonable rates and facilities. We had our own reserved cars, running daily at fixed hours, and for many years we drew from twelve to sixteen thousand people to the cooling sea for the day. There they rested and bathed and lunched and had a good time; and six hundred who were ailing, or had sick children, we fed up and made comfortable for a week.

In church, Sunday School, and mission, the usual hours of service did not change, winter or summer. During the heated term, the number of those attending naturally fell off. But Rockaway never showed signs of slackening, and instead of finding each autumn that ties with your people had to be reknit, we found that the summer bettered our knowledge of each other, and strengthened and unified our parish life.

It was John Reichert who built up Rockaway work from its first beginning under the admirable management of Doctor and Mrs. Miles. My young clergy gained as much by it as did those they went there to serve and entertain. They got

nearer to the people; they learned to know them under natural conditions.

Charles Scadding, afterward Bishop of Oregon (he died in 1914), in a report he made to me in 1887, truly and cleverly draws a picture well worthy of study. Said he:

> A clergyman visits a family in a tenement house. If they are under the ministration of St. George's, they will probably be found in the rear house, top floor back. He enters, finds the mother bending over her washtub, three or four children playing or quarrelling on a dirty floor, and as many more eating at a side table not much cleaner. Everything is in confusion, and the clergyman concludes that it would be more Christian to offer to assist in the washing, or to relieve the tired mother for a few hours of the worry of the children, than to suggest the reading of the Scripture or family prayers. Not being prepared to do the former, he withdraws, feeling that his pastoral call has been more or less unsuccessful. Change the environments and all is different. Invite the whole family to spend a day at Rockaway. Give the children a wholesome mid-day meal and a bath in the ocean, and while this is going on, give the mother one of the comfortable rocking chairs for which St. George's is famous. Let the clergyman now approach her. She has forgotten all about her washtub. She is no longer awed by his long black coat and high hat. She sees that he is in seasonable flannels, that he is interested in her children, and she becomes at once friendly and communicative, and in ten minutes that clergyman knows more about her home life, her spiritual condition, the dispositions of her children, etc., etc., than he could know by many visits to her in her tenement rooms. Morally and spiritually, then, the good that can be done by this seaside work is incalculable. The physical advantages of such a work are so excellent and so evident that nothing need here be said about them.

Scadding might have added that the clergy and deaconesses welcomed the sea breezes and the kindly company as much as the people did. And white-faced city boys, who were taught to love the sea and brave a little surf in bathing suits by young parsons, got into the way of coming of a week-day evening or Sunday morning to Bible or confirmation classes taught by these same young men.

There are many ways now by which wage-earners and mothers with little children can get away from the stifling city heat in summer. It was not so then. I am proud to think that we helped to show what could and should be done; and it was a German lad who had almost sunk to the ranks of the lost, whose ability, resourcefulness, faithfulness, and character enabled the church to lead the way in this new field.

I have tried to tell in part what one stranger in our land did for thousands. What a blessing one German boy, saved, and barely saved, from shipwreck, became to St. George's and to me. It is the story of one youth's Americanization; not a sudden work by any means, for nationhood is too toughly rooted a plant for sudden change. (The great war should have taught us that.) John Reichert and I have some points of difference still. I tell him he is only half a democrat. During the war he threw over (very gradually) the Kaiser, but I never could get him to embrace the Allies.

John Reichert is not one to be "blown about by every wind of doctrine," not even when the doctrine comes from one he loves and admires. Absolutely truthful, intensely, intelligently industrious, and, once his intellect has been convinced and his confidence won, unswervingly loyal, John Reichert seems to me to embody what is finest in those national qualities that won for the German fatherland a foremost place among the nations before that fatal day in August, 1914.

When I resigned from St. George's, it was by many deemed advisable that the plans and machinery of an Institutional Church should be outlined for that part of the public interested in such a development. My friend, the Rev. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and John Reichert together undertook the by no means easy task of compilation and comment. The result was a handsome volume that has had an extended circulation, not in the United States alone, but also in Europe: "The Administration of an Institutional Church." The book was awarded the *Diplome de Médaille d'Or* at Paris in 1907 at the *Exposition International du Livre*. To this work Theodore Roosevelt wrote an introduction. Few could better estimate than could he what I had aimed to do; few better the need of doing it.

The immigrant's case requires something more than alms or even friendly greeting. He needs, he craves, he should receive, a place at our fireside, a welcome to our home. It is evident beyond contradiction that the prosperity of the country and the advancement of the whole nation depends on the assimilation of the new and vigorous blood that he is pouring into its veins. Furthermore, it is evident that prosperity and

progress are ours in so far as this is accomplished. We are not (for all the ignorant talk to the contrary)[1] receiving a poor quality of immigrant. Taking him all in all, he represents fine energy and purpose and capacity. If he had not these qualities, he never would have overcome the pains and penalties that barred his adventurous way westward. In Ireland or Scandinavia, in Germany or Czechoslovakia, in Italy or Russia, the facts are the same, and those on the spot and who know bear similar testimony. These countries have sent, and still are sending us, a great deal of their best.

There is no finer, no truer definition of the immigrant spirit than you find in Genesis XIII, 1, 2. God's voice calls on the dissatisfied Abram. It is no merely human spirit of push and energy: he believes that it is a divine inspiration that bids him leave in Ur of the Chaldees all he is heir to and seek for himself and his unborn children a new home—It is the voice of God that drives him forth crying "Get thee out of the country—and I will make of thee a great nation."

We believe in the Pilgrims of the past, from Abraham's time till the sailing of the *Mayflower* in 1620. Let us not be so blind, so infatuate, as to forget that at our doors to-day are standing the pilgrims of a later time, in whose souls are calling the self-same voice. Our own national destiny, as much as theirs, depends on our wise and kindly reception of them.

Two years before the great war, I landed in a small Dalmatian port where some mountain folk had assembled to take ship for the United States. I saw a tall, patriarchal man standing on the old stone pier, with a worn-looking woman and small children round him. All they owned they carried in a few poor bags. The immortal story of the pilgrim from Ur came to mind, and I got an interpreter and approached the Albanian. "Why do you leave your beautiful country and take this long voyage with your wife and small children across the sea? You are going to strange people, a different climate. Have you any friends in America?"

"I have none."

"Why are you going, then, so far from home?"

[1]Please recall the fact that since the Immigration tide first grew to large proportions, after the Irish Famine in the early middle of the last century, the cry has been raised as against the incomers of each nation: "They are flooding our land with the off-scourings of Europe."

"I am going because I want to see that land where men are free and all have a chance."

Thus spoke a spirit as truly divine as was the impulse that fired Abram's resolve four thousand years before. We are blind and unbelieving indeed if we fancy that the little ships of long ago held nothing but what was of human promise, and that the great ships of to-day hold nothing but human trash. There are clever writers, casual observers, who say so, but they are wrong. They are usually those hasty critics that cannot visit us for a few weeks or months without inflicting on us a book. The spirit of purpose and adventure, the wistful, hungry, hopeful spirit, is the same in all the ages, so far as we can solve history's riddle. The passion of the human heart for life, and yet more life, and freer life, is the same. The great words of the Master are eternally true: "Man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word of God." And it is that word that in all ages since man rose from the beast to manhood, has impelled, has inspired the child of man to the Pilgrim's Adventure.

An autobiography is not the place for an essay on the American immigrant, but I have lived long enough and travelled far enough in our land to have an informed opinion of the process of his assimilation during the last forty-five years. I have seen the change in the thronging crowd of my own East Side children, and no children in the land had to endure a more discouraging reception than did they. I speak what I know when I say that there are nowhere to-day any more industrious, intelligent, and patriotic citizens in the United States than are those children. They have more than made good. There was no hyphenated Americanism among them when the war came. They live no longer in lower East Side New York; or very few of them do. They have moved into healthier, less crowded, more prosperous neighbourhoods. And when they can find a reasonable and liberal Protestant Episcopal Church—not always an easy thing to do—they will join it and work in it.

It must always be so. The young lead the old. They see what older eyes cannot. They are inspired by hopes that their parents cannot adjust themselves to. I have watched one generation of them, and am convinced of the truth of what I say. Give the children half a chance, and they will not only

become stalwart Americans, but they will Americanize their parents—Italians, Swedes, Slavs, Jews, Russians—so much is true of all.

Unwillingly I bring to a close these notes of mine on those early testing years, and on some of the good things and good people they brought to me. The thing that troubles me to-day, as I look over the field of Christian endeavour, is the utter failure of the Protestant churches to understand and help the immigrant. It is a hard and unpopular thing for an Episcopalian to say, but say it I must, for it is the truth. There is only one church in the United States to-day which even partially is holding its own:[1] that is the Roman Catholic Church. One reason for this is, she succeeds better than any Protestant church in holding the immigrant.

The church that takes in the stranger will live, and the churches that lose him will wither.

[1] I am not ignorant of Church statistics presented to the public. They are misleading There are three sorts of lies: Lies, Damned Lies, and Statistics.

CHAPTER XIX

My Senior Warden

For like a child, sent with a flickering light,
To fight his way across a gusty night,
Man walks the world. Again and yet again,
The light must be by gusts of passion slain.
But shall not he who sent him from the door
Relight the lamp once more and yet once more!
—Omar Khayyam.

I thought my people and my work would hold together, even during the long absence that followed my collapse in 1889; but what I found when I returned to New York amazed me. I had left my flock scattered in many corners of a wide field. I found it drawn closer together.

In that remarkable band that held things together one man stood forth. Round him, while its membership scarcely knew it, St. George's gathered, and when with absolute regularity, Sunday morning by Sunday morning, half an hour or more before the service began, Mr. Morgan stood at the church door, welcoming those he knew and did not know, church members and strangers alike felt that St. George's, without a rector, was still a going concern. I am not exaggerating the stimulating influence of my senior warden. He had extraordinary powers of inspiration and encouragement about him when he chose to exercise them.

I think I could have made a success of my rectorate in any case. The time was ripe for what I attempted, the fields stood ready to be sown and reaped. But without Pierpont Morgan I certainly could not have made the success I did; and seeing how widely different in many important matters were our views, the mighty help he gave me, the confidence he showed in my judgment, are matters worth dwelling on. It would be impossible indeed to tell my life story and leave them out.

The time to write his life has not yet come. Great men (and he must finally be numbered among the great) rouse our passions; and while these boil within us, the time for history writing is not yet. But of some things about him I must write, for, better than most, I knew him, and I loved him, and what is here put down I feel very sure he would confirm and approve.

First I mention a purely personal matter. I do it because it seems to me a plain duty when you know of a kind good thing done to tell of it, to pass it round. If our faulty nature needs criticism, let us give it praise when we can and criticism when we must.

I was never again as strong after 1889 as I had been before. I did not show it. I do not think my friends noticed it, but I knew it. I had lost vitality somehow. Work tired me, and preaching, as they never used to. I could not sleep as well, nor could I walk as far. Mr. Morgan saw most things he wanted to see, and he noticed the change in me. Soon after my return, in his quiet way, he drew me aside one day and, slipping a paper into my hand, said: "Don't work too hard; you ought not to have to worry about money. Don't thank me, and don't speak of it to any one but your wife." He had created a modest trust for me and mine. So he lifted from my shoulders a burden that has crushed the life out of many a good soldier; worn out not so much by the fighting, as by the intolerable weight of the personal pack he had to carry in the long marches between and after his battles.

When again in 1902 I was much run down in health, he said to Mrs. Rainsford: "He cannot do much longer what he has been doing. You have not a home of your own; don't you want one?" She said it was what we both longed for. "Go and build it." That was Pierpont Morgan. When Mrs. Rainsford lay for many long weeks between life and death at Roosevelt Hospital, he, who at that time was carrying a load of responsibility heavier, perhaps, than any other man in the United States carried, except its President, found time again and again to bring roses to her sick room, and would wait outside her door till the nurse permitted him to lay them by her bed. That, too, was Pierpont Morgan.

I have told one side of my warden's character. I will now tell of another. Both went to make the man. I never had but

Hunting party in Rocky Mountains, 1884
Left to right: Two guides, J. P. Morgan, Jr., Dr. Rainsford, David Kennedy

one serious falling out with Mr. Morgan, but that difference strained for a time the relations between us. Of it I will now speak. J. P. Morgan, if a democrat in theory, was sometimes an autocrat in practice. No sane, strong man is always consistent. Consistency is a second-class virtue. He would have been more than human if the power he wielded, and the adulation it brought to him, had not on him their inevitable result. He grew I think to believe that as the rector was autocratic in the pulpit, where it was the warden's duty to support him in the vestry the senior warden's will should, at least on matters financial, be supreme. There is much to be said for such a theory.

Now my aim had ever been to make St. George's increasingly democratic. Mr. Morgan had pledged himself to aid me and stand back of me in this. He had never forgotten his pledge to me, that memorable first night in his study, when he looked me in the face and said: "Done!" and he had never shirked that promise. But when, in the pursuance of this policy, I began steadily to attempt an alteration in the make-up of my vestry, he balked.

Legislation lately passed at Albany permitted certain very needful elasticities in the organization of vestries in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state. I wished to take advantage of this to increase my vestry, at this time consisting of the usual eight vestrymen and two wardens. Of these vestrymen I have spoken again and again. They were an unusually capable body of men, but efficient and loyal as they had proved themselves, they in my opinion but very partially represented St. George's extraordinarily heterogeneous congregation. In my weekly talks after breakfast with Mr. Morgan, I had many times brought up this subject, but in vain I tried to get a response from him. He had nothing to say, and that meant, I knew well, that he remained quite unmoved by my arguments.

This being the situation, I made up my mind to wait a while. I had never found it necessary, since 1884, to bring up in the vestry a matter in which my warden and I were opposed. I always strove to settle such divergency of views "out of school." In 1884, when I insisted on putting the choir into surplices, he almost had a panic, and for a time opposed the move fiercely.

Since then we had been a unit at all vestry meetings, and indeed, I usually got him to propose at vestry meetings such measures as I desired carried.

However, it was not so to be in this matter. The vestry met at 8:30 P. M. in the Corporation room in the Parish House. There, one night, I had the surprise and the fight of my life. I had no hint of what was coming when, ordinary business being over, Mr. Morgan rose and said: "I have a motion to make, Mr. Chairman, and I think that the vestry will agree with me it had better be passed without debate." He then read his motion. It was that the vestry be reduced from eight members and two wardens to six members and two wardens. Having read it, he said: "I think the vestry will agree with me that when I get a seconder it had better be passed without debate."

I was fairly stunned. I am not, I have never been, quick to act on the occasion, but I saw that as chairman I must dominate the situation instantly, or I was undone and my vestry divided. I said: "Mr. Morgan, before I ask for a seconder to your motion, I must say that I think on a matter so important as the alteration of this vestry, you surely should have said something to me of this radical policy you propose before you advanced it here. Since I stood in your study that night when you called me to the church, I think you will bear witness that I have never advocated any important matter in this, our church's counsel, without first discussing it with you. Here now you spring this revolutionary proposition on me, and on the vestry, without any warning whatever; and you ask that we should proceed to pass it without any discussion. This I cannot agree to, and I must ask you, before you get a seconder, to explain to me and to this vestry your reasons for proposing so important a change. We have done good work together, constituted as we are. If a small vestry is for St. George's a better vestry, there must be reasons for it. What are your reasons?"

Very unwillingly Mr. Morgan got on his feet. What he said was what I feared he was going to say. In brief outline, it was this: "Rector, we are all more than satisfied with what you have accomplished. You have done your part well. We are glad and proud to have aided you. But this, your vestry, has its part to do. Yours is a spiritual responsibility. Your

part is to teach the Christian religion, and all that implies, to the congregation. The vestry's part is fiduciary. Our obligations are financial. I am its senior warden and responsible officer. I am ageing. I want at times to have these vestry meetings held in my study. This vestry should be composed, in my judgment, of men whom I can invite to my study, and who can help me to carry the heavy financial burden of the church. Surely all will agree that such responsibilities as ours can best be discharged in this way and by such a body of men. The rector wants to democratize the church, and we agree with him and will help him as far as we can. But I do not want the vestry democratized. I want it to remain a body of gentlemen whom I can ask to meet me in my study."

The issue was plain; no evading it. If my senior warden was to have his way, St. George's vestry would pass under his control. It would not, it could not be, in any true sense, representative of the congregation. In the long fight, for fight it was, which began shortly after nine o'clock and did not end till almost midnight, I did all I could do, all that love for my friend and love for my people prompted, to turn him from his purpose, but I failed completely. And as I opposed that purpose unflinchingly, his anger at opposition rose. Seeing I could gain nothing there, I spoke over his head to my vestry: "Yes, your obligation is fiduciary, as my warden says, but I protest with all my soul that the main purpose you have been elected to fill is not fiduciary but spiritual. A few years ago, you thought I would never stand in the pulpit and preach to you again. If that had been so, on whom would have fallen responsibility of choosing someone to teach and help this multitude of young people that, with your aid, has been gathered here? Is there one of you to-night who will say that any question of finance can be as important as that duty? To-night, for the first time since I have been your rector, I find myself in opposition to my senior warden. Mr. Morgan has laid his plan for what this vestry should be before you, and you must vote on it. Before you do so, I will as frankly tell you mine. I do not want a smaller vestry. I want a larger one. For here in our parish council, I want men who are actually representative of St. George's membership, men who know what that great body wants and feels. I will be specific. Our

Sunday School of two thousand is a church within a church. One man in that school has done more for its efficiency than any other. For many years he has been practically its head. He knows the hundred and sixty men and women who form a band of teachers the like of which, I make bold to say, cannot be found in any church in our Communion in this land. He has had more to do with choosing them than have I or my clergy. I want that man on my vestry, and I want him because one who has done what he has done, and knows what he knows, should have a voice in deciding the policy of a church into which he has helped, more than any one other man, to bring over fifteen hundred new young members in ten years. But others, too, I want in this vestry, who would represent fittingly the very great number of wage earners that are now regular members of St. George's. These should be represented *by one of their own number and class.*"

I could feel that, as I pleaded with all my soul for a democratic and more representative vestry, I had the support, as yet unspoken, of a majority of those present; but I wanted to win a verdict if possible without a division. I would have done almost anything to save my warden from pushing to certain defeat his motion. "Will you not withdraw your motion?" I said. "Do not let us divide; we never have had a division on any serious question in this vestry since I sat at your head."

Here Seth Low, Mayor of New York, who had for years been the teacher of the senior Men's Bible Class in our Sunday School, appealed to Mr. Morgan in a moving speech to withdraw his motion. Mr. Morgan remained immovable. Then a dramatic thing happened. A member of the vestry, one of his oldest friends, one to whom in these financially troublesome times through which we were then passing Mr. Morgan had been of immense service (I did not know this till later) slowly rose. He was white to the lips, and, turning to Mr. Morgan, he said: "Mr. Morgan, I am compelled to agree with our rector fully in this matter, and I move that this vestry be increased to eleven." Mr. Low seconded the motion at once. Mr. Morgan would not withdraw but could get no seconder. So I put the second motion, which was carried. The vote stood seven to one.

For a moment we all sat in intense silence. What would

this man whom we all loved and honoured do? How take this cruel rebuff, so unwillingly given him? Not one in that vestry but felt he had been honoured in sitting in it with him.

He rose and, speaking slowly, said: "Rector, I will never sit in this vestry again." Then, as all still sat in silence, he walked out. I gave the blessing, and everyone went home. It had been a hard night for the vestry, a harder one for me. And hardest of all, I believe, for my warden.

Next day I had Mr. Morgan's written resignation, with a request to submit it to the vestry without delay. I acknowledged his letter, and nothing more, going to breakfast next week at 219 Madison Avenue as usual. As I expected, he was very grumpy, and at the breakfast table conversation was limited to the weather. Next week I went again to breakfast. He had nothing to say to me at the table.

As I asked for a cigar, in his study afterward, he said, "Have you submitted my resignation?"

"I have not, and I will not."

"Why not?"

"Because I will not now or ever put you in the position of going back on your pledge to the rector and the vestry of St. George's Church."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. When I first came to you I came because you gave me your hand and your promise to stand by me in the hard work that lay ahead. I told you I was a radical. I told you I would do all I could to democratize the church. I am only keeping my word. I certainly shall not now, nor at any time, do anything to help you break yours."

Dead silence. So I lit my cigar and walked away.

I think after that I went to breakfast three times before Mr. Morgan sailed for Europe. He never made another allusion to his resignation, nor did he enter into any private conversation with me. The day he sailed, I did what I had not done before, I went to the dock to bid him good-bye. On this occasion, in the days I am writing of, the late '90's, a rather miscellaneous crowd was wont to gather to bid him good-bye. It had become quite a function, and I did not usually care to take part in it. As I went up the gangplank, I saw Mr. Morgan standing at some distance surrounded by his friends. At the same instant

he saw me, and coming out of the group, signed to me to follow him. He made for his cabin, entered quickly, without saying a word, and shut and bolted the door behind us. We never had another falling out.

When he chose to exercise it, there was an extraordinary and winning charm about J. Pierpont Morgan. It has been my fortunate lot to meet many who had power to draw to themselves the affection and loyalty of their fellows, but I have never known a man who could make people love him for his own sake more than could he. He was a lavish giver, but it was not for his gifts that he was loved, and he was loved by a very great many people. I have never seen any eyes quite like his. They had penetration and kindliness combined to an extraordinary degree. When he said a thing, and looked full at you as he said it, to doubt him was impossible. That first night of our meeting, I thought him a wonderful man, a man quite in a class by himself, unlike any one I had ever seen; and I am of that opinion still.

Mr. Morgan was a man of faith. His faith was threefold: Faith in himself and his business judgment (when I first knew him I should say that outside of his office, where he was king, he was singularly self-distrustful and diffident. This diffidence passed as years brought him power and flattery); faith in the religion of Jesus, as formulated by the Puritan Calvinistic divines; and faith in the stability and greatness of the United States. He was intensely and unselfishly patriotic.

In religious matters, and he was deeply religious, he had no vision of reforms, and generally little sympathy with reformers. On the religious side of his nature, he was intensely conservative. His beliefs were to him precious heirlooms. He bowed before them as the Russian bows to the "ikon" before he salutes the master of the house. The Evangelical "Plan of Salvation" was to him what the Ark of the Covenant was to the ancient Judaism. Of how that "plan" grew, what other earlier plans were merged in it, he knew nothing. So Mr. Morgan had the peace and power of religious assurance, while the very nature of his assurance precluded in him the possibility of spiritual development. His religion was a talent to be wrapped in its own napkin and venerated in the secret place of his soul; laid aside in safe disuse, rather than passed from

man to man in life's great barter. To treat religion as an ikon is so much more natural than to put it out at interest. It is commonly done, but Jesus said it was a mistake. To many good men, their religion has become a water-tight compartment in life's ship, separated quite from the miscellaneous cargo which it carries. Perhaps it may keep the ship from sinking. If so, that is all that can be said for it.

I have noticed that most of us, perhaps unconsciously, are in some part of our nature resentful of change. In ordinary matters, wherein we are constantly in touch with the lives of others, we must change or we suffer; must adapt ourselves or fail of gaining what we strive for. But religion we think we can afford to treat as an individual matter only; while the truth is, it is above all other interests in our lives the one part of ourselves that so treated withers in disuse. It was meant to be leaven, not a gold brick. Its very nature and property is expansion. This divine property Mr. Morgan found it hard to see. His mental qualities drew him strongly to the ecclesiastical side of the Episcopal Church's life. Its very archaic element, its atmosphere of withdrawal from common everyday affairs of men, answered to some need of his soul. The floor of the convention, the association with men who were, by virtue of their office, guardians and exponents of a religious tradition, beautiful and venerable, had for him an attraction stronger than any other gathering afforded.

He would cast all other duties aside and sit for hours, attentively following the details of the driest of debates, on subjects that could interest only an ecclesiastic. And this quality in him was all the more remarkable since he had never read general church history. On the history of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, however, he was thoroughly well informed. And its successes or failures, in all parts of the United States, he watched carefully from year to year.

He thoroughly disliked and distrusted ritualism and ritualists. Yet even here, his intense respect for the offices and ordinances of his church was ever modifying his opinion.

But there was a quality in Mr. Morgan that tended to place him among those who stood for advance and reform in religious matters; a quality that balanced the hyper-conservatism of his religious nature—his constant habit of trusting men who

did things. He was always looking for men fit to lead. He believed more in men than in measures. Once he found the man he was looking for, or thought he had found him, he gave that man large freedom of action. He was willing to trust him far, and stood ready to defend him bravely and long.

Many said and say that Pierpont Morgan was a great judge of men. That was not his opinion of himself. Once he said to me: "I am not a good judge of men. My first shot is sometimes right. My second never is." Mr. Morgan accepted and was completely satisfied with the extremest evangelical doctrine in common currency when he was a boy. Now from the very first I made it plain that, though I had been brought up in such beliefs, they were mine no longer; that on all ecclesiastical matters I was a radical; and that if I were elected rector, I should do all that in me lay to make St. George's Church stand sociologically, ecclesiastically, and theologically for reform.

At the bottom of his heart, he could not have liked this. But right here the practical and always dominant side of the man asserted itself. He was ever in support of any one who could do things that *had* to be done. He loved the old church. He would do anything to save it. Its salvation was quite beyond anything he or the vestry could do. So much he knew, for he was ever quick to size up accurately a situation. If another man saw, or thought he saw, a way to success, that man in the prosecution of his endeavour should have every bit of trust and support that he could give him.

Such a support Pierpont Morgan ever gave me. And at times it was cruelly hard for him to give it. As I slowly came to know him—for he was a hard man to know—I saw that what he had given me he gave to others. It was his way. Having once made up his mind to trust any one, man, woman, or child, he trusted largely, trusted till they failed him, and sometimes after they had failed him. He seemed sometimes to exact a great deal from those he thus trusted. But the truth is that his unequalled power of making those he cared to attract love him often made hard work done to gain his approval a pleasant task.

From the first, I formed the habit of going to him and telling him my plans. I tried this first at his downtown office, but

soon found that would not do. He suggested that I come to breakfast at "219" instead, and thus a habit was formed, which I kept up till 1905, of breakfasting with him for a good part of the year once a week; sometimes even oftener.

I soon found out two things: First, that I could not convince him of the advisability of most of the changes I was bent on making. So I had to go ahead and make them anyway. And secondly, that even when he particularly disliked them, he liked the confidence I showed in him by telling him all about them beforehand. For all the throngs of friends surrounding him, for all the love and fire of personal devotion to himself which he, all unwittingly sometimes it seemed, kindled in his very nearest, he was more reserved than any man I ever knew. When under life's stress that reserve broke down, then the profound emotionalism of his nature had its way with him. The great deeps were broken up, and he called aloud for help.

Three times in thirty years all shadow of reserve between us was thus swept aside. I do not know that as he thus clung to me, I was able to do him any good, but at least I told him what I thought was the truth; and if love and longing could help a man, he ought to have had some succor from me.

As everyone knows, he hated writing letters, and to the newspapers he never wrote. But I find one long letter among my papers, put aside in 1891. It was not necessary to publish it. The criticism it aimed to answer was silly and shallow, and died of itself. Briefly it was this: I had asked a number of clergymen of other denominations than Episcopal to speak in St. George's Church on Friday evenings in Lent. There arose talk of presenting me to the Bishop. Mr. Morgan heartily disliked my plan of offering St. George's pulpit to any other than Episcopal clergy. It was a new idea, and in matters ecclesiastical old things were good enough for him. But the rector proposed doing it, and his business was to support the rector. Thus, without so much as a hint from me, he did what all who knew him will remember he never did: he wrote the following letter to the New York daily papers, defending my action.

The letter was written at two o'clock at night, and in its wording shows evident signs of weariness.

2 A. M. Wednesday.

DEAR RECTOR:—

I have done what I could. Show this to Bishop Potter and use it as you think best.

J. P. M.

The attacks in the daily press upon the Rev. Dr. Rainsford and the work in which he is engaged are most unwarranted, and certainly are based upon a misunderstanding of the facts, and are calculated to do injury to the great work of St. George's Church, which, I do not hesitate to say, has no parallel in the United States.

Let those who would be hypercritical visit St. George's Church, and witness the services held there. The thronged Church at the regular services. Let them see the Confirmation of over two hundred, who were last Sunday presented to the Bishop for that rite, and then say whether there are any signs of want of loyalty to the Episcopal Church, or any evidence of disregard of the laws of ritual or worship.

I state without fear of contradiction, that there is no church in our communion where greater care is exercised by the Rector, Warden, and Vestrymen to avoid anything which might be open to criticism in the services than in St. George's, for, independent of their loyalty to the Church, they recognize the fact that any other course would jeopardize the greatest success and sympathy with their work.

As regards the particular services to which exception is taken, they are nothing new. Several years ago, Dr. Rainsford instituted a course of lectures on Friday evening in the Church, upon subjects which are engrossing the thought of the Christian world.

Dr. Rainsford called to his aid the best writers and thinkers he could secure, both clerical and lay. The lectures were, and now are, delivered at no regular service, but at one arranged for this special purpose; they are largely attended, and have doubtless been of great benefit to many.

I do not think any one inclined to be just could for one moment think that there was any want of loyalty to the Church or its Ministry on the part of Dr. Rainsford or his Vestry, and under these circumstances, and upon this statement of facts, I feel I can consistently ask fair treatment at the hands of those inclined to question what has been done.

Signed,
J. P. MORGAN.

Never once in all my twenty-four years of rectorship did he criticize any single statement I made from the pulpit; he always gave me that practical evidence of his belief in the liberty of the pulpit. That he did disagree with many of them strongly any one could see. At times I noticed he even had recourse to his hymn-book while I preached. But I came to judge pretty accurately the seriousness of the disagreement

between us by the hour of his appearance at the church door the following Sunday. If he liked the sermon, he was sure to be on time. When he was late, I made a point of being early at his breakfast table on Monday.

Many love to bow themselves before the strong. And so an environment of almost universal flattery and adulation, sometimes gross and fawning, sometimes charming and refined, moved with him wherever he went. Most men would have been debased by it. It hurt him, of course, for he was human. But how great a man, how true a friend he remained, in spite of it all, some who have loved and watched him for many years, loved him for his great selfhood alone, know well.

Pierpont Morgan's was too emotional a nature to escape depression. At times he deeply doubted himself. He had hours, and more than once they were prolonged, of despairing despondency. But such experiences were the result of overstrain and nervous collapse, not of intellectual conviction. Intellectually he was an optimist. As he aged, he suffered from those tragically mistaken, self-chosen falsities of environment that many of the most brilliant men of his time were limited by. He was no scholar, no reader, and he had not learned to care for nature, or find any rest or companionship in her high company. So unrest and ennui were sometimes his. Loyalest of friends, he was intemperate and sometimes unjust in his oppositions. Of President Roosevelt he would hear nothing good. Yet the two men were made for a fine coöperation.

I came to understand how it was that my warden was, in some of his antipathies, so unreasonable. His own aims were absolutely honest and patriotic. He knew, when he was trying for some big thing, that it was not primarily in order to gain fortune for himself out of it, but chiefly to advance thereby the public good. I do not flatter him in this. *I state what I believe to be but the truth* when I say that, in his determination to fulfill what he believed to be his obligations to those who trusted him, and to the land he loved, there did not, in all New York's multitude, live a man more single-eyed than Pierpont Morgan. No venom of attack, no malicious slander poured on the man, made him deviate by one hair's breadth from this his life purpose.

Then he had full occasion to gauge the moral rottenness

of much of the political life of the time. He saw men he knew who, by alliance with Tammany in New York, or by purchased legislation at Albany or at Washington, were doing things he would rather die than do. Yet these men had no United States Government against them, *and he did. He came to think that the immediate future of the country was safer in the hands of business men like himself than in those of its politicians or chosen representatives.* Remember, he was not alone at that time in so thinking. Many thought with him that, for the country's good, it were well to have business methods master political. That such a programme was mistaken is clear enough now, but it took a leader as fearless of personal consequences as Theodore Roosevelt to make the country see it thirty years ago.

Mr. Morgan had been reared in New England, and like others prominent in business a generation ago, suffered a heavy handicap in consequence. Those were days of sectionalism. (Read the two autobiographies of Charles Francis and Henry Adams.) Boys went to school in the East, and if they went to college, went to an Eastern college.[1]

The same mistake is still usually made. An Eastern schoolboy needs a Western college life. In college life, something more important than building up school friendships should be aimed at. There was little in the boys' lives, during these formative years, which fitted them to understand any social class but their own, and still worse, their own, as it was illustrated to them by Eastern men only. What did they know of the mighty people across the Mississippi?

Mr. Morgan and his business associates were dependent for their knowledge of the West on occasional junketing expeditions, hurriedly taken, in well-found Pullman cars, over thousands of miles of railroads that they controlled. Such expeditions were scarcely an adequate introduction to the millions whose well-being depended largely on those roads. Those magnates, when they left New York or Chicago, were, though they knew it not, like the water beetle you can see in summer time in a brook. It is a little, perambulating diving bell. Wherever it goes, it carries its own atmosphere with it in a silvery bubble.

But I must not ramble further. To sum up, Mr. Morgan

[1] Mr. Morgan studied for two years at the University of Göttingen, Germany, where he gave evidence of unusual proficiency in Mathematics.

was ever a builder, not a wrecker. But he was handicapped by a lack of knowledge of the country he lived to serve. He did not know the man in the street, the man on the farm, or in the mine or factory. How should he? He never read himself into their lives, and he never met them.

To bring my warden to a better understanding of Theodore Roosevelt, the man, and his policies, I did my poor little best. I quite failed. The President wanted to get on with Mr. Morgan. The misunderstanding was all on the latter's side.

The last time I saw my friend was in 1911. We had, as was common, a sharp difference about President Roosevelt. I lost patience and said: "If you live long enough, you will fall on your knees and pray Almighty God to give you him again as President of the United States."

> By the great silence they are set apart,
> From all the restless longing of the heart
> That beats in us so passionate and strong;
> Are passed beyond the evening Angelus,
> And Memnon's morning song.

I wonder if they have met!

As I bring to an end this poor tribute to a great man and a great friend, I want to repeat what I have said: that no political measure proposed by any party, however disastrous it might prove to his own plans, shook for one moment his faith in the future, the great and honourable future, of these United States. He really had a profound belief in the wisdom, goodness, final common sense, and fair-mindedness of the ordinary citizen of the country; and he was willing to trust his reputation and his fortune to their keeping.

One morning, in his study, he spoke to me about the need of more publicity in the conduct of business. There had been some financial flurries in the West, and I asked why it should be, since business seemed good.

J. P. M. "The fools won't show each other their books."

W. S. R. "But you would not show your books to any one."

J. P. M. "Well, Rector, the time is coming when all business will have to be done with glass pockets."

His nature was conservative. He was inclined to resent change of any sort unless he inaugurated it. But there came

to Pierpont Morgan now and again those flashes of insight—long ago they called it prophecy—a rare quality in our nature, which, however it expresses itself, moves profoundly the souls of men. He combined, in religious matters, a stubborn conservatism with a wide and deep tolerance.[1] He held stoutly by his favourite dogmas, finally stating them in his will. And yet, strangely enough, he was too keen sighted to think that of them could be builded a platform on which all Christians could stand and work together. In later years, the necessity of uniting all Christian churches in common effort was very present to his mind. In one department of the industrial life of the time he had been the foremost exponent of the need of association. The need of like action in religious affairs he clearly saw.

Pierpont Morgan gave a whole-hearted allegiance to the Protestant Episcopal Church. He supported it for he loved it. But he had also a vision of a Catholic Church, embracing all faithful men, and of a Holy Communion no less wide than the Communion of Humanity.

Year by year, till Mr. Morgan died, wherever I was, there came to me this New Year greeting—

"Dear love and best wishes for New Year.

"Commodore."

[1] I do not believe that any or all of my teachings or preachings, in the pulpit or out of it, moved him by so much as one inch from the "plan of Salvation," the tradition of his youth, which he held with vise-like tenacity. Of every radical proposition I advanced—ecclesiastical, social, religious—he disapproved; yet back of me, ever and always, was his firm loyalty. Without it I couldn't have accomplished what I did.

CHAPTER XX

Our Parish House

In all time of our Wealth, Good Lord deliver us.
—The Litany.

The new St. George's was a success. We had done what few believed could be done. A free church stood, prosperously paying its way, where a pew church (though one of the most forceful men in the community occupied its pulpit) had lost ground gradually and finally failed altogether.

We had won first the attention and then the respect of the neighbourhood and of the city. We had paid our debts and laid a foundation for an endowment. In free-will offerings on Sundays we were receiving three times as much as the pew rents of the church had ever yielded in its palmiest days. St. George's membership was learning to give as a privilege, as an act of worship.

Illustrating this: I had a request sent me by a number of my East Side poor. They wanted to know if they could have five- or ten-cent Sunday envelopes. Twenty-five cents had been our lowest figure till then for weekly gifts. The times were cruelly hard, and twenty-five cents a week they could not promise. John Reichert and his helpers went round and we added $1,000 a year to the church offerings, and what was better, helped those people, as they joined in the common worship, to feel as they had not done before that they were part and parcel of it, that they supported it.[1]

Wages were low and work scarce. We made no special appeals to our East Side friends, yet the steady stream of their

[1] One hundred and ninety-five new envelopes were taken by people living on First Avenue and east of it, a very poor district. My letter was put into German by John Reichert, with the result that they thought the rector could speak German as well as English. And nothing would do for them but that I must preach to them in their own loved tongue.

giving never dried up. Mr. Morgan had undertaken for three years to double any gifts made for the endowment fund of St. George's. One Monday night a poor woman came to me at the Parish House. I did not know her; her name was not on our books. "I am a lonely woman," she said. "St. George's has been a great help to me. I have saved fifty dollars. I know how important it is to keep the church here where it is. Take it for the endowment."

The Girls' Friendly Society was composed exclusively of working girls, and remember, twenty-five years ago the conditions most of those girls worked under were bad, and in some cases were intolerably bad, and their wages low. St. George's branch of the Girls' Friendly Society raised among themselves alone and sent to me on Christmas Eve $1,042.15; the product of three years' saving. That, with Mr. Morgan's gift, added $2,084.30 to the endowment. Think what that money cost those girls!

What the Girls' Friendly Society did every organization housed in the building did also. One and all turned in and did their share. They gave $7,500 a year to the support of our work, and this money, much the greater part of it, came from young people between fourteen and twenty-five years old. It was money that was saved at cost to themselves. It stood for actual self-denial.

When I planned the Parish House, I could find no precedent to follow. I had in my own mind to build a nest for the thing I was trying to hatch out and rear. I knew there must be many mistakes, many things left out.

When I had been suddenly ordered to leave my work, the building had risen. When I returned, it had filled up. I had great expectations of what it would enable us to do. I came back to find every corner of it crammed with young people. The need of the thing was even greater than I knew.

Some who read my book will remember our parish building on East 16th Street. Others may have no such memories, and if they are interested in sociological Christianity, must know many buildings far larger, far superior in every way, to this venture we made so long ago. But surely what we aimed to do was needed, and if we had had little experience, we were going the right way to get it.

Photograph by *Aimé Dupont*

"My Boys"

Top, left to right: Rev. W. H. Garth, H. H. Pike, Rev. F. H. Nelson, John Reichert
Bottom, left to right: Rev. Arthur N. Taft, Rev. W. S. Rainsford,
Rev. Alexis W. Stein, Wm. S. Chester
1898

The Parish House was my own hobby, and I will try not to ride it too far in my book, but as I turn to my notes of long ago, I find some things I cannot leave out.

It was evident to me that "mission work," as it was then, and indeed as it is now, carried on by the Protestant churches of all denominations, does not reach the best class of our working people: the self-respecting class, the class most important to reach, for it is sure to dominate the labour movements of the future.

That class was largely lost to the church. But here I would say that in our Parish House I began to see signs of the presence of a section of our East Side folk, just the people I wanted to know. Ordinarily mission work not only does not reach these, it sometimes puts another barrier in the path of their approach to the church.

The reason of this is plain, though it escapes the observation of the churches. The mission appeal is to the least deserving, the least independent—to those who will come partly "to get." You cannot merge the women and children of such households with the women and children of labour union workers, any more than you can socially join together the labour union man and the "scab." Many good Christians deplore this fact, but it is not a thing to be deplored at all. The lower you go in the financial scale of living, the more important is the observation, yes, the rigid observation, of the laws of class. They are costly and persistent things, these laws; we break them at our peril.

The Parish House was open on Monday nights to everyone, and meet there we did, from Pierpont Morgan to the last adopted Armenian refugee. The big reception room upstairs, off which were my assistant clergy rooms, was the place where strangers were welcomed, and from which they were conducted, if they so desired, round the many classrooms. If the old Avenue A folks of the early 1880's seldom put in an appearance here, their children did in throngs, and as they did so, insensibly they changed class; for here all were in their own house, for all did something to support it.

One Monday night, to my intense surprise and delight, who should turn up but Phillips Brooks. I took him all round. The place was buzzing with young spring life from basement

to attic. The youngsters gazed with awe at the immense man, the boys in the Gym doing their best stunts for his benefit. As it grew late he came back with me to the rectory. Phillips Brooks seemed to me to show signs of failing even then. After a while he said, "I must have a parish house alongside Trinity Church. It would be a splendid thing. I can get the thing done"; and the dear Great Man grew quite enthusiastic.

Said I: "But whom are you going to get to create the organization and then run it for you?"

"Why, Rainsford, you could do that for me; you could find me a man."

"But such men are not easy to find. What sort of a man do you want me to look for?"

"Why, a likely deacon."

"Ah," said I, "I wish we could find likely deacons or likely priests, either, who could do what you long to see done, dear Doctor Brooks. Don't put up a parish house near Trinity just yet; go on preaching."

Phillips Brooks was quiet for a little time, and then said simply, "I think you are right."

On the first Sunday morning in the month we had a little ἀγάπη[1] of our own. Then the young communicants of the church came together; all the class leaders and Sunday-school teachers met their scholars at the Holy Table, and the old church was sometimes filled to the last seat in the gallery. I always preached to them for a few minutes, and I believe that those morning hours of worship many of us will remember as long as we live.

Sunday School followed soon after this service, but as many came from a great distance, and the number of these increased year by year, they had to go without breakfast or bring sandwiches with them.

We do not know the exact usage of the Church of the First Century, nor how the large number who must have sometimes partaken received the bread and wine. But we may be very sure the custom of the time differed widely from the stupid, wearisome one which the growth of a sacerdotal concept of the Eucharist has forced on Episcopalians to-day, making some-

[1] Αγάπη was the meal taken with or after Communion in the first century of the Christian Church. See I Cor., xi, 21. The custom died out. St. Paul here says it was leading in Corinth to disorder.

times what should be our most beautiful service a weariness to the flesh. To communicate fifteen hundred or more people, as was common at St. George's, was a slow matter; but since ours was the Greek fashion, and our rail was semi-circular, we were better able to deal with a large number than if our Holy Table had had but one narrow front.

Even with the advantage of the semi-circular rail, when fifteen hundred persons communicated, my people stood ranged before me, row on row, for over an hour, waiting their turn to kneel. This long wait gave me a good opportunity to study their faces. One spring Sunday morning I saw a tall overgrown boy of eighteen who had been in my confirmation class. He was leaning against the chancel wall, and his face looked white and drawn. I watched for him after the service, got him into the Parish House, and drew the truth out of the lad.

The times were very hard. His father was out of work. He was earning $3.50 a week, and this money he brought to his mother, who each day gave him ten cents for his luncheon. His mother was suffering from some internal trouble, and longed for the advice of a doctor known to her years before, when she lived in another part of the town. To have him visit her would cost three dollars, and under the present circumstances, this was an expense out of the question. Yet he wanted his mother to have that doctor, and how much he wanted, the white face of that thin eighteen-year-old, half-fed boy told. He had taken each day that ten cents luncheon money from his mother for five weeks, and saved it, going without his luncheon. Then he had himself fetched that doctor to his mother's side.

Pretty fine, I call that! That boy gave me the idea of our Sunday morning agapæ, the first Sunday in the month. The deaconesses got the coffee ready in one of the lower rooms of the building, and all who lived at a distance and had work to do in the schools before the eleven o'clock service met there for a simple breakfast.

We do not make enough of the beautiful things we find in each other. We permit them to be hidden under the drab surface of daily life. We treasure the writings of any one who can make us see something of that light "that never was on land or sea." But what beautiful thing is as lovely or as lasting as the vision of the great intention of God, visible in some obscure

child of His? When we see such a thing we catch the meaning of Emerson's greeting to his friend,

> All things through thee take nobler form
> And look beyond the Earth.

I have nothing to leave behind me, to the people I worked for and worked with, more worthy of remembrance than such stories as these. I wrote them down at the time, and as I go over my records of long ago, they come back to me with fresh beauty and power. Here is another worth remembering:

Every organization that had headquarters in the Parish House had a system of visitation. Those who dropped out were visited. I cannot over-emphasize the value of this work. The two men who, more than any others, made this department a success, were W. H. Schieffelin and William Foulke, both members of the vestry. They were among the very first who came to my side when I stood alone in the empty old church; they always understood and they never failed me. Both have gone to their rest, but the brotherly spirit, the outstretched hand and welcoming smile, the kindly, unflagging patience and Christian tact of these two faithful servants of their fellow-men, scores of the poorer members of St. George's will never forget.

This is Mr. Schieffelin's story. A young mechanic, holding a well-paid job, was missed from the men's club, missed from his tenement house, missed from his workshop. He was found at last living in a single room with his mother. The man was under thirty, the mother quite old, smitten with a sudden mental decline, passing rapidly into complete imbecility. She was helpless; could not without assistance do for herself the common offices of life. I asked him why he did not get a nurse. Without the least bit of pretentious self-consciousness he made me see that since all he was he owed to his mother, he was quite unwilling to trust her, in her utter helplessness, to any hired stranger.

"But," said I, "in her case she needs care hourly, day and night."

"I will give her care day and night."

"What about your work? You were earning high wages, I hear."

"I gave up my work."

"What are you doing now?"

"Basket work."

"And you have given up your trade?"

"Yes; I must watch over my mother, and I can work at baskets in this room."

So, night and day, for two years, while a flickering spark of life remained, he tended the poor wrecked imbecile thing he knew and loved as "mother." In one poor room, half fed, half warmed, that fine soul gave the best he had to the best he knew.

Those who despair of human nature do not know the poor, I say. All my life long, in Ireland, England, Toronto, and New York, I constantly came across the same sort of poor people that Jesus seems to have so well known. The poor who believe in, even when they cannot explain, the Kingdom of Heaven in men.

I love to look back and remember what a rarely good time we all had together in that parish house. The aim I pursued as steadily as I could was to trust everything to the management of the young people themselves; not unduly to multiply organizations (a common fault), but when there was something that needed doing, choose a fitted leader or two for the job, and give him or them liberty and responsibility at the same time.

Such dance halls as there were then in our neighbourhood were not places where respectable young people should attend, yet dancing was as natural and necessary as eating to thousands. When I said I was going to have dancing in my parish house, I scared many of my friends. But if I did, I drew closer to me than ever the young people I wanted to win. For a little season my good deaconesses could not (all of them, at least) see it. I frankly told them they should exercise as free a judgment as I claimed, and if they could not conscientiously help me in this, I could not blame them in the least. All I should ask would be that they should carefully avoid appearing in any way to criticize what was to be the liberal policy of the church in the matter.

There was no evading the fact that among the mass of young people who clamorously applauded the very idea of the Parish House being opened for dancing, there was a rough element.

It could not be otherwise. This needed not so much watching as guiding and helping. Their intention was good. We had won their interest. They wanted to avoid doing any unseemly thing, but they did not know how. A cigarette end hanging out of their mouths as they danced, or a surreptitious squirting of tobacco juice into a quiet corner of the room, surely such things no lady or gentleman could object to. Loud talking, coarse laughing, rude buffoonery—these were the invariable accompaniments of any social pleasure they had known. In short, the situation was delicate; it needed careful handling, and the one thing above all that had to be avoided was any appearance of disciplinary suppression.

Well, we made a great success of our dancing. I had nothing to do with it. My clergy had but little. We were busy in other ways. But Mrs. W. H. Schieffelin, with her gentleness and charm, Miss Elsie Marshall, one of the most competent and successful organizers of working girls our church has ever known, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee (then Miss Morgan), Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. R. M. Bull, Miss Rhett, and so many others, I wish I had space to name them, by their cheerful, patient presence launched triumphantly our scheme of most necessary and helpful pleasure.

In an astonishingly short time the scheme took a natural shape, and quickly, intelligently, and with complete success, St. George's young working people issued their own invitations, being responsible for those invited and their behaviour when they came. I was calling on an old lady who kept a small tenement rooming house near the old gas works, one of the poorest districts on the East Side. I asked her if she noticed any change in the neighbourhood. "Indeed I do, Doctor. Round here they used all to be toughs and bums. Now there is three or four gentlemen to every block." She seemed conservative in her estimate.

To turn from dancing to our Sexton Hanlon[1] may seem an unnecessary study in contrasts, yet in all of that band of co-operators whose united work and spirit made our parish home a power for good, none helped me more loyally than did he. He was not simply an efficient official; he was a warm-hearted and generous friend, and his strong, manly personality was an

[1]Hanlon came of an old North of Ireland family. They breed fine men and women there.

influence always making for good among the young people that daily flocked in and out of the house when he had charge. A good man and a true, faithful in the discharge of his office and wonderfully patient toward all men was Hanlon. He knew what we stood for, and he believed in it. He knew the boys and girls, and none had a truer eye for the bad and the good among them. He knew the city and, what was important, he knew our Albany Assemblyman, and the police captain of the precinct. He was not only the greatest possible help to me; on occasion he was a wise councillor. When he suddenly died, the whole parish missed and mourned Hanlon.

I will tell a story showing the sort of man he was—a story heretofore known to only two now living, John Reichert and myself. We thought it best to keep it to ourselves. It is a story of nearly thirty years ago.

One Sunday morning, as Hanlon was standing in his usual place in front of the Parish House, a young man who had been a member of the men's club, but had left New York two years before to drive a locomotive on one of the big railroad lines, came up to him. Hanlon at once recognized and welcomed him, for he had been a favourite with all. For some time they talked, and as they did so, Hanlon realized that there was something wrong, and that the man was insane. We had always an arrangement with the police permitting an officer to be within call on Sunday mornings. Hanlon bided his time till the man of order should be at his elbow, and then, like a flash, clasped in his powerful grip the engineer, falling on him as he did so. He was secured in a moment, and quietly taken away in a cab. The thing was done so quietly that few saw it, and those who did thought that a stranger had fallen in a fit.

What aroused Hanlon's suspicion first was that the engineer wanted to see me, insisted on seeing me at once. "But the Rector is preaching," said Hanlon.

"Well, I must talk to him in the pulpit," and suspiciously he kept his hand in his pocket. Our poor clubman had a loaded 45-calibre revolver in that pocket. He was violently insane before the officer got him to the hospital, and he died a raving lunatic in a couple of weeks.

Surely I had a fine group of people round me in those days, and Hanlon did not lower the average!

It would be delightful to me to begin at the top of our building and, passing through it all, room by room, try to tell the story of what those who met in those rooms strove for. Alas, space fails me.

Athletic work among the boys and girls I pressed in every way possible. The gymnasium occupied a whole floor, and to exercise wise rule and governance here I found a man after my own heart, Ernest Reinhardt. Mr. Morgan loaned a large vacant lot at Weehawken to the men's club: a rough, rocky place enough, but all hands turned in to smooth it, and a reasonably good running track, cricket crease, and baseball ground were proudly achieved.

We fought for healthy bodies, and we fought against the chief danger, I hold it, of our American athleticism—professionalism. We produced some first-class champions in their various classes at the Metropolitan Association A. A. U. But more important far, we did something to raise the physical standard (which was low) of our neighbourhood. And we made thousands believe that the religion we believed in had works as well as faith behind it.

Then there grew up in the large church reading room an unusually strong men's club, and it busied itself with the intellectual and social side of the parish life. Concerts, plays, "socials," "smokers," all such things the club produced. The members knew what was wanted, and in providing it, took an immense lot of work off the hands of my assistant clergy, and did the thing far better than they (the clergy) could have done.

The all-important question of membership I settled myself. I said I would have no man, woman, or child a member of any organization in our parish house who was not a member (I don't mean communicant) of St. George's Church. I had opposition at first. To some, such a drastic limitation seemed both narrow-minded and unwise. It was neither, I hold. As the event proved, we had none too much room for those who wanted to come into our church life and stay in it, and we avoided the state of things that I saw round me in the later years of my ministry: fine parish buildings whose influence on and connection with the membership of those churches whose name they bore seemed negligible.

I need scarcely say that my one aim above all others, as I

planned our parish house, was to stimulate and develop sound religious teaching for our young people. If we succeeded in that, other failures were unimportant; if we failed there, no success won elsewhere could be permanent.

The officers of the school were first class. H. H. Pike was an extraordinarily efficient superintendent; and the faithfulness of the rank and file was illustrated when, unexpectedly, one winter morning, I had a roll call of teachers taken and out of a total of one hundred and sixty-four, one hundred and sixty-two were in their classes.

Sunday-school teachers must know something to teach, and must know how to teach what they know. A good teacher is made as well as born. Here I long to preach a sermon on the need of the twentieth-century child for religious teaching. I shall say simply that from the day I became rector of St. George's till the day of my resignation no aim or purpose in all our parish seemed as important as was our ministry to the children. The Sunday School must come first.

My "senior clerical assistant," being only human, was inclined to arrogate to himself certain rights that were not always good for him, or his juniors, or the parish. In a happy hour I got the idea that each of my assistants should be "senior" one week at a time. While officer of the week, everything in the parish came to the senior for decision before it came to me, even emergency calls. Each man was thus constantly put on his mettle, and was pretty severely tested as to his capacity. Another good result of the system was that his colleagues had more leisure in the morning hours to study for three weeks in the month.

Another good plan in regard to my assistant clergy I developed. I made my assistants select their successors. I found if a man had worked with me for two or more years, he was immensely interested in securing another fitted to take his place. He naturally knew a number of young clerics that I had never heard of, and of their qualifications he was apt to have a better knowledge than I. In short, in every organization, the one thing I did was to trust those under me.

If you want to help men themselves, trust them! If you want to get the best they can give you, trust them! No man, no matter how gifted, can finally succeed if he will not trust his

fellow-men. And it was because he never could trust any but his inferiors, and not even his inferiors for long, that Woodrow Wilson made, at home and abroad, probably the greatest failure in our country's history. Never did fortune shine so persistently for any man. But he would not trust his fellows, so they came not to trust him.

I look back on my relations with the thirty-five assistant clergy who worked under me at St. George's, and my heart warms within me as I remember what a good time we had together. Never did a rector have better assistants than did I! And I know that often I tried "my boys," for my temper was hasty and unreasonable, specially in later years of my ministry, when I was sometimes quite worn out.

I can only remember one row we had, a disagreement, rather, and I am inclined to think on that occasion my clergy were wiser than I. I knew there was trouble in my clergy house, and I guessed the cause, but I was rather taken aback when, one morning, one of the staff who was whole-heartedly given to his work walked into the study and said that after deliberation he had concluded to resign unless I dismissed one of my assistants, a very brilliant fellow. I asked how the other clergy felt. He said they agreed with him, but did not wish to speak out.

If I had ridden a high horse that morning I would have hurt the church and wronged "my boys." I came close to them and asked them to trust me. I said that if after a talk with the man they objected to I felt that he could not be trusted, I would certainly do as they wished. ——threw himself on me; was evidently sincerely repentant at the time, and for a season, at least, gave proof to his fellows that he was so. But I think I would have done better by the man himself and by St. George's if I had taken his colleagues' advice and bidden him seek work elsewhere.

I have written only of a few of the organizations that grew in our Home. Of one, an inconspicuous but valuable little agency for good, I must tell a story. Remember, libraries then were not common.

Place: our Sunday-school library at front door.
Time: winter evening.
Books kept out over a fortnight had one cent a day charged on them. Postcard sent one week after book due for return

by Miss Bays, our volunteer librarian. Receipt of postcard means pennies owing.

Little ragged lad about eleven years old comes in. Bitter weather, no stockings or shoes (this is rare). Produces his book and postcard.

Little ragged lad: "I owe four pennies."

Miss B. (relenting): "Well, Charlie, you can pay one this week and one next week."

Little ragged lad: "No; I have got them here. I worked for them, and what is four pennies for all I have got out of this book!"

It was "Robinson Crusoe." How old DeFoe would rejoice!

From the first idea of it, I had a hope that our parish building might help me to win labour unionism to see that there were those in the Protestant Episcopal Church who believed in the aims of the best labour leaders, who saw clearly, as they did, that to win mere justice labour must unite, and as a unit present its claim.—"Homestead" had removed for me all doubts on the need of labour unionism—men must coöperate if they would secure the simplest of human rights. I am not uncharitable nor yet inaccurate when I say that the ignorance of the clergy and the indifference of the religious press to labour's cry for justice was dense and inexcusable.

It is not a grateful task recalling the blindness of those who are gone, but when I find people all round me full of pessimism to-day, I know no better way to encourage and correct them than by reminding them of conditions that obtained twenty-seven years ago, which they are too young to have known, or have forgotten.

The Hon. John Burns (member for Chelsea in the British parliament, 1895) visited New York. He was welcomed at a great meeting in Cooper Union, where I was invited by the labour unions to speak, and afterward entertained at a dinner, where I was by them asked to speak to the toast, "The Church and Labour."

As everyone knows, John Burns was leader in the great London Dock Strike. More than one hundred thousand men

were behind him. There were misery and want in London then, yet John Burns so kept his head, so led and controlled that mob of hungry and despairing men, that not one pane of glass was broken in London. England never forgot that strike or that strike leader. In after years he was a member of the English Government.

The Churchman, the chief paper in our Protestant Episcopal Church, took me to task for what I had done, and with extraordinary ignorance and folly described Mr. Burns as a "foul-mouthed agitator." I wrote the following letter to the editor:[1]

To the Editor of *The Churchman*:

I feel very sure that many of the readers of your paper regret and deprecate, as sincerely as I do, the article in *The Churchman*, Jan. 12, on "The Return of Mr. John Burns." What ground you have for styling Mr. Burns a "foul-mouthed" agitator, who has no respect for the institutions even of his own country, I cannot think. To say again, as you do, that "as labour agitator he has been trying to rebel against the British Government more or less covertly," is to say what is untrue, grossly untrue. His own party opponents in England would smile at such a way of stating the case. . . .

He is an extremist, of course; as such he naturally holds many views that at present give rise to fierce divisions of opinion. But no one who knows anything about the man or his career is likely to agree with the verdict of your editorial. . . .

Church papers make a mistake when they pour abuse on such men.

W. S. Rainsford

St. George's Rectory,
Jan. 14, 1895.

Old Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, in those days was bent on proving that what New York wanted in a paper was witty blackguardism. At the end of a long editorial he summed up my social usefulness thus: "Dr. Rainsford is a shallow, harumscarum thinker, and is a conspicuous representative of a school of unwise and mischievous social agitators."

Several years later, I was asked to write editorially for the New York *Sun*.

I would like to go on for many a page telling in poor part the story of our parish life a generation ago in that Home. Fine, full years those were, and God knows, as I look back on them,

[1] "The Return of Mr. John Burns," *The Churchman*, January 12, 1895.

I am ashamed I did not do more with the golden opportunities that were mine. In our Home were gathered a most unusual band of workers. What each did deserves a chapter, and I have but space to write a name. But from Pierpont Morgan to John Reichert, and from Alexis Stein to Charles James Wills, I had with me whole-hearted men of purpose and power. They bettered my counsels and forgave my faults.

Unwillingly I must end my so imperfect sketch of our Parish Home. Our critics and our friends, when they visited us, said we had a wonderful organization. But few saw that organization was not the secret of our unusual success. That lay in the living spirit that animated all; the spirit of service that dear Jacob Riis had so well named "Salvation by human touch." Nothing new in it, for it was Jesus' way.

That "radium quality" in a man enables him to sense where a great need exists. I think we were among the first to see that the crowded portions of our modern cities need, above other needs, community houses. We tried to make one. Lots of mistakes we made, of course. But the aim was good. The people saw that it was good, and they came to us. Came not only as needing what we had to give, but as bravely anxious to help us to the utmost of their ability. They crowded the place (and always there were more males than females), and they crowded the church, too.

In 1899, we had a regular housecleaning. We cut out all the dead timber we could find, removing from our roll all doubtful members, with this result:

St. George's Members and Attendants

Living in tenement houses	5,034
In boarding houses	891
In flats, apartments, hotels	834
In private houses (this included domestic servants)	537

Only forty-nine families were then living in houses of their own of fourteen feet frontage and above. The majority of the 537 were domestics, living with people who did not attend St. George's.

In the sixteen years, between 1883 and 1899, our communi-

cants had increased from less than two hundred to over four thousand.

Including gifts to the church endowment, we had raised $2,000,000. On Sunday our collections were not quite so large as formerly, as the rush of strangers had ceased, and few very rich people joined us. But even so, in 1898 and 1899, each year our gifts to foreign and domestic missions amounted to nearly $8,000.

We had made good in local missionary work, for we had won the confidence and support of the best element among the youth of the neighbourhood. The boys and girls we had set out to reach years before had grown to men and women, and now thronged our gymnasium and athletic clubs, and very many of them were whole-souled members of the church.

Ernest Reinhardt, my indefatigable assistant, gave special attention to training wrestlers, and in that field the clever medium-sized East Sider developed a quite extraordinary proficiency. So much so that several times, and in several classes of competitors, we won not only a Metropolitan championship, but also the championship of the United States. Mr. Reinhardt wrote without exaggeration in his report to me in 1899: "We are now looked upon as having in our club the best wrestlers up to 125 pounds in America."

And just think of it! Some of those dear fellows in our "gym" were in that crowd of little "toughs" that, on August 4, 1883, laid me flat on the floor in our Avenue A saloon. Yes, the church made the Parish Home, and the Home remade the church. All classes of people who made up the city's life met in our Parish Home, and so met that they came to know one another better and to respect and understand one another more.

What was accomplished a generation ago, by inexperienced if whole-hearted people of all classes and of many creeds, can be, should be, must be done in every city and town, if our American democracy is to survive. "Getting" cannot bind men together. Nothing but men of "Good Will" whose lives are a "giving" can. Many mistakes we made, and I, the leader, made more than my share. But we had all of us an honest and self-sacrificing spirit of service, and it was that which won.

The old altars are falling. Let us build the new, and over them let us place the everlasting name of Jesus, the Supreme Servant of Mankind.

He chose His own altar. It was a cross; and at that altar mankind will worship long after it has ceased to believe in or to honour the impossibly partial, unworshipful God that all the orthodoxies still persist in presenting to it to-day.

Oh, King of Earth, thy cross ascend,
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne.

—James Martineau

CHAPTER XXI

New York

1890-1906

The ten years from 1890 to 1900 were the fullest years in my life. If a man can do any solid work, he should be able to accomplish it between forty and fifty.

In those years I was more free to take part in extra parochial matters than had been possible during the first years of my rectorship.

The machinery of the parish was now in good order. My people were extraordinarily faithful and efficient. I can recall no jars or jealousies within or without. Clerical antagonism to what St. George's stood for, if still visible, was a party affair, and the larger number of the clergy the country over gave us an enthusiastic support. Even the General Theological Seminary students no longer shunned us. They came constantly to the parish building, and once a year I invited the whole student body to spend the evening with my assistant clergy. Then I gave them a good supper and a good cigar, and after having by such means sugared my pill, filled them as full of sociological and ecclesiastical heresy as I could at one sitting. All over the country clergy have kindly reminded me of those evenings.

I had by this time, too, succeeded in gathering to my aid a very superior class of assistant clergy, picked out in the way I have spoken of. These young men, living together in the comfortable and spacious quarters Mr. Morgan had provided in the upper story of the Parish House, were able, in an unostentatious way, to entertain young clergy visiting the city, as well as the assistant clergy of New York parishes. Apropos of this pleasant privilege of ours, I remember what a happy laugh we had, when one morning a young Canadian

Evangelical parson, Dysor Hague, a friend of mine, a good fellow, staying in the Parish House over night, came in to breakfast at the rectory a few minutes late, to find to his evident amazement the rector seated at the breakfast table with Fathers Maturin and Osborne, of course in the dress of their order, seated beside him. The amazement of the Canadian was so evident that I burst into a roar of laughter, and after that we had a most pleasant time together.

Thus the clergy house helped to give the things we stood for a very widespread recognition indeed.

I saw a good deal of Doctor Huntington, rector of Grace Church. We were near neighbours, and once I gave him help in a rather amusing way.

A sweet-faced lady of middle age called on me with a note from Doctor Huntington one day. The note said, "The bearer is known to me. She is a lady of Christian character and wishes to be confirmed. I have advised her to go to your confirmation class."

This was mystifying, but my visitor gave me at once the explanation. She had attended Grace Church for years, and Grace Church confirmation class for two years, but she could not, try as she would, accept the dogma of the Virgin birth of our Lord. Failing to accept it, Doctor Huntington said he could not recommend her to the Bishop for Confirmation. This distressed her extremely, for she greatly desired to join the Protestant Episcopal Church. In no other did she feel so much at home. "Well," said Doctor Huntington, "I cannot send you up, but I will give you a letter to Doctor Rainsford." So she came to me. I had taught for a long time that the theory of the miraculous birth of Jesus was evidently not known to St. Paul, and was in all probability a later and most natural approximation of the early Christian thought to that Eastern conception of divine incarnation, which had obtained wide acceptance before Jesus was born. Moreover, I contended, a half man could never be example and guide, be tempted in *all* points as we were. Complete manhood the Son of Man claimed for himself. I could not ascribe any other to Him, or dare to give Him less, and if he was not Joseph's son he was not wholly human, etc., etc. Well, the dear lady was in due course confirmed, and after that *communicated at Grace Church.* So I

made it easier for her to have what she longed for, and from the hands she would have chosen.

The prosperity of our own work and the peace and good will reigning in our organizations made it possible for me to take some interest in matters that had no direct relation to my church. For eight years I had set myself to a task that required all I had to give to it, my own local business. If I could not make a success locally, I could not succeed at all. (1) Could the poor, the unorganized poor, be reached by the church and helped? (2) Could the organized and semi-organized wage earners be drawn back to the church?

These two problems had been faced. If we had not solved them we had at least shown that they were solvable.

So long as the success of St. George's was uncertain, I felt I had no right to go outside my own "bailiwick." Now I was freer to take a wider view of the city's needs—and to urge on those who would listen the best ways of meeting them.

If I had to face criticism not always just when I was doing my own parish work after my own ideas, it was certain I must be prepared to meet more criticism and harsher when I ventured into a wider field. However, I was young and successful and had many friends and a great body of convinced workers behind me who trusted me, so it did not require much courage to go forward—and I went.

Poverty then in New York was dreadful. In the April *Forum*, 1891, I wrote an article, "What Can We Do for the Poor?" It was quoted widely. I must here content myself by quoting one sentence from it only:

> The whole aspect of modern Protestant churches in our large cities, into which the tide of workers flows steadily, is neglectful of and repellent to the self-respecting wage earner. The best churches, the strongest organizations, have deliberately deserted the field when the battle is hardest, and have sought comfort and ease in the society of the rich. As organizations stimulating Christian culture for those who choose to attend and support them, they answer their purpose well enough. But as embodying in any real sense the comprehensive and aggressive mission of a living Christian body to these times and conditions of ours, they are hollow mockeries and an utter failure.

So much was true when I wrote it. And so far as the Protestant Episcopal Church is concerned, it is generally true to-day, in 1922. A few there are, Bishop Williams of Michi-

gan for instance, and a small, well-informed, resolute band of clergy who, in spite of misrepresentation and abuse, are doing all that brave men can do to save our church from the curse of social respectability.

In the early '90's I was practically alone among the clergy in the Protestant Episcopal Church in attacking the social conditions among the poor—and the rich, too—in New York. It seems strange now, but the fact was that the clerical mind was then occupied with other things, trifling in their importance when compared with the momentous thing that was slowly being enacted before eyes that could not, would not see. The wage earner on one side, the capitalist and the professions on the other, were ceasing to understand each other. A truce of ignorance might be followed by a war of hate. The Church was God's "daysman" between them, but she shirked the job. Her hour of opportunity came and went. I doubt that it will ever return. It cannot till she has a great house-cleaning.

Marshal Foch says that the army that loses the initiative is already beaten. The Church in America and England lost the initiative between 1830 and 1890.

Ever since I left Cambridge, I had read rather widely on Coöperation as a possible move in the Industrialism of the future. Sedley Taylor, brave, brilliant pioneer that he was, had moved some of us to undertake some study of it in 1870. Thinking the subject might offer some variety to the occasionally rather monotonous fare of clerical discussion, I read a paper on Coöperation at "the Club." I don't think it was a bad paper, but it fell flat. The truth was, no one knew enough about the subject even to start a discussion of it, except Doctor Henry. My *Forum* article, however, drew fire, and from the quarter I expected. Doctor Dix of Trinity came out with a public letter in which he said, "I have no confidence in the judgment or wisdom of those who tell us that the Church must reach the masses, purify politics, elevate the labour classes."

My relations with Doctor Dix were always pleasant, and at this time, though I did not know him well, I quite understood that there was nothing whatever personal in his criticism. He was but defending a view of the Church's duty that was then held by ninety-nine clergy out of a hundred and by most of its

prominent laymen. Admiral Mahan, who had been a help to me at St. George's from the first, whose kindly and exceedingly able criticism of my sermons and doings generally I welcomed, told me that, feeling that I placed both in my work and my preaching an excessive emphasis on the humanitarian side of religion, he thought it better to go with his family to another church.

Speaking of Doctor Dix, I like to recall that, as time went on, he modified his views as to the Church's social obligations in New York. Certainly he very warmly praised St. George's work some years after the letter from which I have quoted appeared. I had just returned from a visit to Nashville, where I had been holding a fortnight's mission in Doctor Manning's Church. I was breakfasting with Mr. Morgan, as I did generally once a week.

J. P. M.—"Doctor Dix is looking everywhere for a vicar for St. Agnes's Chapel; he cannot find the man he wants."

W. S. R.—"Well, I think my host at Nashville might fill his bill admirably. He is a moderate High Churchman, but he is in touch with men."

J. P. M.—"Well, why not go to Dix and tell him of the man?"

W. S. R.—"Why, Doctor Dix would not listen to any suggestion of mine for a place so important."

J. P. M.—"You are quite wrong. I know for certain he will be thankful for any suggestion you may make. Go down to the rectory right now."

So I went. Doctor Dix received me. He had not heard, he told me, of my friend, Doctor Manning, of Nashville, and I told him why and how I had come straight from Mr. Morgan's breakfast table. He was most polite in thanking me for my call. Shortly after, my friend became vicar of St. Agnes's Chapel.

I made a public appeal to the authorities for the opening of the Metropolitan Art Galleries on Sundays, free to the people. That got me into trouble of a superficial sort. Then Heber Newton and I were to be presented to the Bishop of the Diocese for breaking canon law inasmuch as we had invited clergy of denominations other than our own to preach in our pulpits. That, too, blew over. My friends at the General Seminary drew up a list of things done amiss and things undone, but the

Bishop must have pigeonholed it. These trifling matters are not worth dwelling on. How strangely far away they sound now! But I do want to give some account of the life of the city as I saw it and moved in it then, and of some few of the very many who helped to make working and fighting finely worth while.

To a casual observer things had a discouraging look in New York City. The standards of right and wrong in public duty were low. The man who made money was listened to and was popular. How he made it did not matter. Abram Hewitt, who had served his country in Washington and his city in the City Hall, with singular ability and utter disinterestedness, was, when his term of office expired, as completely forgotten as though he lived in Europe. For what he had done few thanked or honoured him.

William C. Whitney, who used his many gifts and his immense influence, social and political, to grasp the surface railroad system of the city, and, having squeezed for himself a great fortune out of it, handed it back to its owner, the taxpayer, full of dirty water, was a citizen whom the despoiled municipality delighted to honour.

Yet even then, the common folks, the multitude, seemingly so inert, so voiceless, so misled, were waiting for a leader, a teacher, and a guide.

When he was most needed, he came—one of those preachers of righteousness that men have always believed in—and will always believe in because they are so made—and cannot help it. His voice was not beautiful, but it carried. His message was not eloquent, yet it was rarely inspiring and conclusive—He was destined to lead not only his own party but all parties. It is but simple truth to say that for twenty years Theodore Roosevelt was the paramount influence in the United States.

He was more than a great president, he was the greatest preacher of righteousness this country had known. Who that watched his steady conquest of the hearts and judgments of his countrymen could remain pessimistic as to the future of a people he led and taught? Men followed and trusted and loved and bitterly mourned Roosevelt because he was good. At the long last nothing draws, nothing succeeds, nothing pays like

goodness—for men long to be good, and only in goodness can we find happiness and peace. In the days I am writing of Theodore Roosevelt had not yet found himself, and I must not branch off on that part of my story here.

I tried to go to the Century on Saturday nights, for the old Century in East 15th Street was the best, the most interesting club I ever put my foot in. When Clarence King was in New York, he reigned there without a rival on Saturday nights. Never anywhere or at any time have I heard a conversationalist so versatile, so brilliantly clever, and with so complete a command of himself and his subject under all circumstances of verbal exchange. I give an instance of his wit. A group of men were watching a game of billiards. E. L. Godkin was one of the players, and King was looking on. Godkin and King were friends; but like most, Clarence King often took exception to Godkin's policies in the *Evening Post*, and of his treatment both of his friends and of his enemies in that paper.

Presently Godkin fumbled a stroke. Quick as a flash, Clarence King said quietly: "A regular *Evening Post* shot, Godkin; too much English, and on the wrong side."

Lawrence Godkin told me long afterward that his father loved to repeat the story.

When Clarence King crossed swords with Mr. Hitchcock, of the *Sun*, who, like Charles Dana, its owner, was wont to assume the rôle of a political Mephistopheles, a circle would gradually gather round, till the room was full of silent men listening to Clarence King. It was a unique tribute paid to a quite extraordinary brilliancy of wit, wisdom, and learning.

Charles Tracy, my senior warden, got me into the Century before any one but himself knew anything about me, and I was most fortunate to get into it as early as I did. It was an uncertain club; a man might be eligible in every way, and not get past the committee on admissions for years. I was of course only a listener on Saturdays, but I went because it was the only place I knew of where no one hesitated to say out what he felt about anything, and where questions of the hour were freely debated.

At the Players you also met men worth meeting, and at times the talk was good. There I met Augustus St. Gaudens, and was attracted to him, though I never had the good fortune to

know him well. His youth had been a hard youth, and he showed it. Some early influence had given him a set against all churches and the Christian religion. To him that faith was but the statement of a lying creed. Once I asked him if he had ever read the words of Jesus. He said no.

When Phillips Brooks died, all Boston, delighted with St. Gaudens's Shaw Memorial, would have him do Brooks. Now St. Gaudens had never seen Brooks, and had never, I think, been in a church since he was married. He hated churches, and said so. Moreover, Brooks's figure and face did not lend themselves as a ready subject to a sculptor who was a realist as was St. Gaudens. However, St. Gaudens accepted. Having done so, he had to get acquainted with Brooks and the Brooks tradition and setting. He had to visit Trinity Church, Boston; had to visualize the great preacher. All this he conscientiously tried to do. But the result did not satisfy him. Then a new idea came to the artist. He would place in the setting of his subject the token of that subject's inspiration. He would place the Master's suggested face near his great servant who preached of Him. Thus it was that St. Gaudens came to look for some actual possible idea of Jesus, the leader and inspirer of Phillips Brooks.

So, for the first time, he read the words of Jesus; read them with wonder, and with profound admiration. Thus St. Gaudens, the true artist, the lover of truth, came to see by the good way of his own professional honesty that Jesus who claimed all truthseekers as His kin. He saw and believed, but life's tragedy lay heavy on him, and mortal disease crippled a hand that could no longer do its master's bidding.

When he was dying at Cornish, N. H., they carried him out to a place he loved, from which he used to see the sun set. He said: "It is very beautiful, but I want to go farther away."

New York's fashionable life was rapid, inert, uneducated, and quite without purpose, a mockery of what society might be in the growing metropolis of a nation. The more socially prominent people were the more anxious they seemed to be to avoid doing or saying anything out of the most ordinary, ordinary. Conversation was confined to trivialities. People chattered, they did not talk. If a real topic came up, the timidity of the dinner

table was amusing. Nine out of ten hemmed and hawed, waiting to see what way the host or the biggest man present felt about it before venturing to commit themselves. Big things were being planned and done, but it was bad form to speak of them.

So, as I say, dining out among the Four Hundred or those whose aspirations lay that way, unless you had some special reason for going, was a waste of time.

But there was one hospitable corner, in the top story of an old house on Fifth Avenue, near 31st Street, where once a month I was lucky enough to meet some of the choicest spirits of the town. The apartment belonged to Bobby Russell, and he seemed to know all the young fellows, and the old fellows always young, best worth knowing in the city. Alas! he is dead and has left no competent successor that I know of. Story telling was the special feature when we met, and such stories! Hopkinson Smith generally had the chair, and well he filled it. Jim Barnes ran him close. We all brought our own tobacco, and our genial host supplied the beer. Nothing stronger, was the rule of the house.

There was no club. Those who met were of Russell's choosing, and we seldom were more than a dozen. But such nights I never had or heard of anywhere else. Celebrities from other cities and other lands sometimes came. Here I first met Kipling. The post card calling us together said he was to be there. Kipling's "Seven Seas" was just out—to my mind the best volume of poetry he ever wrote—and we were all perhaps just a little sore over his smashing poem on the "American spirit" in it. The little Great Man came late, that was his way, and made no apology. He was gruff, almost to rudeness, I thought. Said he could stay only twenty minutes, as Mrs. Kipling was expecting him. Then he sat down on the sofa, tucking his legs up under him. After a little general talk, he told a story. Someone capped it. Kipling told another, and then the best fellows there got off their best, but in so quiet, so unostentatiously modest a way, that I was filled with admiration at the way the thing was done. Not one bit of bragging in it, and a fine suggested deference to the acknowledged greatness of our guest.

Kipling fell silent, and sat there on the sofa, rocking himself

slowly backward and forward, till the night was far on. It was late when we broke up. Kipling forgot the appointment he had with his wife, and as at last we separated, he said whole-heartedly to Russell: "You fellows have given me a great time. I don't think I ever had an evening like this in my life."

Later Mrs. Rainsford and I met Mr. and Mrs. Kipling at our friend Lockwood de Forest's house on 16th Street. Mrs. de Forest had a very fine cat. Cats always love my wife, and this one leaped on her lap as she sat on the sofa by Mr. Kipling after dinner. As the cat leaped up Kipling shrank back.

"Why," said my wife, "you don't like cats, Mr. Kipling, and you write so much about them."

"No," said Kipling. "I don't like cats, and I don't care for animals at all; that is why I write about imaginary ones."

I paid two visits to England in the '90's, and things looked to me in Europe as in America. Vast fortunes sprouted like mushrooms out of the earth suddenly, and an unscrupulous acquisitiveness worked its will, not in individuals only, but in nations. Parliaments as well as societies worshipped those who did things. They were the kings of the hour. Cecil Rhodes was the most unscrupulous man in England and the most popular, because he was an "Empire builder." When Doctor Jameson, who led the raid Cecil Rhodes had planned, and the Jewish mining magnates of the Rand had financed, a rush of five hundred cavalry across the frontier of a peaceable colony, having as its object the capture of its legislature, all England crowded the Criminal Court where he was on trial, to do honour to a buccaneer who, according to all rule of civilized government, ought to have been shot. The fashion and beauty of London joined in that unparalleled exhibition of immoral hysteria.

But England, the true England, lived, as the peace terms she gave to the conquered Boers proved to them and to the world.

And then happened something that had never in the history of free nations happened before. The very Boers who so valiantly had defied her when she was wrong rallied to her, fought for her, and died for her only a few short years after, when she was right.

We are sinful men, all of us, but the God in us is hard to kill.

England's special brand of materialism did not tempt us in

New York. With us Jameson raids were impossible. We were not tempted to conquer outside countries. The bounds of our own splendid land were empire enough. But in those years we were worshipping in our American way that same dirty god of the material.

Yes, big, bad things were being put through in New York. Vast fortunes were made by means which, if they were employed now, would land their makers in jail. But New York bowed to the men who did big things. She drew the line at Jake Sharp, and put him in prison because he bribed with cash. She had nothing worse than silence for the Whitneys, Wideners, Ryans, Havemeyers, etc., who were Jake Sharp's more clever successors in the business of grabbing public utilities and squeezing fortunes out of them.

Here I will tell a story which explains partly why then and why now, when leaders are needed dreadfully, those naturally fitted to serve as such are not always on hand and, consequently, your always ready crank, or your half-experienced, half-trained reformer goes to the front, and does as much harm as good.

I was asked to speak at a great meeting in Cooper Union: a meeting of protest against city conditions—Tammany conditions they were then called. This was at the beginning of the campaign to elect William L. Strong, 1895. I had won a hearing on the East Side, and in my church membership were hundreds of "regular" Tammany men. They were Democrats. They had to belong to some political organization, and so they joined Tammany, and I did not blame them. It was the fashion to denounce Tammany then, but everyone who knew anything of the inwardness of city politics knew that, as between the two political machines, Senator Platt's and Croker's, there was nothing to choose.

There was a great crowd. J. E. Parsons was in the chair, Joseph Choate, Mr. James Carter, then head of the New York Bar, and others whose names I have forgotten, were speakers. From start to finish, the meeting was an attack on Tammany Hall. There was great applause. I happened to come on near the end, and what I said won no cheers.

We would accomplish nothing by merely abusing voters of another party. Your cheering proves to me that you are largely Republicans. Well, if so,

you know that your Platt machine is just as much out for the officers, just as corrupt, just as inefficient, as is Croker's. There is nothing to be gained by abuse of enemies. You must go to the city with a cause, something to fight for, some definite good to win. Nothing of this sort has been named here to-night. But I tell you there is such a prize to be won—something that every voter here is interested in winning. Your property is in danger, your own property, as much yours as the dollars in your pocket. The street railroads of this city are of great value to-day. As the city grows they will enormously increase in value. Their income should be used to reduce the rents and taxes you people must pay. They are being taken from you to-day.

I spoke for only fifteen or twenty minutes, and catcalls and jeering in plenty greeted my close.

Mr. Joseph Choate was very kind to me in those days. His son used to spend an occasional hour in my study. We walked uptown together after the meeting. Presently he put his arm through mine and said (I wrote his words down at the time), "You are perfectly right. What you said to-night was true. The campaign for reform should be fought on that issue. But, Rainsford, you cannot count on John E. or Carter or me to help in it, for we are all retained."

Each profession needs to do its own reforming. Each of us is inclined to tell the man of another profession how to reform himself and it. Lawyer, doctor, banker, clergy, merchant, business man, and labourer, our democracy will not be stable till each in his own house admits the need, and faces the dreadfully difficult task of drastic professional reform. Here I make but this note: When a good man—more, a great and patriotic American—admits that his native city's government is so rotten that under it the property of its citizens is being misappropriated, but that, obeying the custom of his profession, he and the leaders of the New York Bar have allowed themselves to be retained by those men who they believe are robbing the city, and so by their own professional action have made it impossible for them to take any part in publishing this wrongdoing, or opposing the wrong-doers, then, I say, it is high time that the leaders of the great legal profession put their own professional house in order.

I am far from wishing to single out Mr. Choate for criticism. No man in his profession was, so far as I know, so outspoken in his condemnation of predatory wealth, whether in individuals or corporate hands. I tell the story to illustrate how even the

best men in the law may, by acceptance of its unreformed usages, bar themselves from that very service of the public they are particularly qualified to render it.

At a public banquet given to Doctor Parkhurst, in December, 1894, Mr. Choate said "he knew of his own knowledge that there were in this city and state great institutions and corporations that paid immense sums for protection to the legislature."

I was riding in Central Park one day with William C. Whitney, when he put the view that he and some very powerful rich men then held as to what great lawyers were for, with as much brevity as wit.

I had been of some little service to Mr. Whitney in securing a very capable lady to act as governess to his daughter. Mr. Whitney was quite devoted to his children, and he let me see that he appreciated what I had done. I rode constantly in the Park; so did he, and when we met there we often rode for a time together. The next Democratic nomination for President was then on the knees of the gods. Many thought it was Mr. Whitney's, if he wanted it.

W. S. R.—"Mr. Whitney, I suppose you will be our next President."

W. C. W.—"Oh, no. I am done with politics. I must make some money. It is time I did. Mrs. Whitney has money; I have none. I am going into New York Street Railroads."

W. S. R.—"Well, they are in such a tangle you will need a lot of legal work. Whom will you engage?"

W. C. W.—"Well, I have engaged Carter. He is of course good and able, but I am going to engage Root."

W. S. R.—"Why are you changing?"

W. C. W.—"Well, Carter tells me what I cannot do, and (laughing) Root what I can."

Years after, one night when I was staying with Theodore Roosevelt, I said to him, "Why in the day of your power did you not put your strength behind Elihu Root rather than Taft?" He looked at me and said, "You know. Root would make a fine President of the United States, but no man with his Corporation record could be elected."

The time is coming when the social conscience will expect good men everywhere to regard their profession as quite as much a means to serve the public as to enrich themselves. That

time is not yet. Nothing I had heard among labour people depressed me as did what Mr. Choate said to me that night when we were walking home.

I prefaced this chapter by saying that in it I would tell of things attempted outside my parish, but attempting to follow this plan I am at a loss what to take and what to leave.

A mission I took in 1892 deserves some mention. I went to Pittsburgh for a fortnight, and as it happened, it was just before the Homestead strike.

I cannot remember the name of the church where I preached; but interesting services I had in a large theatre for half an hour at mid-day. The theatre was packed with business men, and some wage earners.

I walked all over Pittsburgh, as was my custom when I took a mission, trying to size up the place and its people, for I still looked for my sermons on the street, and found the habit profitable. I had heard no warnings of coming disturbance, so was surprised and angered when I was halted by a man out of uniform, as I crossed one of the city bridges, on a wide public thoroughfare, and then and there was pawed all over by him to see if I carried a pistol. My protest availed me not. I was told he was a private detective in the employ of Mr. Carnegie. Why people in Pittsburgh should be expected to submit to such a condition of things I could not understand, nor could my friends or my host give me any satisfactory explanation. In New York we had lain down to men who did things; that I knew. But we had not yet gone so far as to submit our persons to the searching of their private detectives.

A day or two after this, when my "constitutional" had taken me well outside the city, I had another startling experience. It was late on a dreary afternoon; rain was beginning. The road was narrow and muddy, a track rather than a road; it ran between hills small and steep. Down their slopes tumbled irregular lines of cottages, all built to pattern, and mean and cheap the pattern was. The doors of these miserable dwellings stood wide open, and the people that had been in them were now huddled by the roadside. There they sat in whole families, men, women, and children, several hundreds in this one place. Their poor little belongings, all they had, from beds to crockery, were piled in disarray on the ground.

I can still see the pinched, despairing faces of the women, the sullen anger in the faces of the men, as they sat homeless, night coming on, in the mud. The Steel Company owned everything in sight. The mills, the houses they lived in, the stores they were forced to trade in, and not one corner could they find where mother and child could shelter for the night.

The faces of these dispossessed people were stranger faces, and their language I could not even name. I tried to speak with them, but we seemed to have no word in common, nor could I find an interpreter. Job's tremendous protest, hurled against the nature of things, came back to me. "Neither is there any daysman that might lay his hand on both of us." (Job IX, 33.)

It was an amazing spectacle. It was not Christian, and it did not look even American to me. Next day in the church and the theatre I said so, and gave my reasons for saying so.

While in Pittsburgh I was the guest of Henry Kirk Porter, then in control of the Kirk Porter Co. works. Mr. Porter was an honest, outspoken Christian man, respected and beloved in the city. Before I left he gave me a dinner, and asked a dozen or more of Pittsburgh's leading citizens to meet me. When dinner was over, Mr. Porter said nice things about my mission. "Doctor Rainsford, you have used strong language in describing the social condition of this town. You have denounced things you have seen here. I believe what you have said to us, and of us, has been true and just. I am going to add to what you said a statement of my own, and if I am wrong, you, my friends and neighbours who have come to my table to-night, are the men who can and should correct me. I am going to tell Doctor Rainsford we thank him for coming, and for preaching to us the truth of God, and for his demand that unitedly we work for social reform. I say we need reform, for within a radius of twenty miles of the table at which we are sitting, no working man can obtain justice in the local courts as against a corporation. If I over-state, gentlemen, correct me."

No one of the company criticized Mr. Porter's statement. That was nearly thirty years ago. Since then great changes have taken place. The schools that the children of the steel workers of the United States Steel Corporation attend seem

to me as good as any in the land. But I would like to see the labour unionist and the Master clasping honest hands in Pittsburgh to-day. I think there can be no lasting peace and prosperity till they do. No social welfare programme can take the place of a man's rights.

I went back to my people more than ever a convinced labour unionist. I had seen for myself the tragic helplessness of unorganized labour.

Those dumb, defeated strangers, who were denied the right to make any intelligible bargain for the one thing they had to sell, showed me, more clearly than I had yet seen, two things:

(1) The sin of the treatment some, at least, of the strangers in our land were subject to at the hands of corporations.

(2) And the danger of it. For if those who should lead and help these people balked their duty, then nothing could be more certain than that unfitted and unscrupulous leaders would quickly undertake the leadership which they refused to take up.

My labour unionism got me into hot water, and into plenty of it.

In 1895, the street-car strike convulsed Brooklyn. I said then to my people:

Every strike increases the army of the discontented. Every man in whose bosom burns a flame against what he honestly believes is a cruel wrong is an element of unrest. I say then that every principle of common sense, as well as of patriotism, bids us stop strikes. The only way to do this is to be beforehand with them—prevent disputes between Labour and Capital reaching that point where, in blind fury, the strike begins.

Diffused public sympathy with one side or the other cannot do this. Public sympathy is not organized, and does not act quickly or effectively. Compulsory arbitration won't do, for once passion has become inflamed, it is hard to force either side to accept the decree of arbitration.

There is another plan that, though it may not meet all the cases of difference, could be made to meet that large number of them in which disputes arise between corporations engaged as public carriers, or in quasi-public corporations and their employees. If it succeeded with these, it might be more generally employed. Why not insist that all public charters contain a clause providing for a joint board, in which men and corporations should be equally represented, and that all questions at dispute should be discussed and settled by that board? [I think Mrs. Lowell was the first to suggest this plan.]

In some trades this plan is working to-day, and masters and men say it works well.

There is no stability, no steady progress for us, as long as force is the basis of settlement in industrial controversies. . . . To cry out for enforcement of law is right; every good citizen joins in the cry. But what we want in this city is a square enforcement of law on all, not merely on some.

Law was not made for poor men only, but for poor and rich alike. In this strike, the companies seem in many ways to have broken the law. I protest, heart and soul, against anarchy. But it is against all sorts of anarchy that I protest.

The man who bribes the "boss," or the legislator, or the policeman to give him more than the law allows him is a dangerous anarchist, the worst of all enemies of his country, the most dangerous conspirator against the public weal, because he is the hardest anarchist to detect. Easy to detect and shoot down the anarchist with the brickbat in his hand, but your corporation anarchist, who hires a brilliant lawyer to enable him to break the law by evading it, is the most dangerous anarchist we have to deal with to-day.

I have quoted from my own manuscript, written in 1895, at length here, and I confess that I am a little proud, to-day, twenty-seven years after I wrote it, of what I said then:

The Seventh Regiment was called to serve in Brooklyn. In it was then serving the son of a good friend of mine, a member of my vestry. My sermon quoted above was more than he could stand, and he came to see me, quite angrily protesting that I had no right to use St. George's pulpit for discourses on subjects non-religious, and on which I was ignorant.

Now Mr. W. L. B.——had been very kind indeed to me; and I greatly desired to have him remain my friend. I said what I could to mollify him, but of course to give up the principles that I stood for was out of the question.

"Let me tell you a story," I said. "A few weeks ago I was strolling home from upper New York, and I noticed two bricklayers in front of me, also on their way home. As we came near Doctor McArthur's church on West 57th Street, one of them looked up at its new face and said to his fellow: 'God damn the Church.' His companion made no reply, and they passed on. What are you going to do as a Christian man to remove that spirit from the hearts of thousands? That man honestly, fervently believed that the Church of Jesus Christ had gone back on him and his cause. You blame me for speaking out. What are you prepared to do? I don't profess to be a financier. You are. And one of great influence. I will ask you a ques-

tion: Did you read Judge Gaynor's public statement about the financing of the transit companies in Brooklyn?"

He said, "I did."

"Do you think it a correct statement?"

"I think it is."

"Then, in God's name, how do you, a Christian man, hold your tongue on a subject on which you are a trained authority, and then turn round and blame me for doing imperfectly a job that you know you, an able financier, should do—that is, publicly protest against crooked finance, which, if it is persisted in, will get all the land into trouble. That bricklayer who damned the church knows its true duty better than you do. If you won't protest, don't blame me for protesting for you."

Well, W. L. B. was not convinced, but I had hope of keeping him on my vestry, and at my request Mr. Morgan did a rare thing for him: he called and urged him to remain. My warden said that "personally he disapproved of my stand and my sermon, but it was wrong to attempt to muzzle the pulpit of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and he would not be a party to any step by any church official that could be so interpreted by the public." This was my warden's invariable stand—and it was of quite immense help to me—and, I might add, a most unpopular stand among his intimates.

W. L. B.'s son, who had been on duty in Brooklyn with the Seventh during inclement weather, came down with pneumonia. That settled the question, and W. L. B. resigned from St. George's vestry.

The truth was, then as now, the classes hang together. It was practically impossible to get any man of high financial standing to come out in the open and denounce financial crookedness that he strongly disapproved of privately. People gird at the pulpit, cry to us clergy "Shoemakers, stick to your last!" But those who criticize the clergy steadily refuse to take the pulpit and denounce wrongdoing themselves. The capitalists stand together, right or wrong. They who denounce class action in the wage-earning class are themselves ruled by the same spirit. The labour unionist who will not denounce his class even when palpably wrong is but imitating the man who employed him. The bonds of class must eventually weaken, but they are very strong still.

Kipling, as usual, drives straight to the point:

Now this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true as the sky;
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die;
As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk, the Law runneth forward and back—
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.

Yes, that is the Law of the Jungle. It is not the Law of the City of God, and man's face is not set toward the Jungle, thank God.

In those days, as I tried to look dispassionately at the working of this class feeling—jungle law in both classes—a difference in its results, and on those entertaining it, seemed evident. Class feeling among the rich or would-be rich, or that part of the intellectual class who moved with them, was a peculiarly narrowing and limiting spirit. These, as they clung together round their fortunes, actually and literally illustrated the tremendous prophecy of Jesus when he cried to men of the same class in His own day, "With how great difficulty can you understand or enter the Kingdom of Brotherhood and of God, which is coming on this earth?"

Class feeling among the poor, while it was often narrow-minded, misjudging others, and inflicting cruel wrong, had yet one saving quality in it that was lacking in the other. Its aim was to uplift the weak, and its spirit was not devoid of self-sacrifice. It aimed to help the "under dog."

I did not then, I do not now, believe in enforced labour unionism. The labour movement has made great advances since those days—some in a totally wrong direction. There was no limitation of output then, and little of the trickery, bribery, violence, and crime that have played so large a part in the modern labour movement. Capitalism sought to force its will on the nation: it failed. Labour unionism faithfully followed its example, as was natural for it to do. It, too, must surely fail.

Of the problem of to-day, others younger than I can better speak. So I am not dealing with a present situation; I am

describing a past situation. I am not writing as a theorizer on what happened in the '90's. I am writing from personal experience. I had the honour of knowing some of the men most prominent in the Labour Party. It was from their lips that I learned their aims, and the means they would employ to accomplish them, and without hesitation I declare that all they asked was a square deal and justice. And they got neither. What they did get they had to fight for, bitterly and long.

Powderly, the much vilified leader of the Knights of Labour, was as brave and unselfish a worker for the public good as I ever met. More than once, in those bitterly hard days, he turned a large slice of his salary back into the treasury of the organization he led.

John Mitchell was one of the ablest men I ever knew. He never worked for his own advancement. Roosevelt had a great opinion of both his character and capacity. Lawrence Abbott has a delicious story of the President's own telling. When disputes grew hot at the meeting of owners and labour unionists called by the President to settle the anthracite coal strike, said the President, "there was only one man in the room who kept his temper, and it was not I; it was John Mitchell."

The President later told me that but for one unfortunate *contretemps* John Mitchell would have been in his cabinet of 1904.

If things looked dark in New York, there was another city whose white, classic loveliness stood, for one summer, as a world wonder to those who saw. I went for a three weeks' visit to the World's Fair, and while there was doubly fortunate in staying at the house of one of its creators, Mr. Burnham. I first saw that city of the ideal as the sun sank behind it, on a glorious evening in early summer, and the utter beauty of it entered my soul. By no people before or since had anything like it been attempted. The unity of it amazed me. The utter idealism of it! And this the product of a material age, of a nation of dollar worshippers? Nonsense!

That wonderful white city stood there for six months. The Old World, having made up its mind what it must be, since it knew what Americans were, never came near it, never knew anything about it. But to those who came and could see and understand, that white loveliness told an unforgettable story.

The story of the soul of a great and efficient people, at root as intensely idealistic as they were efficient.

When Chicago fêted the men that made the Fair on her great anniversary night, I was among the fortunate to be invited to a seat at her table. I happened to sit next poor Stanford White. There on the Peristyle, round a beautiful table, spread under the stars, were gathered the men who had planned, financed, and built what we looked on. I heard each man of them speak of his fellows' work, not of his own, praising it in fine self-forgetfulness.

I never spent three more profitable weeks than those at the Chicago Fair. I lived near the Fair gate. I studied and wondered. The people drew me, amazed me, inspired and taught me. Plain America in a classic setting! Was there ever anything so incongruous? But somehow the whole thing succeeded marvellously. The buildings were beautiful, but the millions that thronged them were the real exhibit America was making to herself and to the world.

Order reigned everywhere. But to say so is not enough. Something more than order was there: the evidence of a high sort of national self-respect; no boisterousness, no unseemly merriment. It seemed as though the beauty of the place brought gentleness, happiness, and self-respect to its visitors. There was no drunkenness. (I saw one drunken man in three weeks.) I never saw a quarrel nor heard an oath, and from morning till late at night I mingled in the throng.

When dinner was over, that unforgettable night in Chicago, one of the creators of that scene said to me, "Look over that Court of Honour. There is scant standing room in it. There are one million people in it. To-night the dense masses of them are crowded to the very edge of the long water fronts; and within a few feet of where they stand the water is nine feet deep. Any lack of self-control, any undue excitement, and hundreds would drown." Said I, "Why do you risk it?" (There were no police cordons that night. The throng was too vast. I myself watched an ambulance, as we were at dinner on the Peristyle, making its way from the one end of the Court of Honour to the other; someone was ill, and that brief journey of four hundred yards took three quarters of an hour.) He answered, "You can trust an American crowd." He was

right. But I would add to-day, yes, an American crowd, but not a hyphenated American crowd. There was no sign of the hyphen at Chicago. All there were proud of their land, and proud of the Fair, for had not the land produced it?

I came back to my work more than ever convinced of the innate idealism of Americans.

CHAPTER XXII

Anti-ism

I never found myself in hearty sympathy with the popular form in which the good intentions of our would-be reformers generally were expressed. I must coin a phrase to express it: "anti-ism." I found I could not work with professional reformers. They are unbalanced, unfair, impracticable—usually they grow more unbalanced as they age. I never did believe much in the *anti* principle—anti-saloon, anti-woman's suffrage, anti-vice, anti-Sunday opening of museums, anti-vivisection. What a strange list they make as I put down a few of them! All of them seemed to imply the surrender of a personal political duty into the hands of good people who, obsessed by too constant a study of certain evil tendencies in society, were the last persons that should have been trusted to formulate or enforce laws directed against those tendencies.

There is another serious drawback to your "anti" reformer. He claims power over his fellow-citizens; power deputed to him by a group, rather than by the whole community. Such power is dangerous for any man, and for his sort of man doubly dangerous. Dangerous to the public and hurtful to himself. The more power he has the more he craves. That craving becomes his obsession; and he is on the highroad to be as unscrupulous in his methods as the most unscrupulous politician he denounces. Here I am not theorizing. I am but stating what I have seen.

I could not, when I was young, see my way to approve the course reform generally took in New York any more than I can now, when I have unfortunately reached that age at which (if the old Jewish sage is to be believed) life is nothing but "labour and sorrow," though my experience of life makes me differ from him. I am so unrepentant, indeed, that I do not approve the last and cleverest "coup" of anti-ism—I mean the forcing of

prohibition on the nation by way of an amendment to its Constitution, rather than by an open campaign and deciding vote.

The last piece of successful anti-ism, prohibition, was "put over" by a clever trick, and a powerful and most unscrupulous "lobby." We may be ready for it or we may not, but the way of its doing affords a bad precedent. The big things in our lives, the lovely things, the things that lift us above our lower selves, are not law-born, but are free loyalties. Not a multitude of obediences that are forced, but voluntary compacts that are free.

This is all old-fashioned stuff, but it is everlastingly true, in spite of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. We were growing soberer—we really were! I fear we may, or our children may, regret bitterly this forcing of sobriety on us by the zealots of prohibition.

I do not admire Disraeli. I think his influence on England's life was bad. He fostered and he flattered what was cheapest and worst in the English character. He truckled to the liquor vote in England, and did much to fasten its grip on the political and social life of the time. But admitting all this, he struck a high and true note when, on the floor of the House of Commons, he said, "I would rather see England free than sober." That is true Democracy!

Lord Acton, probably the greatest historian of his day, says: "In ancient times the state absorbed authorities not its own. In the Middle Ages it possessed too little authority, and suffered others to intrude. Modern states fall habitually into both excesses. The most certain test by which we judge whether a country is really free is the amount of security enjoyed by minorities."[1]

There he uttered an unanswerable truth, one that our hurrying, half-educated legislators and anti-reformers generally would do well to remember.

On my return from Africa in 1913, I was asked by my old "friend" the *Sun*, to write an editorial letter (signed), giving my opinion of the value of vice commission work. It seems worth reprinting here.

For twenty-five years I lived on the East Side of New York. I knew the people there, poor and well-to-do. I knew the officials. I knew well the

[1] "Essays on Liberty," page 4.

agents of several such societies, and I had excellent opportunities for estimating the value to the public of what they accomplished.

I absolutely agree with the position taken by the *Sun*. We do not want another vigilance committee on morals.

Without going as far as the *Sun* in its editorial article of May 8th, and condemning the agents of such private societies as "notoriously corrupt, undependable and dishonest," I do not hesitate to say that their inefficiency, bigotry, partiality, and lack of intelligence; their incapacity to see and understand what should be and could be for the good of a great city's life, led them often into mistakes of judgment and intrigues so grave as to be almost if not actually criminal.

When this was the case, the social power behind them shielded them from exposure and often from even public criticism.

Such organizations have their birth in hours of excitement and popular passion. They never lose their birthmarks. Their direction passes into the hands of unbalanced reformers, good in their intentions, no doubt, but above all things bent on forcing forward their own specially desired reforms by any means that seem to them allowable. Unbalanced men they were, and are, and must be. They know little of the history of sociology. They have seldom given serious study to the immensely difficult problem for the solving of which they are sure they carry a "cure-all" in their pocket.

At best they are a species of vigilance committee in morals. Now when society is crude and has had no time to organize itself, vigilance committees may be necessary. I have lived in rude communities where temporarily they did good work. But surely in a great city growing fast toward self-consciousness they are quite out of place.

Welfare commissions and such like are but an application of a superficial plaster to a deep and running sore. They do not reach its infected and infecting source. Their tendency, as the old Book has it, is "to heal the wound of the daughter of my people slightly."

They afford the lazy man or the man who wants to avoid doing his duty to his city or country an excuse for shirking.

Yes, I agree with the *Sun*. In the name of all social common sense let us stop creating commissions, stop endowing groups of excited and irresponsible people with power they have not the wit or the training to use aright. Such powers must be finally entrusted only to appointed and responsible officials. Let us aim at orderly government for our great city and do away with the vigilance committee. Even the best vigilance committees sometimes hanged the wrong man.

Well, having said a small part of what I would like to say on anti-ism generally, and having once more repeated a chief article of my creed, that the Kingdom of Heaven never did come and never can come by way of law, but as Jesus said it would come, by way of "leaven," I proceed with the story of my fallings out with the antis of my time; and the first of them was a very mild and rather amusing affair.

Soon after my coming to St. George's, I was invited to make the chief address at the annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Its headquarters then were in the old building on 23rd Street, near Fourth Avenue. A few days before this meeting, I had dined with one of the important officers of the "Y" at his house on Madison Avenue. I had a pleasant dinner, an after-dinner cigar, and a billiard table was in plain sight.

I determined that when my chance came to speak, I would urge on the "Y" the need of more liberal views in regard to the needs of the city's youth. Urge those controlling it to do pretty much what I was then attempting, viz.: give the boys a chance for the recreation they so much needed. Give them gymnasium room, and let them smoke somewhere, if they wanted to.

In those days the Y. M. C. A. was far too "goody-goody." It has greatly changed for the better since. But of course it never will do what it might do for the youth of the land till it abandons the archaic evangelical creed test that it still enforces on its officials.

Here let me tell of a letter that fine servant of his fellow-men and supporter of the Y. M. C. A., George Perkins, wrote to me not long before his death. I had urged him to use his great influence in the "Y" to shake it free of the creed. Both he and Mr. Cleveland Dodge wrote to me saying that they fully agreed with me in this, but that they feared that in the face of war conditions such a reform would entail a falling off of financial support. I differed totally. I thought then and think still, that if the "Y" had gone to the country, *the whole country*, in that hour of national enthusiasm, with the plea that, since the creed-divided churches could not unite to do the vast work our two million boys across the sea called for, so it, the Y. M. C. A., would claim the support of all fathers and mothers in the land, and go after the boys in the name of God and Country; if this ground had been taken and this appeal made, the national response would have amazed the whole world—and what a deliverance it would have given the "Y".

Well, to return to George Perkins's letter. It was written from France, and it told briefly of some of his difficulties in getting the right sort of man to take charge of advanced stations of the "Y." "I began life," said George Perkins,

"sorting lemons, and here I am about ending it doing the same thing—trying to sort lemons out of the 'Y.'" Alas, he did not always succeed.

Well, to get back to 23rd Street and the early '80's. I ended my talk with a plea for larger and better gymnasiums, for billiard tables, and a roomy and well-ventilated smoking room in every Y. M. C. A. building in New York.

The feelings of the audience before me were evidently mixed, but in the back of the big hall applause was tumultuous. On the platform behind me were audible sighs of disagreement, and among the opposition sat my host of a few nights before. Here was my chance. So laughingly I turned to him and said, "Well, I am sure that I can count on powerful support in advocating the radical measures from Mr.——, for last night I dined with him and he gave me an excellent cigar, and also provided a good billiard table."

Billiard tables and smoking rooms and splendid gymnasiums came—not immediately, but they came! And I am proud to have been the first openly to foretell them, at a great anniversary of the association. But that was the first and last time I was asked to address the New York Y. M. C. A.

Its creed was an impossibly narrow evangelical statement then, and it has the same creed to-day. Its religious directors were good men. They were of Moody's school. The Bible class was taught by someone trained in the organization itself, and the usual handling of the great Book generally ignored sound modern scholarship, for it knew nothing about it. Its young leaders were men like Mr. Mott—able, honest, and sincerely pious and first-class organizers, but not averse to dogmatizing on matters regarding which they were ignorant. They followed good Dwight Moody in opposing evolution. They barred all who accepted the evolutionary hypothesis from their platforms. Even Henry Drummond, who, I think, was one of the greatest preachers of his time, was no longer welcomed at Northfield. (Moody finally admitted him, but the spirit of Northfield was hostile, so H. D. told me.) And this policy of religious obscurantism has terribly limited and is limiting the usefulness of the Y. M. C. A.

My next trouble with anti-ism rose from an effort to liberalize the Sunday conditions in New York. These were really

intolerable. I quote from a sermon preached to my own people:

> Many well-disposed people in the city distrust Christianity, and one of the chief reasons for their attitude is that we go, not to, but at them, in the name of Christ. He went as a brother, but we go with a policeman's club. Nothing can be more un-Christian, nothing more fatal. We say to them, "We will shut you up to church-going by law. If you won't go to church, you shan't go anywhere." Puritanism over again. It never did work; it never could work, even under a Cromwell. We have practically said, "You shall not play, you shall not read, you shall not rest your souls and bodies by the sea or on the green sod of the open country." Some think I am exaggerating. I wish I were. Who, may I ask, opposed, and are still opposing, the opening of the museums, kept up by the taxes the people *must* pay? The churches! Who opposed the opening libraries? The churches! Who opposed the running of street cars and Sunday trains—the only possible means by which the multitudes can reach the country? The churches! Who forbid Sunday games to the young? Insensate folly! The churches! If a boy, forbidden by law to play on the public streets, gets half a dozen lads to join him in a surreptitious game of ball on some vacant lot, where pickets, placed all around the neighbourhood, give warning of the approaching policeman—who sets the enginery of the law in motion against him, until all his boyish wit is aroused to avoid that law or to defy it? The churches! That boy pockets his ball and hides his bat, but takes a mental oath that churches, Sunday Schools, and all parsons are his natural enemies.

In New York there are many wonderful and beautiful things that the poorest may see without cost. And outside New York there is a greater variety of beauty by sea and lake and woodside than in the outskirts of any other city on the globe. But the churches wronged their Master in those days, for they closed the door of knowledge and they veiled the face of beauty from the poor of the city just as long as they could. They had their chance with the working people, and they threw it away; and now they wonder that those people do not come to church.

It is worth while recording these controversies now long past and dead, because we cannot fit ourselves to meet future obligations if we do not remember something of the struggles and changes by which we have won to any social betterment that now is ours. And for this reason I briefly tell of another reform movement I had a part in suggesting then, and I believe the future will yet see some application of it.

I was fiercely criticized for advocating the opening of saloons

for certain hours on Sunday. I stood alone in such advocacy. That was many years ago, but I have not changed my opinion. I had seen, as a boy, more of the drink traffic in big cities than most. I will quote from a sermon in St. George's, preached at this time:

Let me make my position plain. I am not approving the present saloon. I wish every saloon in New York could be closed and kept closed seven days in the week. But it is as certain as that I stand here and am preaching to you this morning that the present saloon, bad as it is, is the only means of supplying an imperative social need in this city. If you would win people from it, there is only one way to do so. You must give them something better. Until you do this, to close the saloon on Sunday is to do all you can to fasten blackmail and corruption on the city of New York.

To attempt to close the saloons, when thousands not only want to use them but think they have a right to use them, is something worse than a mistake in policy.

The chief danger in the conduct of the liquor trade lies in the fact that, as it is now conducted, there is more profit in it than in any other. It is able to pay the Brewer, the Distiller, the Saloon-keeper, the Policeman, and the Politician. Take that profit out of it, and you cut the very sinews of its war.

The saloon of the future should be run to meet the needs of the city. It should be a real public house. I have again and again insisted on the dreadful need there is of a well-organized City Public House. The drinking house has gained its grip because the life of its victims is so dull, stale, flat! so devoid of all legitimate amusement and recreation, that they know no other excitement, no other relaxation than the semi-stupor, the grateful forgetfulness, of creeping inebriation.

Amusement, variety, aroused interest, these are the truest and deadliest foes of the drink habit. Help such human instincts, such healthy cravings, to a legitimate satisfaction in a Public House, and such places are no longer snares to drag men downward, but kindly hands to help them upward.

The public house the people need is no mere dram shop, but a cheap, orderly, democratic social centre. It would provide amusement—music certainly. It needs no standing bar. Its food supply should be cheap, plentiful, and well cooked. The best soft drinks and milk, coffee, and tea should be as much its staple in trade as beer and light wines. One aim it should embody, the providing of reasonable and orderly social intercourse for those masses of the city's population who are obliged by the unusually restricted circumstances surrounding their homes to seek some space and entertainment away from them.

Such was the outline of my scheme in the early '90's of a sensible attack on the liquor traffic—of a substitute for prohibition. And some day I believe my dream will come true.

Charles Booth's great book, "The Life and Labour of the

People in London," had not then been published. When later I read it, I found that Mr. Booth, after going very thoroughly into the whole question of the public house, came to the conclusion that as things were, they were a necessity.

My appeal came to nothing then, but as I look back, as I read this endorsement of my plan by the greatest authority on social reform on either side of the Atlantic, I am glad I did what I did.

As if these protests against popular anti-ism did not get me enemies enough, I was to have a further experience in the gentle art of making them, and with it I shall end the list. The city schools might be a disgrace, and the teachers in them owe their places to ward politicians—too bad! But a cheque to Mr. Gerry's society would set their short-comings right.

The tens of thousands of young women and girls in the growing department stores and places of retail business might be eking out a bare living on an unrighteous wage. If so, be sure and support the anti-vice society, Mr. Comstock's society.

I find it hard, even now, so long after, to think on the doings of that famous "anti" society under the guidance of that honest, coarse-minded, ignorant, and unscrupulous man, with any patience. The absurdity of Anthony Comstock could not have been possible in any other city or at any other time. His the final decision on what was or was not the bound of moral freedom—of what might be printed, or what might be said!

The Society for the Suppression of Vice had then, as it has now, able and good men on its board of trustees, but they did not in the '90's, nor do they to-day, I fear, take charge of their agents and force them to act with decency and common sense. Comstock had become a moral tyrant. Mr. W. E. Dodge, one of the best citizens we had in New York, was very influential on the board of the society. I sought out Mr. Dodge, who always was most kind and considerate to me. The reasons why I did so I will state as briefly as I can.

I had come to believe in birth control. How any one conversant with conditions as they were could fail to believe in it I didn't know. The subject is openly discussed now. Then, few ventured even to mention it. Doctors were dumb where the poor were concerned—where the need of advice was great-

est—but a large fee sometimes won cautiously given advice. The Roman Catholic Church was openly hostile, and all Protestant churches discreetly silent. And so steadily the production of unwanted souls went on in New York. The worse the conditions surrounding East Side infancy the greater was the number of the unwelcome and unfit.

I had been in close touch with the poor since I was a boy, and the cowardly, wicked horror of English and American law, which still sends to prison for a long term any one who tells an unfortunate woman how she can avoid having a child till she wants and is ready to have one, grew on me.

But the chief blame was not with the Anti-Vice Society. Anthony Comstock and those supporting him were but enforcing the law as it stood. The blame lay with the American public itself; lay in that spirit of cowardly moral slovenliness which we who are proud of our Anglo-Saxon ancestry have inherited from it. A moral hypocrisy which sometimes will not admit the existence of a moral obligation; that, instead of facing the fact, puts its head, ostrich-like, in a bush.

When the law was made, it was a sound workable law, for it then expressed the conviction of the best men of that time. In those days men thought that the conception of child life was a divine prerogative; that the begetting of good children lay in the mystery of the Omnipotent and irresponsible Divine Will, and that any merely human attempt at interference with His decree was impious.

To us who know a little more of human power and unavoidable responsibilities, the law as it stands is a hideous, savage, immoral law. A farmer would be a fool if he made application of it to his cows. It is a disgrace to the intelligence and honesty of Democracy, and yet, neither our lawyers, whose special charge it is to advise us as to needful legal reform, nor doctors, who know the admittedly terrible results that attend unfit and unwilling child bearing; nor clergy, whose professed duty it is to interpret life's duties in the light that shines from a God of Truth, ever revealing to us newer and more beautiful things—none of them, I say, *though most of them are steadily breaking in their own family life the law*, have yet dared to come out into the open and denounce it for what it is: an evil-working relic of barbarism, an outrage on womanhood, a betrayal of the child.

Such conclusions I had come to, but what was my duty? Something I must do. I must help my poor. Among the well-to-do, where the need of knowledge was not so great, knowledge was spreading, and multitudes were practising what the poorest were prevented from learning.

Public opinion was not prepared to compel a change in the law. I could and did protest against the law from my pulpit. So much was my right and my duty. What I did was this: One day a woman of evident education and refinement came to see me. She had happened into the church and had heard my protest against the enforcement of a bad and unjust law. She impressed me as a trustworthy woman; not a crank, one whose own experience of life had disposed her to spend herself in quietly spreading, among those who needed it most, a knowledge of the methods of birth control. She had first-rate credentials as to character. She made no public addresses, but did her work quietly, as she lived among the poor.

This woman I determined to help. She asked for only a living wage, and I gave her money and bade her godspeed. She well understood the risks she ran, and quietly assumed them in order to do the work that she felt she was called to do. She was to come to me for money and advice. More I could not do for her. This was the arrangement between us, and the brave soul kept it.

After some months she came to me and said that Comstock's detectives were dogging her, and she thought she had better, for a time at least, go to another city. On this I decided I would go to Mr. W. E. Dodge and have a frank talk with him. Up to this point, not a soul but the woman and myself knew of our arrangement.

Mr. Dodge gave me an appointment, and I laid the facts as I have stated them here before him. I said, "Mr. Dodge, I have given this good woman money; so long as she goes in and out among the tenement houses, I will continue to give her money. You now know the facts. Will you not call Mr. Comstock off?"

Mr. Dodge was exceedingly kind and patient with me, for I used as strong language as I knew how in denouncing the law, and the manifest, wicked folly of enforcing it. What he himself thought he did not say. But I got no promise from him.

The fact was, Mr. Comstock was in the saddle and New York was afraid of him.

After this talk, Mr. Dodge had a perfect right to drag me into a mess if he and his society so wished. I told him I would continue to finance Mrs. —— as long as she continued to do her work.

How mixed up things are among us poor humans, trying to do right! I know Mr. Dodge did not think the worse of me for my very plain-spoken criticism of his society, and yet he would do nothing to make Mr. Comstock hold his hand. Perhaps he had not the power to do so. I am not sure of the end of this story.

I had a sharp attack of rheumatism and was obliged to go to the Hot Springs for a cure. When I returned, I was told in an anonymous letter that Mrs. —— had committed suicide. I never was able to verify the report. I went to Mr. Comstock and told him what I had heard. He flatly denied that he knew anything about it. But Mr. Comstock's denials were not always convincing. Alas, silence fell between us, and I never heard from Mrs. —— again.

Not long after my difference with Mr. Dodge, a monster meeting of the unemployed was held in Madison Square Garden. There were more than 14,000 men present. Speakers had some difficulty in gaining a hearing. The working people knew I sympathized with them in the great distress then prevalent. They knew I stood for justice and a square deal, which they had not always had. And when I stood up they were silent and gave me a hearing.

The next morning a letter[1] of warm congratulation came to me from Mr. Dodge, and his writing as he did, under the circumstances he did, not only touched me deeply, but made me feel that Mr. Dodge did not, in his heart of hearts, feel confident that he was altogether right and I altogether wrong.

I look back on those years in the '90's with satisfaction. The small part I took in advocating reforms was taken with de-

[1] Jan. 20, 1893.

DEAR DR. RAINSFORD:

I cannot go to sleep to-night without telling you again—[he had shaken every hand on the platform at the time]—how much I thank you for your splendid, earnest, and most sensible talk this evening. It was quite a miracle to be able to grip and hold and interest those tired people as you did.

Gratefully Yours,
W. E. Dodge.

liberation. Critics said I acted as I did in order to get notoriety. Of that charge my conscience freed me. I did what I did after a careful survey of actual conditions, and not till I had consulted the wisest and most public-spirited men I knew —and first among these was Abram Hewitt. They, of course, did not always agree with me, but by way of this criticism I had the advantage of other men's points of view who were in sympathy with reform.

Abram Hewitt, after his retirement from public life, was beyond question the first citizen in New York, and during those years he was an invaluable friend to me. Excepting Theodore Roosevelt, I think Mr. Hewitt was the ablest, most cultured, and certainly most honest politician I ever knew. Some said he lacked tact in dealing with his fellows. Of this I cannot judge. All I do know is, he was mighty kind to me. Why his capacity and character did not receive a wider public recognition I never understood. All he had and was, he ever placed at his country's service. And when he chose to exercise it, his personal charm was as remarkable as his erudition. He knew New York from the Battery to Harlem, both its political parties, their leaders, and their rank and file. He knew Washington. He was extraordinarily acute and brilliant in his judgment of men, and at a time when money was sought more persistently than it ever had been, Abram Hewitt cared nothing about money.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Barlow were friends of ours in those early days. (Barlow afterward became a useful and popular magistrate.) We dined together sometimes, and Barlow determined that I should meet Mr. Hewitt at dinner, which I did. That first night of our meeting, Mr. Hewitt was so kind as to let me feel that he would like to see more of me. "I am a rather lonely old man," he said; "if you are ever free of an evening and could come and spend an hour in my library, I would be glad."

So rejoicingly I went and sat at his feet, and learned more from him about New York, its needs and dangers, and what might and might not be possible to do for it, than any other man in its two and a half millions could have taught me.

For reliable information and for cordial and understanding encouragement, I owe much to Abram Hewitt.

When in company, Mr. Hewitt was often silent. He suffered from dyspepsia and showed it. When alone with him, or in a small and congenial party, he was, with the sole exception of Clarence King, the most brilliant conversationalist I ever listened to.

One dinner with him stands out in my memory. It was on April 12, 1899, and again Peter Barlow was our host. He, Doctor Huntington, and I were the party. I made some notes of what he said at the time, and rewrote them when I went home that night. Here I put them down as recorded in my notebook.

Mr. H. very brilliant. Told story of Tilden-Hays election. Mr. H. chairman of National Democratic Committee. Mr. H. also on Committee of Thirteen. Eight Republicans and seven Democrats on whose vote and decision the acceptance of the electoral vote for Louisiana depended.

Mr. H. said, "John Sherman bought the Louisiana return for $200,000, paying $60,000 cash. More cash afterwards; the balance in offices."

Mr. H. then told of the prayer meeting at Mr. Frelinghuysen's house, when Mr. Frelinghuysen himself made a long prayer, calling on God to reveal to Chief Justice Bradley that he was raised up of God to give a decision in favour of the Republican party. Chief Justice Bradley had written his decision over night, and had read it to several men. In the morning he added a sentence, viz.: "Notwithstanding, I vote for, etc., etc." "See," said Mr. Hewitt, "the power of prayer!"

Said Mr. Hewitt, "The wonderful thing was they all thought they were right." "Though," he added, "John Sherman can never look me in the face since."

"So," said I, "did the Republican party think it was right to spend millions in bribery in order to elect Mr. McKinley!"

"And so they were," said Mr. Hewitt. "Anything was right to save us from free silver and Populism."

Strange! John Sherman cannot look Mr. Hewitt in the face because he, John Sherman, has bought Louisiana's election returns for $200,000. But Hanna and crew do nothing wrong in spending millions in buying votes for McKinley. One buys the officers who hold the urns. The other buys the votes before they are placed in the urns. Strange! Strange! I suppose some of the moral conclusions and distinctions we make to-day may seem as difficult of explanation to our children's children.

With one more short note from the kindest and most considerate Bishop a "reckless, radical rector" ever had, I close this poor sketch of my very happy contendings with "anti-ism."

My doctor had ordered me to take some two weeks' rest in mid-winter. I grew to be very tired after preaching.

MY DEAR BOY:

I have communicated with Bishop C. If he cannot preach for you, I can. In any case, give yourself no concern. I will see that your pulpit is adorned with a pair of lawn sleeves. Don't worry. Accept cheerfully the discipline of inaction, and rely unreservedly on the love and loyalty of those you have left behind you.

Ever yours,
H. C. P.

When I was in trouble, I always had sympathetic and fatherly help from dear H. C. P., and a letter of his reached me in the wilds of Africa shortly before he died. With it he sent a large batch of newest books. I carried that precious letter in a little leather bag which also contained my cash. That little bag was stolen (the only thing I had stolen in these years) by a Wakamba porter who slipped away from the other porters while we were cutting our way through a particularly bad piece of forest. Kongoni, my Wakamba gunbearer, was so put out by the faithlessness of his fellow-tribesman, that he asked my permission to take his trail—and hunt him down. At that time we were in very wild country many hundreds of miles from the coast. Kongoni went off alone. Two months later he brought me the thief chained. The man still had the bag, but of course cash and letter were gone.

Many a loving message I had from my dear Bishop, but above them all I valued this last lost letter.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Protestant Episcopal Church

When religion has become an orthodoxy its day of inwardness is over.—W. James.

I have never united myself to any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without mental reservation to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize the articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe on its altar, as its sole qualification of membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.—A. Lincoln. (Frank B. Carpenter's "Life.")

I have some things to say, not of one church but of all the churches, which must be said even if it is a hard thing to say them. Then, further, some things to say about the Protestant Episcopal Church. Not in doctrine, not in practical service, not in social vision, do the churches fit the time.

To this wholesale condemnation churchmen usually make a reply that seems to them adequate. "The Church was not intended to fit the time, but to leaven and reform and Christianize it."

I admit it. But how do you propose to do this? There is only one way—an old way, a New Testament way—"By commending the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God," and if any one contends that the modern church is succeeding in this duty, I have no time, I fear, to dispute with him.

All churchmen admit that the church exists for humanity at large, but it is evident that to lead and win humanity, she must fit herself to the advance of human knowledge and human requirement. I have stressed in many places in this story the evident reason of her failure to do this. It is because she has left the path her Master trod. She has ceased to follow the example of Jesus, the great Truthbringer. She has failed to

grasp the one supreme central idea of His Life. The age we live in is striving toward the ideal of Jesus. The church that claims to explain and champion and represent Him is forgetting it.

Hear Him, in the gray dawn of His last morning on earth, when, crushed and shaken in body, forsaken and misunderstood, he faced the final torture of the cross. "For this cause was I born, for this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the truth."

Let that mighty challenge ring out once more, and not since he uttered it would the response to it, to Him, be so prompt, so universal.

No observant man can doubt for an instant that, in a peculiarly universal degree, our age is truth-loving, truth-seeking. Moreover, in its search for truth, it has an evident and an exalted purpose. That purpose is the service of mankind. Offer this and volunteers crowd. No danger holds them back, no difficulties daunt them. Men and women "count not their lives dear to themselves" if they can but open wider the human pathway to happiness and good.

These people often think they have no religion, yet are willing resolutely to die to perfect some discovery that has just a hope in it of lessening pain or prolonging life. If this is not religion, what is? Truth for truth's sake, and for man's sake, never shone with such radiance of alluring beauty before a generation of seeking, worshipping mankind. Men love her, follow her, serve her, die for her, as never before. But less and less do they heed or care for or believe in the Church, for they do not believe that the Church cares for the truth as she used to care, any longer.

But I would not deal in generalities only. I point to specific causes of failure in my own church, the Protestant Episcopal. The doctrines supposed to be held by her ministers are expressed in language of a long past. They represented men's reasoned judgment then; they often outrage it now. The clergy have to explain them away, and but few of them have scholarship sufficient to do this difficult thing satisfactorily, even if they wish to do it. Jowett's witty cynicism has truth in it, "You must try to believe in God, spite of what the clergy say."

But the cause of error and of consequent weakness lies deeper than this admitted inability of the clergy to explain.

It lies in their mistaken concept of the nature of Religious Truth itself. They view "the faith once delivered to the saints" as a golden brick, not as a living, growing, flowering, fruiting seed, which Jesus said it was.

They insist on an accurate, complete, final statement of the Truth. If they would but stop and think, pause long enough to read a little history, two things would be evident to them. First, that a "finished" truth is, from the very nature of truth, a lie. And next, that it invariably becomes not a passive, harmless sort of lie, but an active lie; in short, an idol, as the brazen serpent of old was first a symbol of salvation; but when the Jews would make it more than a symbol, and worshipped it, became a deadly error, an idol to be stamped out.

But the masses of religious-minded people cannot be expected to reason these things out for themselves. They cannot recast old creeds and offices. They must take what the Church puts in their hands, and so we are back again at manuals of religion, excellent in their own day, and most certainly full of misleadings in the present day.

The Bible itself, our matchless Book of Common Prayer, our rich Hymnology—all full of faults; not one of them a perfect thing, not one of them anything more than a crutch to help us poor "cripples of God" to hobble toward our Father. If the Church would but offer them for what they are, they are invaluable. But insist on their acceptance as complete and final, and you drive out of the Church the honest and educated, the very people on whose presence within her, her health and growth, yes, her very life, depend.

Still I am "not specific!" Well, take one of a multitude of instances. When we bring our dead to the open grave, our church orders these words to be said or sung; their sonorous splendour is almost unmatched in English prose:

> Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as a shadow and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord, Who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts. Shut not Thy merciful ear to our prayer, but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.

Would it be possible to put in nobler language a more unworthy estimate of the love and mercy of God? Here is the wailing of a heathen anguish, nothing higher, and nothing more. What an intolerable conception of God! What a travesty of the Gospel of Jesus! What a mockery of the Christian hope!

I shall not go further into the discussion of doctrinal statements, for the subject is unprofitable. The Bible and Prayer-Book are full of things that stated as they there are are no longer true.

We older people, dwelling on our religious past, are hypnotized by its memories. We still, at least partially, think and worship in its terms. Old formularies are precious, and we hold to them by reading new meanings into them. But to the younger, keener, more analytical spirit of our children, this is not possible, and they will not tolerate things that seem to them manifestly untrue.

With that spirit of the children the Church has little sympathy. She does not understand it, or know how to meet it. Like the Jewish Church that discarded Jesus, she is so wedded to a past God that she cannot see a present God; so faithful to a past time that she cannot believe in a present time. Her past strangles and gags her. She staggers to battle, weighted down in an intolerably complete suit of armour, every little bit of it guaranteed ancient and genuine. In order to fight, she must strip, but an exaggerated and perverted sense of religious decency forbids her stripping. So, for any radical reform, she is quite unprepared. She cannot remodel her offices or restate her creeds. To attempt it at present would be suicide. She would be torn to pieces in the process. And yet to do this is a vital necessity.

The Church is holding back from the complete reinterpretation of all her doctrines that an acceptance of Evolution must involve. But since she must face such a reinterpretation,

hesitation is disastrous to herself and to the world. The docile and obedient multitudes she once commanded are slowly melting away, while to other increasing multitudes the forms and phrasing of popular Christian statement are becoming unsatisfactory or intolerable.

For myself, so far as the Protestant Episcopal Church is concerned, I feel like saying, "I believe in the Church of one hundred years hence."

There is one thing, however, that I think the Protestant Episcopal Church might do, and it would be a wise and significant thing to do it. Furthermore, it is idle to propose any real reform measures till it is done, for it must be preliminary to any doctrinal reforms. That is, to democratize the Church's governing body. Make it representative, make it akin to the other representative institutions of the country; as at present constituted, neither the Diocesan conventions, meeting annually, nor the General Convention, meeting triennially, are really representative at all.

To protect minorities is but right. This our church does. But so to gerrymander the Church's representation that her minorities can, and often do, outvote large majorities, is as foolish as it is dishonest. This is the actual, the undisputed condition in the Protestant Episcopal Church to-day.

The parish is the first unit. The diocese the second. All parishes great and small have the same voice, the same equal voting power, in the Diocesan Convention. All the Dioceses, great and small, have the same voice, the same voting power, in the General Convention, which is the Congress of the Church.

To illustrate what I say: I am, at the moment of writing, staying in the parish of Lewisboro, New York. Now Lewisboro, a small country parish, that certainly has not twenty-five actual communicants, has exactly the same voice and power in the Diocesan Convention of New York as had St. George's Church when I was its rector, and St. George's had certainly more than five thousand bona-fide communicants. See how this system of unjust representation works in the General Convention. In the Diocese of New York there are four hundred and twenty clergy; in Pennsylvania, three hundred and nine; in Massachusetts, two hundred and fifty. In the Diocese of Marquette there are nineteen clergy; yet in the councils of our

church, that diocese has precisely the same power to direct and change the course of our sociological or doctrinal policy as have any one of these great dioceses.

Let me put it another way. Thirteen of our dioceses have all of them together but four hundred and seventeen clergy. The Diocese of New York has four hundred and twenty. These thirteen cast in convention fifty-two clerical and fifty-two lay votes—one hundred and four in all—as against New York's four clerical and four lay votes. The system has the extraordinary result that dioceses feeble in numbers and resources, dioceses where our church has no real grasp on any class of the population, have an overwhelmingly disproportionate representation in the supreme legislative body of the Church. The feeble rule the strong. This is a new kind, and a very bad kind, of autocracy.

I have travelled a great deal in the United States. I have preached or lectured in eighteen universities. And, looking round me everywhere, the absurdity and harmfulness of our church's system of representation grew on me. Till this anomaly is removed, this first manifestly righteous reform put through, the tail of the Protestant Episcopal Church will wag the body of that church, which is a state of things we are taught is impossibly unnatural, even in the case of a dog.

During the latter years of my ministry, I discussed this question of readjustment of the churches' representation constantly. But I could not see that I gained anything. The question was regarded as academic. "The smaller dioceses will never consent," was my answer.

The failure of good men to welcome even a church-wide conflict to win this reform, if such was necessary, amazed me. I knew my own limitations too well to attempt to lead an attack in our own convention. I had no gift as a debater. I found I could do something with the clerical mind when it was in its very youthful and formative stage, but I never did, and never could, by argument win or influence it to any observable degree once it was mature.

Doctor Huntington, of Grace Church, was easily the leader in our convention in those years, and I tried to convince him of the immediate necessity of this great and preliminary reform. I had several long talks with Doctor Huntington, and in prin-

ciple he agreed. But the trouble with Doctor Huntington was that his approach to a question was that of a lawyer rather than that of a statesman, and these two so sharply differentiated qualities it is hard to find in one man.

I remember one day, after a long discussion in his study, I told him the story of Bishop Magee's reply to the man who asked him what it was that the English bishops had been so hotly debating all that day. "Oh," said Magee, "they have been fighting over the papering of the attic, while the basement was on fire."

I could not flatter myself that Doctor Huntington saw the relevancy of the story. So he gave years of study, and called on all his fine powers of compromise and of debate, to carry through a revision of the Book of Common Prayer. And in truth all that revision even attempted to do was what the differing bishops, as Magee said, had been fighting about—just a papering of an attic.

These are not the first days in which the spirit of the people has got beyond, has gone ahead of, the Church's standards of right and duty. It was a tidal wave of spiritual power that moved and inspired our whole land to break with all the cherished traditions of its history, and force the late administration into war. That spirit is not dead. It will take, it is now taking, new forms. It is the same spirit that slowly gathered force in those eventful years of the Eighteenth Century. Then it smote down the divine right of kings. It is the same spirit that, in 1861–6, at first slowly, and unsure of itself and of its duty, at last saw both clearly and gave us a slave-free and united land. It is the same spirit again, following just the same course, often poorly led, and so, often stumbling, which only yesterday took a step forward that will have profoundly important results in the future: that insisted on placing its women on a political equality with its men.

And yet once more. Not satisfied with these triumphs of reform, undismayed it faces to-day another struggle; it pledges itself to another reform. It has broken the power of Kings. It has abolished slavery. It has emancipated women. As surely will it in time insure a newer and better social order in which there will be a fairer division of the proceeds of their industry among men.

Every one of these revolutionary changes that have been accomplished the Church herself now accepts as wise and necessary. But what share has she had as an organization in winning any one of them?

On the contrary, she has often discredited and silenced any of her clergy who advocated them. In 1776 she was for king against country, and her blindness then nearly cost her her life. In 1861–6 she was for slavery and disunion in the South, and in the North she was divided. The freed slave owes little to her. Later, on woman's claim to political equality she was silent when not opposed to it.

For more than thirty years the struggle between capitalists and their labour has profoundly disturbed our land. Above the noise and confusion of that conflict, certain things are clear. At first capitalists had their way, and often the things they did were indefensible, unjust, and tyrannous in the extreme. The wrong they were guilty of in their day of power was not a wrong done to their employees alone. It was a wrong done to every man, woman, and child in the nation. Now Labour is steadily gaining power, and still more power; and it aims to do, and sometimes has already done, things just as unjust, just as harmful to the whole land, as the offending capitalists were guilty of.

What help or guidance to the right cause, what rebuke to the wrong, has the Church given? She is powerless to-day to rebuke what is sometimes grossly unpatriotic and unfair in the labour unionist. Why? Because, years ago, she turned a deaf ear to the bitter cry of the oppressed and disunited labouring people, when they were demanding only what was altogether just and right: common justice and a square deal. But she has learned nothing. Her policy still, so far as she has any policy at all, is one of maintaining things as they are.

She glories in her proved ability to hold a middle course. The one policy she always stands for is *safety*. Give her safe clergy, safe leaders, safe bishops, and all will be well. She protests she is a soldier of the Cross, but a new sort of soldier, a soldier who seeks safety. She defends her non-committal policy on questions of right and wrong by quoting one text from the New Testament, in which Jesus refuses to settle a dispute between two brothers as to the division of their father's

estate. As if Jesus ever hedged on a moral question! So, steadily, stupidly, wrapped in a self-satisfied blindness, she pursues an untroubled way, a modern reproduction of the ancient church of Laodicea. (A church that was neither cold nor hot. See Rev. III, 15–16.) A lukewarm church and a tepid message, in a day and to a nation that are contemptuous of both.

If the Church believes in the promise of her Master, if she believes in the ever-living, inspiring spirit of God, as she professes to do, let her give some evidence of it that men can see. Orderly services, stately ritual, and persistent declarations of the obvious are not enough. She must show she can guide by having clergy and lay people in her ranks who *are* guides; that she can teach by having teachers in her pulpits, her colleges, and her seminaries who *are* teaching.

If she believes that God is for man and in man, a mighty creative and recreative power, *ever pushing all things on—the free to a freer, the just to a juster, the good to a better*—then her acts must show that she believes in a present guidance of the affairs of men, as in the past. In short, a present and active Holy Ghost. The church that shows signs of this sort of life will not fail either of a hearing or of influence.

The Church has one duty, one she cannot depute: that is to educate the children of God. To educate she must understand; to understand she must sympathize; to sympathize she must know. What avails it to insist she has divine guidance if, perpetually, she is silent on those things men and women are debating in their inmost souls? If she would show the world any real desire to recast her creeds and dogmas in terms of today, frankly recognizing that historic and scientific learning have made a restatement necessary, multitudes would turn to her with fresh hope and a new obedience.

But this is a difficult thing for any and all of the orthodox churches now to do. They are hampered by their past course of action. The root mistake they have made, and none of them have made it quite so persistently as has the Protestant Episcopal Church, has been in the diverting of this divinely entrusted work of the teacher into an assumption of a religious control over the taught. Not so much a patient purpose to seek and find spiritual values, as a growing will to impose a doctrinal

and sacramental system; *an assumption of power, rather than a seeking for truth.*

Such a policy courts rebellion, for it would impose a mastery. It justifies the thoughtful William James's far-reaching protest against the churches of his time: "When a religion has become an orthodoxy, its day of inwardness is over."

Shortly before I left New York, I went once more to see my kind friend and neighbour, Doctor Huntington. I took up the old question of reform with him. He listened to all I had to say, again referring to the certainty of a united opposition from the small dioceses as an almost insuperable objection. I could not make him see the profound political immorality of the contention. Some years after, the Rev. Karl Reiland, at the time senior assistant to Doctor Huntington, told me that Doctor Huntington had said to him: "I am going to devote the remaining years of my life to fighting for a constitutional reform of our churches' representation, Diocesan and Conventional." A few months afterward he died.

I conclude this chapter by quoting from an old sermon I preached twenty-seven years ago that seems to have a meaning for these troubled days of 1921, and by printing a letter lately written to a friend who since then has become Bishop of New York.

Look where you will to-day, everywhere men are dissatisfied, uncertain, hungry. The growing pains of life are not easy to bear, and there are few pangs as keen as are the birth pangs of new ideas. Man's aims and hopes he has not yet formulated. It may be he is turning away from the visible forms of Christianity. If so, this does not prove the decay or death of the religious instinct within him, but rather gives proof of its persistent vitality.

The old altars are falling into decay; the new are not yet builded. Meanwhile, man's unquenchable desire for God expresses itself in a vague yearning.

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow;
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

These hungry souls of to-day our church needs. She needs their criticism. They would modify her theories, change her organization, revitalize her creeds. Let her continue to be mainly the home of the well-to-do intellectually and economically, the support of the self-satisfied part of the community, and her doom, temporarily at least, is sealed.

Of the well-to-do the church for long has had enough. Her danger lies in

the loss of, perhaps the expulsion of, the dissatisfied from her fold. Her health and stability, her continuance and development, depend on her ability to assimilate all orders and classes of men. Let one class only be represented within her membership, straightway she will become revolutionary, and break with and lose what is precious in her past. On the other hand, let these depart and the others only remain, and her message is only an echo of a voice once sounding her glory, the record of battles long ago fought, and the very bread of life in her hand has become green and mouldy. A reactionary church is worse than a revolutionary one.

Yet it seems to me our duty to-day is plain, God's voice for us distinctly sounding. However difficult and unpopular it may be, the message of the hour is the proclamation of the solidarity of mankind. We are all one in Christ Jesus, one in aim and end of being. We can only attain that end in the understanding of, and striving for, our common brotherhood. God is our Father, all we are brethren—all life's strifes, jars, and fitful fevers to the contrary. Our true unity has been revealed to us in the incarnation of our Lord Christ, and slowly, as are all evolutionary changes, it is being wrought out in us by the spirit of Jesus.

The Church of Christ, spite of all her limitations, sins, and failures, is the only earthly witness to this vast, comprehensive truth—the solidarity of mankind, past, present, and to come, and for that truth men are yearning. At the root of some of the movements that seem to threaten society there are aims that are not unworthy, there are aspirations that are true. It is ours to welcome all men who are men of good will; ours to help them to see their high calling in Christ Jesus. This is His gospel. It is not a creed; it is a life. It is inspiration, heavenly direction, and indestructible reward.

Men are sick of dogmatism, religious or otherwise. For "the old is out of date; the new not yet born." But loving deeds are potent as ever, and they who do them are God's modern angels, bringing "peace on earth, to men of good will."

I met Doctor Manning first when I took a mission in his church in Nashville, Tennessee.

Ridgefield, Conn.
December 6, 1918.

DEAR MANNING:

I am moved to write to you—you may disagree with what I say very completely, but for old times' sake, I am sure you will read it. I write because most evidently, as you say, you have had a fuller light on God's dealing with us all, during these last momentous years. You have come closer to men, to many sorts of men than you have ever done before. You have touched them and they have touched you. Your life and ministry are surely to be the richer for this experience.

Dear Manning, there will never be a unity of "Faith and Order" in the ecclesiastical sense in our land or in any other. With the widening of human knowledge it must be less and less possible. But a unity of purpose, a unity of spirit, a unity among vast bodies of people united as we have found ourselves for a real cause (a cause you have so finely stood for), *that* there may be.

These multitudes have lived ordinary lives. They have made few reflections on the great issues of life and death. To claim for themselves any unusual religious experience would be far from their dream—yet what they could do and have done has been the outcome of a most real religious feeling and purpose, unrecognized by us and by they themselves.

They have learned what self-sacrifice means. They have proved equal to that final test of discipleship which the Master himself demanded. They have gladly risked their lives, and more than their own lives, the lives of their loved ones, for distant friends—half-known friends.

That is Christlike—that is Christian. Such long ago he received and blessed. To such His arms are open to-day. They are his fellow-workers—of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Go to these followers of Jesus in any of the armies—insist on any creed or ritual—talk church history or any theory of the contending schools to them—insist on their acceptance of orthodoxy as to Jesus' nature—the problem of His birth, death, resurrection! You talk to the deaf.

I tell you we have to give men Jesus: Jesus Himself in His fine life and purpose and death, and not theories penned about Him by dear dead saints and also by self-seeking politicians. Life has got beyond such things.

It is the man who declared men were brothers. It is the man who taught that the best way to please God was to serve men. It is the man who, living, spoke the truth, and willingly died to back what he lived for.

It is this man, this whole man, men want and will follow. He ever has, he ever will appeal to and inspire men.

Ecclesiastical hair-splitting must seem more impossible, mere impertinence, in the face of such a life.

For want of unity the Allied cause came to the very brink of defeat.

For want of unity the churches stand inefficient before the most simple and evident problems of war and of peace.

As organizations they were totally inefficient. The Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. took on their job.

For want of unity they are to-day failing to accomplish the simplest, most evident duty of the hour, viz., *give some simple real Christian teaching to the youth of our dear land.*

What teaching is there to-day in our schools about Jesus, the one leader of men?

Our lack of united action means *no* religious teaching to the young of our land. A crime against God and the State.

Get together and outline a new creed? No, no. Twenty years hence it would satisfy no one. But the life of Jesus counteracting materialism, God in human nature, standing for justice, mercy, peace, and reverencing loving service—these things are the very essence of Christianity, and the only stable foundation of democratic government as well. These a united church could preach, and the land would listen.

With warm greetings and good wishes to Mrs. Manning and the child,

Always very sincerely yours,

W. S. Rainsford.

Dr. W. T. Manning, D. D.

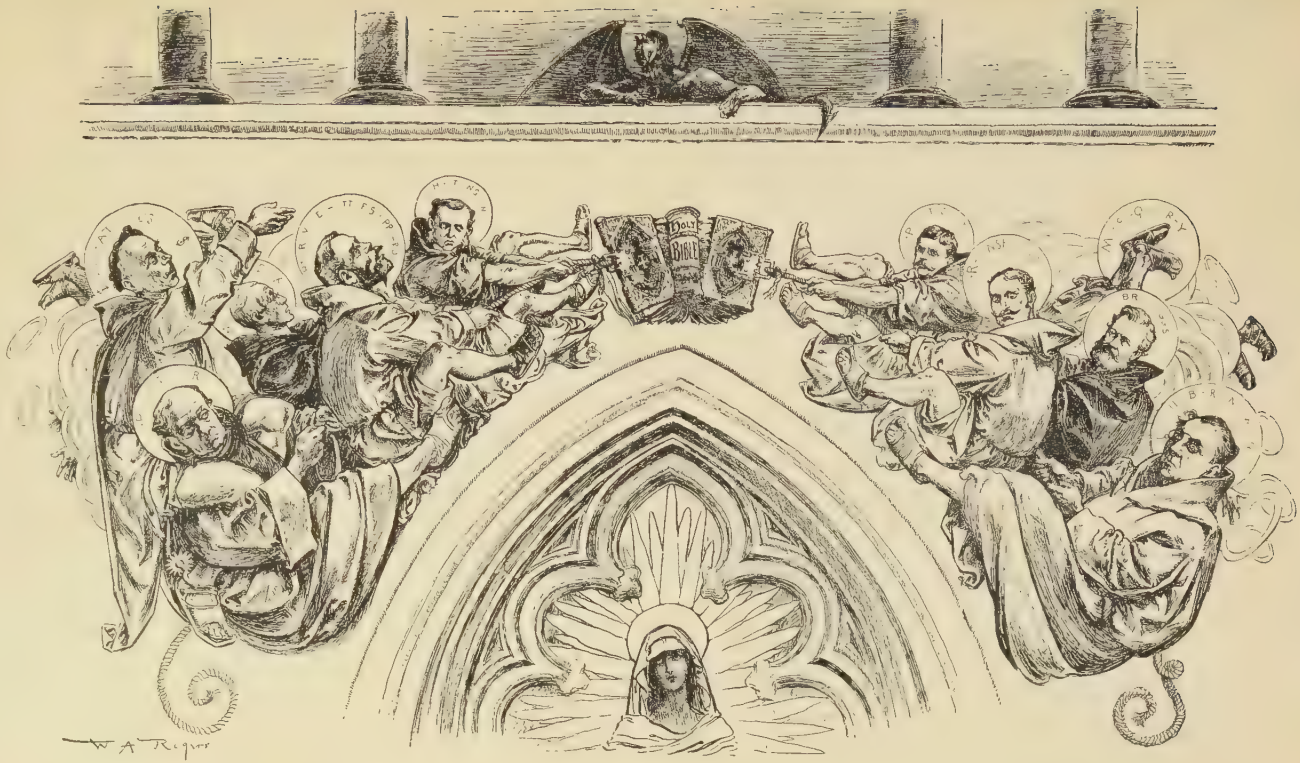
The Protestant Episcopal Church is to-day making proposals to the churches looking toward unity. Meanwhile, in none of these other churches are there such bitter divisions as in herself. She imports into her family quarrels a spirit that makes a joke of unity under her leadership. If she herself cannot include in her fold men who do not see alike, no church can. But partisanship has weakened her. The extent to which the clerical partisan will go amazes the layman. Sometimes he seems to lack not only all grace of God, but the instincts of a gentleman.

A peculiar acrimony attaches itself to religious debate. In the supposed interests of God's truth, party leaders have stooped to methods of attack at least as unbrotherly and unfair as those we have grown accustomed to expect among a certain class of political tricksters who make no professions of brotherhood. As notice of this is forced on the outside world, the very word priest has become a synonym for Jesuistry—as Jesuistry has become an equivalent for conduct no honest man can allow himself.

The fresh scandal of these battles breaks out, to our shame, again and again, working inexpressible harm to the "Cause." The modern clerical combatant often wins what his forebears won in olden times, honest men's contempt; for he develops both in the religious press and in debate a quality of malignant untruth, an intentional aim not to fight fair. The party calling itself Catholic, an aggressive and insolent party, is chiefly responsible for the state of things I refer to.

And yet, when all is said, so long as man is man, he needs and will have the Church. For the vastly greater part of us must take our religious beliefs, just as we take all our other beliefs, on hearsay. Few have time or mental balance or learning to take them any other way. Opinions on history, science, economics, are borrowed by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand. The sum total of the matter is, that man in the mass has needed and will need some church to tell him what to believe.

In a large and unconscious way, we all feel this, and so we go to the church of our fathers, and listen to its liturgies and lessons, and try to repeat its creeds. We honour its teachers, and support its fabric, just as long as we can. Then, as it



A cynic's conception of the conflict between ecclesiastical orthodoxy and modernism

happened before to other men in other times, so it now happens to us. New continents of truth loom out of the mists. New ideas are born. History begins to have a real meaning. Even economics ceases to be the "dreary" science, for it has become the science of applied brotherhood. New visions and new hopes are everywhere. We respond to them and welcome them. Ah! not everywhere—not in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Old bottles she believes in, and old bottles only, and so for her there flows no *new* wine.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is fast on the way to become a small fantastic sect; getting more and more out of sympathy with the great life of the country. Look at the West! See what our church means there! Well, the work will be done, even if our church refuses to do it. But what a chance we had!"—"Phillips Brooks, Life of"—by A.V.G. Allen, Vol. ii, 668.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Roman Catholic Church in the City of New York

They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.
—Lowell.

We believed in 1895 that the election of William L. Strong meant the beginning of a new and better era in the life of New York City, and it did. Many reforming elements managed to combine (only temporarily, alas!) to elect him, and I did what I could in his cause.

The one thing before all others some of us strove for in that campaign was better schools. New York schools, indeed all charitable institutions supported by municipal taxes, were in a terrible state. There were no proper provisions for separating childish offenders against the law from older, hardened criminals. Blackwell's Island was a disgrace to any civilized city. The vastly greater proportion of those employed in these institutions were practically appointees of the house at the corner of 50th Street and Madison Avenue, the residence of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York.

In 1894 I made my way, as I often did, into one of our public schools on the East Side, where some of my children were attendants. I found one teacher, a young woman, in permanent charge of seventy-five children. Their ages ranged from seven years to sixteen. They spoke five different languages, and only eight of them spoke English.

Very briefly I must restate some things all should know, but many do not know, about religion in our schools. The free schools on which the education of the nation depends are supported by state and municipal taxes. Education is a government function. Now our government supports no church, but protects all churches, and therefore the government cannot teach religion in the schools, if by religion is meant the dogmas, rites, ceremonies, and catechisms of any of these churches.

It is not so long ago that religious teaching meant just this sort of teaching and no other. This old-fashioned sort of religious teaching has quite ceased in our public schools. Of course, in denominational church schools and in Sunday Schools it is still given.

Now children must have religious teaching. They will not grow to worthy citizenship without it. They cannot get it from the State. They do not get it from their parents. Many parents are confused and ignorant. I am speaking of conscientious parents, parents who themselves were brought up to church beliefs. Consequently, millions of children are getting no religious teaching at all, and though their parents see the danger of this state of things, they do not know how to provide against it.

So I come back to the public school itself. In it a real religious teaching should be provided. How can this be done?

The religion of Jesus means (all Christians will agree to this) before all else, two things: First, obedience to, reverence for the Truth—"For this cause was I born, for this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the Truth. Every one that is of the Truth heareth my voice"; and second, a life of self-sacrificing service—"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

He who lives for himself alone is a bad man. These two great truths are the gist of the teachings of Jesus. These two great simple things are the bases of all noble living, of all personal and national greatness. Jesus taught them and died for them. Why not give that sort of religious teaching to the children of all nations and all religions assembling in our national schools?

It is not necessary to make them repeat a creed. Plant in their young lives these two everlastingly beautiful truth seeds, and much has been done to lay deeply a foundation for a love of truth and of beauty. Something done toward winning for every child what good Bishop Jeremy Taylor pleaded for, almost three hundred years ago: an education that made for "minds apt to noble choices and hearts capable of mighty love."

Goodness does not always come to children by nature. What goodness most of us have has been won by hard fights. It is a crime to fail to lead the children toward goodness, beauty, and truth. We leave them money, our hard-won money; oh,

let us be sure to give them that which has cost us far more than money, the Treasures of our soul!

The teachers of the young in our land and in all lands are and ever have been men and women much above the moral and spiritual average of their day. The New York school teachers of thirty years ago were not nearly so well equipped for their task as are their successors; but a paralyzing fear greatly limits the efficiency of the public school teacher in the United States —did then and does now: that fear is the fear of teaching anything that any small-minded directing authority on a school board may choose to consider "proselytizing." The inevitable result of this state of things is, the children are growing up secularists.

If the Protestant churches, divided and uncertain, are doing nothing to save the childhood of the land from this calamity, one great church steps forward declaring that she can do this great work, can teach the child a needful religion, and more, she declares that she has exclusive authority to do so.

To criticize any church that seeks to give religious instruction to the young is an ungracious task; and since I feel obliged to do so, I would preface my criticism by stating clearly that I am whole-heartedly an admirer of the fine, self-sacrificing faithfulness of the Roman Catholic parish priest and subordinate clergy in our own and in other lands. Their single-eyed devotion sets to all other churches an example hard to emulate and impossible to surpass. They spend and are spent for their flock. They live *nearer* their people than do any other clergy. Here celibacy greatly aids them. They are of the people, with the people, for the people, sharing their inmost lives.

But this beautiful social relation, if it has its advantages, has also concomitantly one disadvantage. Such a ministry is apt to be lacking in uplifting quality. Any one who knows the facts of Irish life, or of the "Habitant" life of Eastern Canada, cannot fail to note this loss. I might illustrate my point from conditions in other lands, but I confine myself to the case of the two peoples I know well. Almost exclusively drawn from the peasant class to which they minister, the Roman Catholic clergy in these countries too generally set their faces as resolutely as do their parishioners against all social, economic, and political reform. The priest is proud of the docility of his

flock, and docile, priest-worshipping flocks remain impervious to change.

Gladly admitting so much that is admirable in the great Roman Catholic Church, I must go on to speak of what I hold to be the danger to the Christian religion in an unreformed catholicism. If Rome should change, should widen her gospel appeal and cast from her all fatuous dreamings of temporal power, then might the unity that Jesus foretold become something near. But now I must face facts as they are, and speak of them as I saw and see them. The Church of Rome has a record, and no clerical denials can wipe it out or alter its significance.

(1) She has always been afraid of freedom.

(2) She has always opposed Democracy.

The multitude forgets this; but she cannot change, for the nature of her claim commits her inevitably to such oppositions. The Roman Catholic Church claims to bring to men the only *accredited* Truth of God. To the casual observer she is only one church among many. Often he is won to her by the beauty of her ritual, by the discipline and faithfulness of her clergy, and above all by the fact that in these days of confused speculation, these days of many preachers and many creeds, she alone offers to those who obey her certitude and peace.

"Leave doubts behind you when you come to me. Cast fear away when you kneel at my altars. *I know*, and to all poor troubled souls I offer rest in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

So, seeking peace, millions have come to the great Roman Catholic Church. And many more millions are coming; for unquestionably she offers the highest sort of religion many in man's present stage of social and religious development are capable of understanding. The trouble is that what she offers is *not the religion of Jesus, and it is not true.* The God she offers to our worship is not a good enough God for honest and intelligent men long to continue worshipping. He is a God who must be persuaded, and propitiated, and bought off. He must have intermediaries in heaven, and an intermediary on earth. That is the priest. A priest to confess you, a priest to absolve you, to give you the Eucharist, and feed you, to teach you what to believe, how to live, how to die. And, after death, a whole

system of priestly go-betweens to watch and aid your suffering soul toward final heaven.

The priest and all his ways and interferings must perish, he and his God together.

For ages and ages, not in the Roman church alone but in all religions, in the darkest and dimmest of them, in the very first poor mumblings of the half-animal savage, man's instinct has been to create him a priest. And his priest has turned on him and fooled him, cheated and degraded him. So much is history. In other forms of the Christian religion, man is getting rid of the priest. The trouble with the Roman Catholic Church is: she cannot be herself and rid her of the priest. For Roman Catholicism is built on the priest.

To claim to be the one supreme, accredited mouthpiece of God to men is a terrible claim to make. It is the declaration of imperialism in religion. Such is what Roman Catholicism and its Pope stand for. Imperialism was once an effective form of human government. To-day it is out of date, and so blights mankind.

Once give Rome what she claims, and ever and always she blocks reform. She does so logically, for she alone knows what reforms there should be. This she has not done openly here, for she is but one church among many, denied the autocratic power that she assumes and always must assume when to grasp it was possible. Where her control in Ireland is undisputed, progress ceases. So in Eastern Canada. In Paris, during the early years of this century, I met those great Frenchmen who saved the life of the French Republic. From them directly I learned how the very foundations of republican government in France were threatened by Rome's most astute and unscrupulous politician, Merry Del Val.

Some day the true story of France's then struggle with the Vatican will be told. I heard both sides at that time. I had the good fortune to meet some of the great priests and bishops of France, good men, torn between their love of country and obedience to the Roman See. They admitted that the Jesuits (whose acts and policies they were unable to control) had made an extensive and well-conducted campaign to subvert the children in the many schools and institutions they controlled from Republicanism to the white Flag. The French

Government was aware of this movement, and appealed to the bishops of France to stop it. The Bishops met, and made engagements satisfactory to the Government of the Republic. The matter was practically settled, when imperative orders from Rome bade the bishops, one and all, mind their own business, and let the Vatican mind hers. The Vatican insisted on dealing directly with the French Government. As all know now, Merry del Val's orders were defied by the French Government, but as Rome had a wider control of the European press than had the then somewhat shaky French Republicans, these were published to the world as the atheistic opponents of all religious teaching in France.

For their failure to support the Jesuitical policy of the Pope's Foreign Secretary, the unfortunate bishops suffered discipline, discipline of a pitiful and a spiteful sort. One of the best-known and best-loved bishops in France himself told me, as he took me through the beautiful Fourteenth-Century palace where he had been wont to have his clergy meet with him, "I cannot to-day invite my clergy to drink with me so much as a cup of coffee or smoke a cigar."

There is Roman policy, there Roman tyranny, there the working of the temporal power, not in the far past, but in our own century, when a puppet Pope allowed a bigoted and reactionary Spaniard to formulate the policy of the Holy See.

It was a lie to say that the French Republic was opposing the teaching of religion. No, it was not doing so, but it was, for its own safety's sake, determined to drive out of France the great organization of men and women who were drawing French money to teach French children that if they would be true to God they must pull down the Republican government of France. The Jesuits were packed out of France. Many of them went to Spain. Some came here, and had not the French Government acted as it did, France could never have presented to the German onslaught of a few years later that united and heroic defence that saved the world.

I am not writing as I do to make little of the good the heroic Catholic Church has done, but I cannot hide from myself the fact that it is now, in some ways, a practical danger. Convinced of this I write as I do. If she would reform, if she would give up her spiritual imperialism, if she would admit, as

all churches must, that she has failed and sinned in the past, and is unsure of many things in the present, then, indeed, might the lesser and younger churches gather round her and a new bright day would dawn for the religion of the Lord Jesus on our earth.

As it is, and I am speaking of things as they are, steadily, persistently, unscrupulously, she seeks political influence; and she is consistent and logical in doing so. But let us remember that if she succeeds, so far as success is hers, democracy perishes. She crushes her opponents; yes, and her dutiful children as well, when they attempt to oppose even her locally expressed will. Right here in New York, a couple of years ago, she defeated the best mayor New York ever had, John Purroy Mitchel, because, as a trustee for the city, he held himself in honour bound to see to it that those charities in New York and Brooklyn and the Bronx receiving city money for the support of city children should be honestly and efficiently conducted. These charities had evaded the city's examination. Mitchel, himself a loyal Roman Catholic, named a capable and unbiased examining committee. Their report was startling. Protestant as well as Catholic institutions had made worse than poor use of the city's trust funds. Shamefully filthy conditions were brought to light. There was neglect of common sanitary measures; inexcusable filth; lice in children's hair, etc., etc., etc.

Against the committee's findings the Bishop of Long Island made a most untimely protest. That was bad enough, but the Roman Catholic press (in large part) and some of the influential priests bitterly and semi-publicly denounced the Mayor *as a traitor*, and the weight and influence of his own church (and it was great) was thrown against him too successfully when he sought reëlection to the office he had so honestly and so brilliantly filled.

That is the Roman Church in New York to-day. She runs true to form. It is folly to forget it. I see signs of a new and very cleverly suggested Roman propaganda in New York. Rome is more than willing that those timorous wealthy people who see dreadful danger from socialism on the political horizon should have it suggested to them that she stands ready to offer a refuge and defence against any and all of the "Red threatenings" of the land.

To Capitalism, always timid, Rome suggests alliance and support. The editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, a paper claiming a wider circulation than any other financial paper in the country, lately went out of his way to attack two of the best known clergy in New York by name, because, as its editor, Mr. Hamilton, asserted, "they offered open hospitality to enemies of Christianity," and then goes on to let the cat out of the bag by adding: "It would almost seem as if the age-old consistency of the Roman Catholic Church remained as the nation's last barrier against Bolshevism."[1]

When editorially such a paper dares to suggest that the stability of the United States, financially and politically, may depend on the rule of a church that demands in the Name of God obedience to a foreign potentate, the Pope—obedience in things temporal as well as spiritual—surely it is time for those who still believe in that form of government the Fathers established to protest.

Churches that claim national control are, and always have been, reactionary. Why is Russia cursed by the bloody tyranny of Bolshevism? Because a corrupt, ignorant, and utterly subservient church joined hands with the autocratic government of its Czars, first to debase, and then to betray, the fatuously faithful millions of "Holy Russia." The Czars supported the church. The church put the Czar's picture alongside the household icon in every peasant's home, bade the faithful kneel to both, and doomed the faithless to Siberia.

As I said, all religious imperialisms are alike. When Rome has won, she has benumbed the souls of men as did the Greek Church in Russia. Religious tyranny is worse than temporal tyranny, for it is tyranny over the soul. Where populations yield to it, certain results inevitably appear. In Russia, Spain, Italy, Mexico, or Ireland there ensue an incapacity for orderly self-government, an inaptness to the exercise of corporate freedom, a numbness of soul, that ever have doomed such people for long to mental, moral, and political inferiority.

So much is history. The peoples Rome has ruled at her will, when her yoke is broken, are not *fit to be free*. I shall be accused of being an alarmist. I cannot help that. I speak of what I see. I see a very real danger from Romanism to the

[1] *Wall Street Journal*, March 25, 1921.

Christianity of our land, a danger that the careless optimism of the Protestant churches ignores. They cannot permit that church to win a political influence which would enable her to spread her teachings among the young (in schools, reformatories, etc., etc.) and more particularly to halt in her quiet but most effective way any effort to give to the public school life of the United States, in simple form, the religion of Jesus. If the Protestant bodies would act together, this could be done.

In 1890, Charles Stewart Parnell had practically won for Ireland that modest measure of Home Rule which she then demanded. The stupidity of English politicians (they can be stupid), the extraordinary narrow vision, morally, of Mr. Gladstone, the hypocrisy of the non-conformist conscience, all united with a folly that to-day, to us looking back, seems unbelievable, to defeat Parnell. But well Mr. Parnell knew that the defeat of Ireland's cause was not mainly owing to these causes. It was priestly interference that defeated him. "The Irish *must* obey their bishops. The bishops *have* to obey Rome. That is why the whole system of the priests' influence in politics is so infernal."[1] No truer summing up is possible. To forget this is folly.

My friend, Dr. Leighton Parks, lately sounded a warning against Roman Catholic political influence in our city's life. He was answered by an official of that church, in the New York *Times*, and to the casual reader the answer would seem effective. Very cleverly Doctor Parks's antagonist evaded the issue Doctor Parks had raised. I quote his words: "To do as God commanded, whatever the world may say or think, is to be free. Not by human allowance, but under the approval of Him whose service is perfect freedom." High-sounding generalities, but they amount to nothing at all, if the Roman Church is the one church on earth authorized by God to tell men what God *does* command.

What clever fooling with liberty is here? One is reminded of Macbeth:

> And be these lying fiends no more believed,
> Who palter to us in a double sense,
> Who keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope.

[1] "Life of C. S. Parnell," by Mrs. Parnell, Vol. II, page 154

I was consulted lately by a doctor friend with large practice among children. He told me of a lady he was attending who had just had her fifth child. He found her recovery retarded and herself in a state of mental distress. "My husband is a good man, but he is a Roman Catholic, and one terrible thing clouds my life. Even before I am able to get up and go out, at the fourteenth day they take my babies from me to the church, and baptize them. And from that day forward they teach my babies that they must not believe what their mother teaches them about religion and God."

I have written at length on this ungrateful subject because I felt I had to. And as I end I would say that I think I can see in the Roman Catholic Church in this country the signs of a reforming spirit which may, I hope, go far.

Many profoundly religious people who are in touch with all that is most liberal in the nation's political and educational life have sought peace for their souls with her. For this cause, in days of religious unrest, they have bowed to her spiritual authority. But they are, I think, increasingly disinclined to accept from her any other authority. May not this lead to a liberalizing of American Catholicism?

In closing this chapter, critical as it is of the New York Hierarchy, I would remember that among the parish priests of the city there have been and there are many noble examples of the best that the Church has given to the world. I had the honour of knowing Father McGlynn, a true democrat, a lover of the poor, and one of God's saints. Never was a greater honour done me than when, by request of his people, I addressed them after his death. No Roman Catholic prelate in New York dared to do so. As a faithful priest, Father McGlynn put the command of God and the rights of men, as he saw them, before all else. And to the shame of the men ruling his church, he was hounded out of his parish because he protested against unrighteous discipline which would have tongue-tied him. I happen to know that when he died, they could not find in his denuded wardrobe a suit of underclothing to bury him in. All had been given away.

Father McGlynn was a saint, a crusader born ahead of his time. He and Jacob Riis knew the poor of New York, and were loved by them more than any other men in my time.

CHAPTER XXV

Changes of Belief

Christianity, as it has been proclaimed by its orthodox and accredited teachers, can no longer hope to win world-wide influence. It has manifested to all thinking men its incapacity.—Prof. Josiah Royce.

Christian morality will not either suddenly or gradually conquer the world. But if Christianity, conceived in its true spirit, retains its hold upon mankind, humanity will go on, creating new forms of Christian morality.—Prof. Josiah Royce, *Hibbert Journal, 1913.*

Any one reading this story must see that a considerable part of it has to do with those inevitable changes of belief that must come to everyone who believes in evolution. I have changed radically in many of my beliefs, moral, social, and religious, and I have not done changing. I hope to go on changing till I die, and greatly I hope and long to go on changing afterward.

I have tried to write with frankness about those changes. I make no excuse for them. They were healthy and inevitable.

In his essay on Intellect, Emerson says:

> God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please; you cannot have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates. He in whom love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation. But he shuts the door of truth.
>
> He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and float. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.

That is fine. I did try ever to be a "candidate for truth," as Emerson says. My earliest convictions, to borrow the usual and most misleading word, were first the unconsciously borrowed opinions of others. We are unconscious borrowers to

the very end, but in early days we are more immediately impressionable. I have heard a tree frog calling within a few feet of my head, yet his coloration was so truly that of the delicate green leaves he sat among that for long I searched for him in vain. He was part of his environment. So is any healthy-minded youth. He takes his colour from those surroundings that gave him life.

This is specially true of our religious beliefs. Just because they are the realest, deepest part of us, they are least of all our own. I took mine as I took the clothes my mother bought for me—or, as in my mother's case, made for me—and wore them as a matter of course and without question, till later the suit wore out, and in the wider, less friendly world outside the dear home, I had to fit me with other clothes as best I might. Originality is not for us. Who shall say what is or is not original to him? Thoughts of others, wiser, stronger, enter and reform themselves in us. Originality is as rare, as potent, and as difficult to collect as radium.

I think all men who make their mark pass through radical changes of belief. I do not mean religious belief because, as a matter of fact, some of the most forceful men I have known have succeeded in not changing their religious beliefs one iota, and boasted of the fact; totally ignorant, of course, that by so boasting they were directly contradicting the very essence and spirit of the Christianity they honestly intended to champion.

Some of those I have intimately known, and whose religious life was real and living, have mistakenly remained silent as to its changes because they held to the old idea that a man's religion was in a peculiar sense his own affair; that to discuss his religious ideas was to be guilty of a certain degree of indelicacy. They would as soon have discussed the details of their "wills." How this false though commonly received concept of a Christian man's duty came to be so generally accepted I have no idea. To me it seems peculiarly and inexcusably false, for it is nothing less than the thwarting of a healthy instinct and the denial of a plain duty.

The greater the question confronting us, the greater the need for its expression. Waking, dreaming, rejoicing, suffering, these questions of the soul are with us ever.

Yes, our poor little visions are dear to us, because they have

cost us dearly, and when we are obliged to give them up, and change them for others, we only relinquish them with sorrow and bitter pain. This I know to be true. Why, then, when a life's story is told, should it deal with a man's adventures in every field of endeavour and make no record of the conflict of his very soul? What is God? Is there anything in us that shall survive death? What is and is not sin? What is real righteousness? What does the life of Jesus mean? How much of our record of it is true? How do the other supermen of our race stand related to Him? These are the realest and most pressing of all questions, and all men who think are ever debating them inwardly. Why then be silent as to that debate?

Change and renewal are our law. The creeds of manhood are no more the creeds of boyhood than the body of us at sixty, wounded, scarred, twisted, with many an adventure and many a sin, is the clean, untried, unwounded, supple thing that was ours at twenty-one. Every man worth listening to knows this to be true. Then why not say it?

The changes in my own teaching and preaching were not wrought in me by study of books, though of course I tried to read of the best, but rather were the result of what I saw and felt in the world life around me. In my very early life, as I have said before, I was very much alone. I daresay this was my own fault, but be that as it may, I never got any help from any *living* voice that I can remember in England. Robertson and Mazzini I fed on, and they were good food. During my life as a missioner I did not grow intellectually. I gained experience of men and of the country. But I was a popular preacher only, delivering popular discourses; doing good because I was not working for myself. But I made little spiritual headway.

In Toronto I found a firmer foothold for my faith. I found a larger and lovelier God. Of this I have told in the chapter on Toronto.

In New York, the difficulty of the task I had set myself to accomplish, and the novelty of it, served to shield me during those first years from clerical criticism. But it was inevitable that as it came to be understood, the radical nature of the doctrine taught in St. George's should draw fire; and for many years I was pretty close to a heresy trial at any time.

You must remember that in the '90's some of the best men in the land were flung out of the churches. Bishop Gore, then of Birmingham, England, unfrocked a good man, turned him out of his parish and out of the Anglican Church without a trial, not because he could not say the creed, but because he could not accept the Bishop's interpretation of it. One of the best men I ever knew, Algernon Crapsey, of Rochester, was unfrocked by the Bishop of Western New York. So were several other good men in other dioceses, and in most instances these suffered expulsion because they were thought to be unsound on the doctrine of the Virgin birth. On that doctrine I was as unsound and as outspoken as any of them.

I will digress a little here, and briefly outline my own way of approach to what I believed and taught about this much-disputed doctrine, as I find it in a sermon of mine, preached at the time. "As belief in the spiritual power and miracle-working power of Jesus spread, as his unique goodness and greatness came to be accepted, his followers very naturally came to think of him as conceived and born as was no common man. He was without sin. How could this be possible if he came into the world as sinful men come? So round this natural idea first myth and legend gathered, and finally the hard-and-fast dogma came to be demanded, under pain of persecution by the faithful."

Thus the true concept, the real significance of the Incarnation was replaced by barren scholasticism. And mark the result! The real Jesus, so understanding, so approachable, so really revealing man's nature and God's, was no longer so approachable. He must be aided, supplemented, in his mediating work, by a host of other intermediaries, beginning with the Virgin his mother, and running away into a host of insignificant saints.

We all of us inherit, as is not wonderful, the results of this materialistic spirit of past time. Orthodoxy has, as is usual, made the truth of God semi-ridiculous with its traditionalism. Jesus was realest of the real. He shared the beliefs of his time. He believed in the nearness of the parousia—as did Paul—and was mistaken. He was under *all* the conditions not only of humanity but of the humanity of his time and place. So much was essential to a true incarnation. Incarnation meant conditions. He did not know any more about philosophy or philol-

ogy, about history or natural laws, than did any Jew about Him, *except in so far as a pure heart helps knowledge.*

The more convincedly we believe in the *incarnation*, the more strongly must we hold to the conditions and limitations of it; without them the Incarnation is not real. Where, then, is the Divineness? It is in the perfection of his obedience, and the resulting absoluteness of his moral and spiritual verdicts.

Inside the Protestant Episcopal Church things looked stormy. I needed the help and guidance of someone older, wiser, and more experienced than I. Such an one I found in Dr. T. T. Munger, of New Haven, and to him I owe a great debt. His book, "The Freedom of Faith," helped me greatly; more than any book I had read for years. But he was more than his books, admirable as they were. I found in him a sympathetic friend, a man wise in council as he was clear in vision. In person and by letter, when I was in a difficult place, I consulted him, and what he advised my doing or saying, I did and said.

He carried his learning lightly, and had a way of putting himself at your service that was all his own. There was a gentle graciousness about him rarely winning. There may have been others like T. T. Munger in those days, but I doubt it. I never knew any clergyman, in any church, on either side of the Atlantic, that seemed to me as wise and holy a man as he. He was a great heretic and a great Christian.

I am quoting at some length a letter he wrote to me, answering the despairing cry of a friend of mine. This man was off with the old and had not found the new. Nothing in Doctor Munger's books goes deeper, is finer or more helpful. No answer I could make then or now to this so common need of good men is as valuable. So I quote the letter at some length.

It is evening, and I hope I shall not be interrupted until I have at least tried to tell you what I think of your friend's letter. I have read it three times, and have tried to read between the lines. All the ordinary symptoms are present, but in rather unusual force: the prognosis is favourable unless the patient loses courage or acts rashly—sinks into despair or jumps out of the window. The latter is the greatest danger. I am not treating the subject lightly.

Do we not, do not all earnest souls who come into freedom, know just what your friend is passing through? I mean exactly what I say, when I say that he seems to me to be undergoing the pains of spiritual birth. He is coming

out of the world of traditionalism and formalism and intellectualism, and is feeling his way into the world of the spirit.

We all begin our ministry, and our religious life as well, under a great load of traditional and formal doctrines. It is necessarily so; it is the school master era in life. Many never get beyond it. Some partially escape it. A few are called and ordained to pass through it, and reach the stage of *realities*.

So far as I can read your friend's mind, he is throwing off the material forms of truth, and, if he but knew it, has come to the borders of the spiritual world. He calls it "facing an abyss." He is mistaken; he has come out of one world and his eyes are not used to the light of the other. St. Paul hit the matter exactly when he said that "henceforth he knew Christ no more after the flesh." Christ became a spiritual fact and force to him.

I verily believe that in his higher and more spiritual moods, the outward forms of Christ's life vanished and the spiritual realities and verities that lay behind the forms became the only things he regarded. It is not a new experience, but it is repeated in every man who finds himself. Now the trouble with your friend is that the higher criticism, natural science, and his own thought, have together broken up his old world and swept away his former beliefs, and he therefore thinks he is on the borders of the abyss. But at the same time he says he is willing to be alone with God. Where could he better be?

And here I would beg a special attention to what this wise and deeply taught teacher adds:

For my part, I do not care how much the higher criticism and science sweep away. I believe the whole process is in the order of evolution. It is a destruction of the formal and an introduction into the spiritual which is the goal of man.

I believe that just as science and criticism and thought take away from us what we have deemed the supports of our faith, will spiritual facts and truths and laws come to us. And they come, as to your friend, through darkness and struggle at first. . . .

What we all need is to understand our day, and what is going on in it. *That it is the beginning of the transfer of faith from forms to realities. I think the forms are necessary, but always in a lessening degree. The power by which we are carried from one to the other is the truth. This truth makes us free.* What I cannot understand in your friend's state of mind is his unhappiness over his loneliness. The *truth* can work no harm to any one. If Harnack upsets the Apostles' Creed, what of it? If untrue, it ought to be upset; the air is so much clearer.

I can see no rational thing to do but to *trust the universe—that is God*—and trust and rejoice in Him. A man should smite himself and pull himself together, when he finds himself growing timid and anxious.

More and more do I think that Christ looked at *things as they are*. This is natural and intellectual and high. To shove everything over into the endless future is not intellectual, nor high, nor spiritual. . . .

I quote from this letter of my dear teacher and friend, italicizing words and sentences that he underlined, knowing well that he would have approved of my doing so. Doctor Munger wrote hastily, after a long day's work and late at night. But nothing within the covers of my book has, to my thinking, a higher spiritual value. I had forgotten this letter of Doctor Munger's, and now, on reading it again, I think it had far more effect on my own thinking than I knew at the time.

It is a profound satisfaction to me that perhaps unwittingly, but none the less really, I had, in stumbling, fumbling way, managed to get where he had got; managed to see that the only way to get near the God of Truth was to look straight at things as they are, and so find in the universe as it is the only knowledge of God as He is, the only knowledge that we poor gazers through dark glasses can gain at all. The deluding day of belief in the supernatural is past. In it man worshipped the changeful God of his fancy and his dream, and some truth there ever was in his fancies and his dreams. But as the fields of reality slowly open their wonders to man's searching, fancies and dreams take their truer subordinate place. It may be hard to give up our fancies and dreams about Jesus, but do it we must. *By so much as Jesus is pronounced to be supernatural, by His birth, or death, or rising from the dead, by so much are we robbed of our elder Brother, robbed of a real son of man who is a real practical guide and example; one we can follow and imitate down here on earth.*

The reason for belief that Jesus was supernatural lies in the deep human longings common to us all. We would find somewhere, somehow, an inerrant authority, an authority speaking with unmistakable clearness on those deep questions our unsatisfied hearts are forever propounding. Such a mode of self-revelation does not consort with a God of things as they are, and more—it does not agree with the picture of Jesus given us in the New Testament. Jesus himself refused to occupy any such place. He did not claim oracular knowledge then, and it is a vast mistake to ascribe it to Him now.

What He did claim was that the spirit of his Father God, which had enabled and inspired Him, would continue to lead into new truth those who followed Him while He lived on earth, and that when He lived on earth no longer, the guiding of God

would be given to those who continued to seek for and obey the Truth. Science will appeal to truth seekers as long as men have brains, and the Religion of Jesus as long as they have hearts.

Yes, the God of the supernatural[1] must fade, replaced by the God of things as they are.

This profoundly important change in our idea of God necessitates, of course, change in each and all of our conceptions of our relations to Him. Churches, creeds, dogmas, Bibles, all remain. All had and have their uses, but none of them can rightfully call on any man for an absolutely authoritative obedience. For man's religious beliefs are as truly and directly an evolution as is his body. Many good people fancy that they worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but they do not. The Jews regarded themselves as the favourites of their semi-heathen God Jehovah. They made him say: "Jacob have I loved; Esau have I hated." The modern boy reading the story of Jacob and Esau is sure to register his first protest against Jewish orthodoxy and verbal inspiration. As between Jacob and Esau, he profoundly disagrees with Jehovah, and the modern boy's opinion is the result of man's moral evolution upward, and is altogether right.

Puritan evangelicalism did a great and good work. Perhaps it made our own type of Anglo-Saxon democracy possible; but it proclaimed a divine partiality that is now unthinkable.

It is time to face the truth about ourselves and God. Looking round us, steadily looking, it is a hard thing to believe in God at all. A god whose chief or sole revelation of himself is made in nature can no longer satisfy the craving of man's soul for righteousness. He is not worshipful. Nature is brutally partial. She sides with the strong and crushes the weak, and the strength she approves is no criterion of moral excellence.

But a few years ago we knew little about Nature and her ways. Of her gross cruelty, her dreadful wastefulness, men had not taken note. An illustration of this in literature is Wordsworth's poetry. The nature god he worships is wholly the deity of his own dream. He does not actually know that the

[1] I use the word in its commonly accepted sense—i. e., interference with the established order of nature.

scenes which enchant him by their loveliness, the sunset glory that bids him kneel, are what man brings to nature, are a creation of his own. It is man's eye that lends colour to the rainbow, and sees in the pageantry of the sunset a fitting garniture for God. Yes, you come back to man as the only justification and explanation of nature, and God as the justification and explanation of man. For myself I would say the only way I know of loving God is loving men.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing. (2 Tim. IV, 7–8.)

So wrote Paul, about A. D. 70. Here a hero sings his death song. Its numbers thrill us still, but it is frankly egotistic. So was the early Christian faith. The Christian martyr often sought death, even so late as in the Twelfth Century. The brave Albigenses could scarcely be kept back from the flame. They longed for martyrdom. So much their very exterminators tell us. There shone before them the victor's crown, and an immediate entrance into the city of the Great King. All their powers of mind and heart and will were set on winning a personal immortality.

Could the men of those and still earlier days have made the fight they made (and it was for us their descendants they made it), had they been inspired by a less certain, less egotistic vision? Surely they could not. They had the bread they needed; strength and vision adapted to their own need and time. But on their bread we cannot march to-day. Their vision is not ours. Try as we may to catch at and hold their great dream, its exclusively personal quality moves us not. Even while we wonder at their courage, we cannot blind our eyes to the true and necessary things that their vision failed to show them.

They were not merciful or pitiful or loving to their fellow-men. High as was at times their sense of obligation to one another—to the faithful, the chosen, the elect—for outsiders, for unbelievers they cared little or not at all. The saints, confessors, martyrs, lived, stood, fought, and died together. To them the sacred group was all in all. For the mass of humanity they had

no love or sympathy. Hate was repaid with hate, and scorn with scorn. They suffered torture gladly, and were quite willing in their hour of power to inflict on their enemies what their enemies inflicted on them. There was little in them of the spirit of brotherhood as we find it in Jesus: that high and holy spirit which comes but slowly to men. Of this, it is but simple truth to say, the world has more, far more, in this Twentieth Century, than it had in the first.

In one of the quotations with which I have headed this chapter, Josiah Royce, whom some good judges believe to have been the greatest philosopher of our generation, with courage and candour says: "Christian morality will not either suddenly or gradually conquer the world." His hope is that "*Humanity will go on creating new forms of Christian morality.*" Surely that is just what we are doing; just what Jesus foretold we should do. Royce says: "These new forms of morality must be conceived in Christ's true spirit." I think that there are abundant signs that gradually they are so being conceived.

As to belief in personal immortality, for instance, Dostoievsky, a social reformer and a genius, with that frankness and clarity with which the modern Russian spirit is endowed, states for himself and for the masses of the Greek and Catholic churches, the common orthodox forms of belief in immortality and the grounds for that belief.

> Surely I have not suffered, that my crimes and struggles may but manure the soil, for the future harmony of somebody else. . . . I want to be there when everyone suddenly understands what it has all been for. . . . All the religions of the world are built on this longing, and I am a believer.

So much is true. Uncounted millions have lived and died nobly holding it fast, but it is frankly the faith of the religious egoist. There are some who have reached a faith greatly higher than Dostoievsky's, and it is to the teachings of Jesus they feel that they owe that higher faith.

As the Master's words have been handed down, inevitably tinged by the beliefs of His and succeeding times, a heaven of personal reward for believing souls is promised. So much is certain. But it is no less certain that Jesus Himself widened His message even in the short space during which He taught. The message He delivered was primarily one to His own time.

It was wholly impossible for His disciples, perhaps for Jesus Himself, to tear from heart and mind the idea of a Rewarding God. Even the best of men could not then have set their faces toward the lonely wilderness path that must be trodden by one and all of them, if they entertained a doubt of their final public and personal vindication before the throne of their all-ruling Master. So they faced unflinchingly what lay before them, because they "reckoned that the sufferings of this present time were not worthy to be compared with the glory which should be revealed in them." They had their own task, and they had to feed and fortify them for it, the daily bread they needed. Our task is not theirs; ours is an easier, if perhaps quite as dangerous a road. Our religion has not brought us imminent peril of death. We are not counted as public pariahs, "the off-scouring of all men for the sake of Jesus."

These things, if we remember them, will help to explain to us how it comes about that a faith which, in their case, was assured of an unspeakably glorious personal hereafter, has, in our day, shrunk to a sort of hopeful orthodox complacency that, after this life is done with, we may expect an even better time in the next. This and nothing higher is the faith of millions to-day.

I cannot see in this later popular form of orthodox belief in immortality much that is truly akin to the spirit of Him who steadily faced His cross.

It is a long way from St. Paul to Huxley, yet in a real sense both followed the same Master, for both might have worthily worn the shining armour of Mr. Valiant for Truth. Ultra-modernism in Huxley did not quench in him the human yearning that so mightily wrought in St. Paul. In 1883, Huxley wrote to John Morley: "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I grow older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at times with a sort of horror that, in 1900, I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800."

Morley answers that he was "not plagued that way." But many of us are plagued just that way. And because orthodoxy's reply to the cry of the hungry for life beyond the grave is inadequate (and when I use that word I use the mildest word possible, for to listen to the usual Easter sermon is enough to

make any man doubt the Resurrection), men are turning to man himself, and from the "abysmal depths of his personality" are seeking to draw forth proof that he must survive the grave. Such searching is natural—we cannot rebuke it—but to me it seems the treading of a backward path.

What answer the future may yield us, who can tell? But I find myself, as I grow older, sharing Huxley's experience, or as Young, in his "Night Thoughts," puts it:

> Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

I greatly, increasingly, long to "go on and still to be." The longing for life, greater and more abundant than I have known or can know here, increases. I cannot satisfy myself, however, that this soul passion for immortality is a wholly religious and unselfish thing, or that it must of necessity win the sort of satisfaction it demands, in a universe back of which is justice and right. Nothing so clearly proves to me the unconquerable religiousness of our human nature as does the growth within us all of the spirit of unselfishness which is the spirit of Jesus. To me it is quite certain that every great testing time that comes to us proves that our acts are less marked by selfishness and self-seeking than were those of our fathers. A personal salvation is no longer a righteous and legitimate aim.

Rewards offered to us for holiness achieved pall on us. We see, if we look squarely at life, men and women everywhere, outside religious organizations quite as commonly as within them, gladly giving their lives to advance the cause of truth, or to better the condition of others, whose claim on their self-sacrifice is but that of a common humanity. This immense and irrefutable spiritual advance of man I take to be the evidence of the coming of the Kingdom of God on this earth.

It is the spiritual work of a spiritually free people, striving for the best they know. Once again I quote my own definition of religion, as specially applicable here: "*It is the giving of the best we have to the best we know.*" And this not done for reward.

Now personal immortality may be ours, but to claim it as a reward for good work here won't do. It will not satisfy, for it implies a moral retreat. No one more truly voiced the widening religious vision of the Nineteenth Century than did Tennyson. Yet in his poem "Wages," he stoutly maintains that man must

have the assurance of "Wages" for the doing of highest duty; a special reward for special goodness. Tennyson would rewrite "Wages" to-day. Our moral concept of duty is manifestly higher. Tennyson discards older forms of moral reward. "Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song," these are evanescent rewards. Neither do "The isles of the blest, the seats of the just" content onward marching man. But one thing he has a right to; one thing he shall have. Tennyson insists: "Give him the wages of going on and still to be." Does not the very idea of any wages revolt us just a little? The slave served under the lash, the hireling for his pay. But just as the hireling is an advance on the slave, so is the son and brother relationship an advance on the wage taker. The hireling service is not the final form of man's relation to what he feels to be his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God.

Ah, no! For striving to be what we feel and know we should be, wages are not paid. There are things not purchasable, and the first of these is doing right.

For ages, philosophers have debated these questions, but in our own wonderful days we have seen the resolution of them with our eyes, and not in fields of fancy need we discuss them any longer. We have seen an ennobling, an inspiring thing: we have seen that not in the few and the great and the highly educated alone, but in the quite ordinary boy and man and woman, there is a vision, there is a power, great and noble; a holy and a saving capacity driving him to give his poor and so inadequate all "to the best he knows." In the revealing gleam of the battle light we have seen it. In that light, so terrible, certain moral values became plain to us as never before. Self-seeking, in all its forms, was the one damnable thing no soldier could allow himself to be guilty of. To seek his own meant to desert his comrade and betray his cause. So it was that, when the minute hand of the wrist watch at last put an end to sickening suspense, the youth of Europe rose and went "over the top" to die. Into the shell storm, into the sleet of the machine gun, they went. And then, out in the mud, in thousands, crumpled, sprawling things lay that lately had been men.

There human will triumphed over human frailty, and it was not done for pay, not even for the wages of "going on and still to be."

So fell a French lieutenant of infantry. Some of the survivors of his company, beaten back, carried him to the shelter of the trench whence he had led them. A comrade on whose shoulder he died heard his last message: "To a child in a game it is a fine thing to carry the flag. It should be enough for the man to know that the flag will be carried."

That spirit won the great war, and because it burns in the heart of man, the victory of the Truth and the Kingdom of the Lord of Truth are sure.

The supreme wonder of life is man himself—man, a little child of God. What he has done, and is, and knows, is but a poor hint of what he shall do, shall know, and shall be; man, God's last, best, and, so far as we know, final expression of Himself. To realize the greatness of ourselves is not to minify God, but to magnify Him.

CHAPTER XXVI

Preaching

When a first-hand religious experience proves contagious enough to triumph over persecution, it becomes itself an orthodoxy; and when a religion has become an orthodoxy, its day of inwardness is over; the faithful live at second hand exclusively, and stone the prophets in their turn. The new church, in spite of whatever human goodness it may foster, can be henceforth counted on as a staunch ally in every attempt to stifle the spontaneous religious spirit, and stop all later bubblings of that fountain from which, in purer days, it drew its own supply of inspiration.—William James, "*Varieties of Religious Experience*," *p. 337.*

One of life's deepest mysteries is man's influence on man. The older I grow the more marvellous and inexplicable it seems to me. Books, schools, services, churches cannot supply it, nor can Beauty, Music, or Art. It is not something man produces, but something he is; it is increased and developed by use; but it is born, not made. They who possess a grain of it should be searched for, encouraged, trained, and used. Such are, in all ages, the divinely called fishermen of Jesus. They it is who lead in all revivals of true religion.

The preacher in 1920 has the self-same task as the preacher in A. D. 33. His it is to make the multitude who are spiritually blind and deaf and lame and dumb, to see and hear and walk and speak.

In the voice of the preacher, God becomes authentic and audible to the preoccupied masses of everyday folk.

When the tides of spiritual progress ebb, then religious organizations fall back on the mechanical methods of the schools. Organization makes a great showing. Things are mechanically perfect, look well, sound well. But the product! It is what the railroad man calls by a significant name a "Dead Engine!" It has everything but the one all-important thing—Fire!

When Madame Curie discovered radium in 1898, all natural science was shaken, and theories of almost universal acceptance had to be abandoned. Man's marvellous and inexplicable influence on man is a sort of human radium. Difficult to discover, most difficult to capture or confine, but once possessed, with it goes power. The preacher has it. There come times when he is no longer aware of himself. Bodily consciousness almost ceases. His listeners, too, forget outside things. At such rare moments it is not merely the words they hear that move them. Some intense relation, deeper than words, unites preacher and listener. The ideas born within him flash, radium-like, with extraordinary penetrating power from mind to mind, and a mysterious accord is established.

Surely there is a tiny grain of spiritual radium in everyone who has it in him to preach. At the bottom of successful church organization there must be a capacity to feed and inspire the workers. Organizing ability is very important, but it is a quite different thing from the subtle quality I have been trying to catch at and explain.

Energy fades. Enthusiasm, so essential to success in religious work, falters, when it is not revitalized by this kindling, persistent, undying spiritual force.

The old explanation, of course, was "The Presence of the Spirit of God." I am not faulting that explanation. I am only trying to find a way of putting the same thing so that it shall have a little more understandableness in it. I'll do here again what I have often done before—tell a story to give point to my plea for a fuller recognition by the Church of the spiritual mystery of man's influence on man.

"The Club" in New York was a small but strong body of clergy, all Episcopalians. I had the honour to be elected to it in 1884. One of the last meetings of the club I attended before resigning St. George's was somewhere about 1904. At each meeting the host read a paper and entertained the club at luncheon. It was my turn to read and entertain, and I chose as my subject "Faith." The paper led to a long discussion. I tried to make clear that Faith, as Jesus saw and demanded it, had nothing to do with a creed, but had everything to do with man's inherent power to recognize and yield himself to supreme goodness. I said: "Faith is that divine quality in man which

moves him to recognize, love, and surrender himself to, the highest when he sees it."

I could see that Doctor Huntington, who sat near me, was not at all pleased with the direction of the debate. As was usual with him when he disagreed, he waited till nearly everyone had said his say. This also, I knew from long acquaintance with my neighbour, boded no good to my paper and its contention. When at last Doctor Huntington's turn came, he got to his feet, which was unusual with us, and began (what I could instantly see was going to be an adverse criticism of the paper, which had seemed to gain the approval of the majority of those present) by saying: "In the paper and the discussion of it, one all-important thing, the ultimate basis of authority, has been forgotten. The ultimate basis of authority is the Throne of Almighty God."

This sentence Doctor Huntington pronounced with great emphasis. Silence! for a moment.

Then, very slowly, the Rev. P. S. Grant said, "Yes, Doctor Huntington, but where is the Throne of Almighty God if not here [touching his breast] in the heart of man?"

Doctor Huntington stood without speaking for a moment. No one uttered a word. And then, still silent, Doctor Huntington sat down. The chairman pronounced the blessing, and we broke up.

We often hide our ignorance under sounding phrases that have come to have a hollow and unreal meaning in the ears of our listeners, if not in our own ears. If we cannot find God in ourselves and in our brothers, we surely will find Him nowhere. So much is the meaning of the tendency in all world religions to emphasize Incarnation. Instinctively man feels that the only God he can ever know much about is a God in himself and in his fellow-men. The universe is inexplicable without man, and man a futile tragedy without God.

Those who fancy that the day of the preacher is past are singularly unobservant. A church without real preachers is without aggressive life. The Church can collect and approve teachings of her preachers (prophets), but she cannot either create or commission them. As a matter of historic fact, she has usually stoned them first and canonized them afterward. But whether they are stoned or canonized, in such are the

chief among the sources of divine authority we know. They voice the spirit of God to men. All the Church can do, all she has ever done, is to gather the sermons, the prayers, the poetry, the writings, of these prophets and teachers for the uses of the future.

We know more psychology than Paul did, but no substitute has been found for that transforming spiritual power he spoke of when, writing to the Corinthians, he said: "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." True wisdom it is to get back to the practices of Jesus and of Paul.

Nothing, to my mind, wiser, truer, or more needed, has been addressed to the churches in our time than the warning with which I have headed this chapter. Professor James's words are, I believe, as truly inspired of God the Holy Ghost as are any pronouncements coming to us from anybody clerical claiming divine authority. James is on the side of the Preacher, and, being so, he is in good, if often unpopular and unorthodox, company.

Writing so much about preaching, many will count me as an egoist, perhaps pushing aside what I say as of little worth. Yet in all I have herein set down in my life story there is nothing of more importance than this appeal of mine to my friends with whom I may still have some influence to face fully the danger to real religion, if we allow ourselves to follow the precedent the churches, some more than others, but all of them, have so steadily pursued, in discouraging rather than encouraging the preacher.

Ecumenical Councils may call from Rome; Lambeth Conferences may plead from Canterbury—the thinking, feeling, working, hoping millions, who live for the future (and it is theirs) do not even hear Rome's thunder or Canterbury's call. To them the priest speaks no longer. They are through with him. One man, one sort of man alone, can reach them. That is the man who has the same qualifications that those plain men had who, two thousand years ago, started forth from a tenement house in Jerusalem to turn the Old World right side up. (1) They were part of their time. (2) They had the tongue of Fire. Or, put it another way, they understood men and knew what they were longing for, and they were indwelt by the Holy Ghost, that uplifting power in man.

People would take anything from such men, and people will take anything from a real preacher still. You can say almost anything to one you would help, if you hold his hand and look him in the eye.

My conviction is that men will eagerly listen to the preacher who says right out what their own hearts are whispering to them. Men never felt the need of the Gospel of Jesus as they do to-day. To uplift our land; to better mankind; to inspire and enable us to live as brothers together, not as mere competitors apart. This was the aim of Jesus, and right now no reformer worth the name has any other aim.

This sacred cause, holy above all other causes, can and does inspire to unselfish, self-sacrificing effort, not a few very great souls alone who greatly lead our race, but multitudes of less gifted, whose work is just as essential to the common salvation as is the work of the greatest of the great.

If the present church is to live, it must find courage and prescience to seek out among those thousands whose aim is Christlike, men and women, too, born with the preacher's spirit within them. Such too often drift into the ranks of crankdom because they have not been fortunate enough to find someone like Saint Philip of long ago, who expounded the way of God more perfectly to the Ethiopian eunuch, as he rode back to his distant country all uncertain and dissatisfied with what orthodoxy at Jerusalem had been able to give him.

Preachers who can help in these truth-seeking, truth-loving days of ours, should have some education in the field of comparative religions, for we nowhere make solid gain in any field of knowledge unless we build on what has been won for us by those who in the past have proved themselves loyal to the truth. Even inspiration needs education; neither can succeed without the other.

As I look back on my life, I see more clearly than I did that we poor differing mortals need differing forms of the religion of Jesus. But more firmly than ever I believe that, within the wide bounds of that religion, all healthy, growing religions can find comfort, inspiration, and peace. It is their blind insistence on uniformity of creed and order that has robbed orthodoxies of their very life.

We must have widely differing forms of religion if we are to

worship in spirit and in truth. The same uniform coat cannot be made to fit us all, nor can each be satisfied with the same vision of God.

Billy Sunday's preaching will reach and uplift some to whom Phillips Brooks's inspired storm would have been sheer nonsense. How long Billy Sunday's influence will last, or, indeed, Phillips Brooks's, either, will depend on how worthy or unworthy of man's worship is the vision of God those preachers presented to their time.

Dwight Moody, simple, honest, wholly consecrated Dwight Moody, shook religious life in England partly out of its Victorian lethargy, but not out of its quite dreadful self-complacency. Moody believed in an inerrant, infallible, inspired Bible—a quite impossible creed. But since he loved the Lord Jesus and his fellow-men and could preach, he was a blessing wherever he went.

Henry Drummond joined Mr. Moody when first Mr. Moody came to Scotland. His was a message to those who needed a gospel not lacking an intellectual appeal. Drummond, unlike Moody, was a scholar, and he was the first preacher I listened to in those days of my youth with real delight. Somehow he seemed to bring with him a freer air, a wider vision, than other popular preachers of the time.

I had my inerrant Bible, and my "plan of salvation," both "received by tradition from my fathers," both gripped fast, for I knew nothing better. Yet instinctively I felt they did not meet the needs of my own soul.

My feeling about Henry Drummond was more instinctive than reasoned; and it was not till twelve years after I first listened to him, and I read his "Natural Law and Spiritual World," that I understood the naturalness of the power he had had over me when I was a boy.

Henry Drummond had been brought up as I had been in the narrowest of narrow schools. (The two Cairds and the men of their school had not yet won the ear of Scotland.)

Being a scholar and an ardent naturalist, Henry Drummond was certain to become an evolutionist, and the "Origin of Species" and the inerrant verbally inspired Bible were mutually destructive. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was perhaps the best attempt at proving they were not mutually

destructive that appeared. The popularity of the book was immediate and immense. I remember well the first time I heard of it. I had occasion to visit one morning my good neighbour Henry Y. Satterlee, then rector of Calvary Church, New York, afterward Bishop of Washington. Satterlee was not usually an excitable man. This morning I found him profoundly moved. Walking up and down his study, holding the book in his hand, he said, "Rainsford, here is the book the Church of God has long been waiting for. This man shows the way to the reconcilement of science and religion."

I bought the book at once and read it. I remember I sat up almost all of the next night reading it. It seemed to me that much in it was good. Some part of it deserved to live, but its main contention was quite evidently untenable. Briefly it was this: "Till man is converted, he is in the inorganic world spiritually. When he is converted and born again, he enters the organic world spiritually."

In his own way, clothing his thought as he always did in beautiful prose, Henry Drummond had worked out this new presentation of the old doctrine of the need of new birth. It was very clever, but there was this finally fatal flaw in the argument: If man, before entering the family of God by conversion and new birth, was in the kingdom of the inorganic, then he was not responsible for his action—a stone cannot sin.

The book won the ear of orthodoxy everywhere. The Church praised it, the scientists tore it to pieces. But Drummond had henceforth the ear of millions, and wisely and humbly, too, he spoke for his Master to men. Hundreds of thousands read with delight his "Greatest Thing in the World." To say it is worthy of its text (I Cor. XIII) is not too high praise.

We corresponded occasionally, but did not meet again till in 1892 we met at Harvard. He was Lowell lecturer, and I was Baccalaureate preacher. I can never forget that Sunday evening when he preached for the last time in this country. Henry Drummond held the great audience that packed the chapel in the hollow of his hand. I can see him now, standing with one arm behind his back, in the ugly pepper-box pulpit. He spoke without notes for forty-five minutes, seldom raised his voice, seldom made a gesture, never hesitated for a word or changed a sentence; and on his listeners fell the power of God.

As Baccalaureate preacher that day, my place was next President Eliot, in the President's pew. The President came to chapel that night in a grumpy mood. He was no lover of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as everybody knows, yet for three successive anniversaries an Episcopalian had, by the vote of the graduating class, been thrust on him—Bishop H. C. Potter, Bishop Wm. Lawrence, and myself. Drummond's theology, too, he disliked, and his scientific knowledge he distrusted. But as the blessing was given and all rose to go, I heard my neighbour murmur to himself, "I never heard anything like it."

Already Drummond's health was failing, and all too soon, for the youth of both our land and England's empire, he was to lay down his great and faithfully kept charge.

Immediately at the conclusion of his lectures at Harvard, he came up with Mr. W. E. Dodge to the Restigouche Salmon Club, of which I was a member. I saw that he was very much tired and greatly needed a long rest. But alas! it was not to be. Said he to me one day, "Can you find me a quiet place by this lovely river where I can work?" I urged rest, not work. "No," said he, "I am all on fire with this subject. My lectures are full of things I must alter. I cannot afford to do again what I did in 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' I am going to rewrite these Lowell lectures, and I must do it now."

I urged delay. He could weigh things better when he had had a rest and had returned to his home and library. "I cannot wait. I don't even care for salmon fishing till this thing is done."

So we got him rooms in the one quiet, comfortable riverside farmhouse (Dawson's) that there then was in that lonely, beautiful country, some miles up river from the club. And there, working on into the autumn, he rewrote the "Ascent of Man," and when he had finished it, went home to die.

Ah! So young! So human, so natural, so honest in his religion, so profoundly catholic in his understanding and love of his fellow-men! Surely it was just as true of him as of John the Baptist, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was Henry Drummond."

I saw a beautiful thing lately that finely illustrates the real purpose and value of preaching. An amazingly beautiful

thing, yet almost unknown. Another strange thing about it was, it was the work of the much-abused State of New York.

My son Kerr and I just happened on it—no guide book we had read said anything about it, nor was its near-by presence, as we motored, flaunted in our faces by one of those common, highly coloured boardings that both illustrate and outrage American taste. It bore a secular title enough, "Aërating plant of the Ashokan Reservoir." No one claimed for it artistic merit. Yet, when all unprepared, we suddenly looked down on it from the height of the Great Dam that shut in the gathered waters of the Catskills, the wonder of its utter beauty struck us both for a moment dumb.

Imagine all the famous fountains of Europe, Versailles, Rome, Vienna, London, assembled in one ample basin, all in full play, and they are shrunken and yellow dancers of the long past beside this, our own virgin dancer of the mountains.

Hundreds and hundreds of snowy columns of silver spray, clear and clean, rising, ceaselessly rising, in rejoicing power. Never failing, never pausing, in rush and play and watery roar. It was as though the spirit of the lake there unveiled her fresh, pure beauty to the eyes of men.

As my son and I had motored among the foothills of the Catskills, we had seen the sources of those brooks and rivers that fed the great reservoir. There, behind its mighty dam, they were assembled to assure the health and comfort of the distant city. Thence they would flow into every palace and tenement house of New York. But why the wild beauty of the great basin we had been looking on?

Ah, experience had decreed that even those clear mountain waters needed to be aërated, purified for the use of man, by the mighty fountain play that had fascinated us.

As I leaned over the dam wall and watched the myriad silvery columns rising, the thought came to me: the creeds and dogmas and beliefs we have inherited and lived by and still hold dear—they are like the great reservoir behind me, things of proved good, needed by the life of men. They, like these waters, have been slowly gathered from many sources and many springs. Far away people in the mountains, in cottages in scattered villages, have lived by them, have used them. But if they are to be of fullest service to the great world of thought

and of action, they must be recharged, shot through afresh with the new hopes, new discoveries, new aims, of the present they are created to strengthen and to serve.

From the old lake life of the ancient mountains they must pass in the collective life of the reservoir, and then through the newer, searching cleansing of the fountain, before they are finally fitted to cleanse and comfort the home of modern man.

Ah, yes, the very best of the old doctrines need aërating to-day; need the entrance, the penetration, of the living spirit of the time to vitalize and purify them. What the fountains are to the reservoir, the preacher-teacher is to the church.

Some say to me, "Why harp on so axiomatic a thing? Of course what you say is true, but what of it?"

I harp on it because, wherever I look, in my own church and in all churches, I see a failing to win and hold the attention of the people. I harp on it, for the reason of their failure is as plain as the fact. The churches, through their organized and recognized ministers, are serving out to the world unaërated doctrine. And the world won't have it. Not because the world does not want Christianity; not because the world does not know that it wants Christianity, but because the world is slowly becoming convinced that the sort of Christianity served out by bishops and priests and ministers is an utterly inadequate Christianity, and has lost its power to save men from their sins. Their real sins I mean; not perhaps the sins they talk about.

The churches are saying: "Listen to the Gospel. We guarantee its purity. We know where it comes from. The source was pure. We have kept it pure. It saved the soul of man alive in the past. It will save you now. We offer you in the name of the Trinity, the old, old Gospel, mediated by our ancient and divinely appointed order. Come, drink, and live."

And millions, unconvinced, are turning away, saying (perhaps under their breath): "We don't want an old, old gospel. We want a gospel of our own. The times have changed. We are in a new world. Everything in it is new. We want a new gospel."

And this demand of the unsatisfied is sound. The cravings of man's soul are sound. If visibly the Lord Jesus walked on

earth again, to these multitudes He would go, and to Him they would listen. And with the churches he would have just the same fight all over again, that He had with those orthodox orderly priests in Judea long ago.

The Gospel of the Lord Jesus is never an old gospel but ever a new. And those good but most mistaken people who talk of the old gospel are grievously misstating the message of Jesus to our age. They it is who are making the "Truth of God of none effect through their tradition." They may rail at the priests and the Sadducees of the New Testament times, but they are their lineal descendants in our own.

The really great things that are done to-day (and immensely great things are being done) are done by the preacher. Oh, I don't mean the man in a surplice or black gown. I mean the man that wins multitudes to see a great opportunity for service; as Mr. Hoover did, when he taught us how to hold out bread to a hungry world, or as Theodore Roosevelt did, when he preached in season and out of season, all up and down our land, till he made men see that the cause of humanity was the cause of the Allies and we were forever dishonoured if we did not fight for it.

If this claim of mine that God the Living Spirit, God the Holy Ghost, filled such men, and wrought His Holy Will by them and in them, sound little short of blasphemy to some, I can't help it. If I am sure of anything, I am sure I am right.

I lunched with Mr. Roosevelt the day before he sailed on that most ill-advised South American adventure of his, where he got his death. He said to me, when I again urged him not to go:

"Rainsford, the American people are tired of me."

I told him he had never been more mistaken in his life; that he did not realize where he stood with the people; that they loved him and trusted him and would follow him anywhere, as they would no other man in the land.

Well, the future proved me even more right than I knew. But why did they love that man? Why did they follow him? Why did the very chiefest of his political enemies of the past, led by William Barnes of Albany himself, one of those men who, using every unscrupulous political trick, in 1912, robbed Roosevelt of the Presidential nomination—why did they, one

and all, beg him to accept the Republican nomination for Governor of the State of New York in 1918?

Because, as William Barnes himself admitted, when it was too late: "We required above all else, in the highest affairs of trust and power, not only men of integrity and character, but primarily men who can see into the future—men of vision."[1]

The professional politician owns at last the preacher's power. Roosevelt had no party then, no organization back of him, yet without the aid of either he had the confident love of the nation. And more, he had turned his chief enemies into friends. It was in truth the hour of his supreme victory, and he thought the people who loved him were tired of him, and needed him no longer!

Roosevelt's story is a message for all time. We may not see it now, but our children's children will read it, and be proud of it. He made old things, old good things, real, vital, present things to millions.

A clever cynic said, "Roosevelt discovered the Ten Commandments."

Well, they were a pretty good thing to discover, and they needed rediscovering just then. And if, as the majority of his party wished, he had been their candidate for President in 1912, who shall say what vast benefit to mankind might not have resulted?

Some reader, I doubt not, is saying by now, "This sermon of yours on preaching is like one of the sermons you used to preach in St. George's—much too long." I plead guilty, but in my defence I say, the starting of our work in St. George's, its continuance, its progress, and its influence, were dependent primarily on preaching—on my own preaching first of all, and full of shortcomings and mistakes it surely was. But it was good enough to catch men, all sorts of men, and to retain and inspire some of the best so caught.

Thousands of men in the land would have made better preachers than I, but somehow they have not been discovered, welcomed, and commissioned by the church. And more, so long as the unreformed theological seminaries, Protestant Episcopal, Roman Catholic, most of the Presbyterian and

[1] "Roosevelt, Life," by Bishop, Vol. ii, p. 454.

Baptist and Methodist seminaries, are conducted on their present lines, and are the usual and the normal way a man must take to reach the pulpit, so long the churches will continue to shut out of their pulpits the very men who alone can save them from falling to pieces with dry rot.

The letters a preacher receives from those he has helped are multitudinous. A part of one such—from Alexis Stein—I must print here, for in it he has defined a quality in preaching too generally overlooked. It was his last letter to me, written shortly before his death.

It is hard for me to write of Alexis Stein; for nothing in my ministry am I more thankful than that I was able to be some help, to give some guidance, to that rarely gifted, rarely beautiful soul, during the first years of his so brief ministry. Alexis Stein came to me as assistant in 1895, and left me to take, with his friend, Rev. Frank Nelson, charge of Christ Church, Cincinnati, in 1898. He was shy and self-conscious, a man born to suffer; much within himself to struggle against. But he had a heart of gold, and a little of that transmuting thing, Genius. If he had lived Alexis Stein would have been the greatest preacher in the Episcopal Church.

Little more than a year after he had entered on his work at Christ Church, I dined with Mr. Taft the evening before he sailed for the Philippines as Governor. Mr. Taft knew Cincinnati thoroughly. I asked him how Stein was getting on. Said Mr. Taft: "He is on his way to be the first citizen of Cincinnati."

Just fourteen months after Stein and Nelson took charge, I unexpectedly looked in on "my boys," on my way back from Nashville, where I had been holding a mission in Doctor Manning's church. I found Stein coughing and feverish. He took no care of himself, and had to be dragged to a doctor. The rest was a protracted struggle with disease. At one time tuberculosis seemed defeated, and he was called to a field he longed to occupy, and none in the land could have better filled it than he: the chaplaincy of Columbia University. It was not to be. Tubercular trouble reappeared, and the end was near.

Thanks for your long letter. I have read and reread it. It recalled you to me, and the things you used to do and say. And I sit here, and again

you are back in the old pulpit, floundering and stammering and preaching the Word of God as I have never heard it preached from any other mouth. . . .

I think it was your great human-ness that did it. You were to me so real, so close to fact, so earthly and fleshly. I would feel the divineness easily and naturally when you spoke of the Great matters. I have heard others talk better than you, but they were trumpets; you were a voice, a living Voice. I think it is to that quality in you I owe the most of what you gave me. I think of you a great deal.

A. W. S.

Too many allow their profession to master, enslave, and finally kill the real man in them. The cleric has no monopoly of such gradual self-murder, but unfortunately he is an adept at it. To all ministers it is a danger. But, taking it all in all, in spite of some manifest drawbacks, no other profession is comparable to the clerical for the opportunity of service it offers.

One of my friends, a bishop, asked me lately if I had to do it over again, would I be a minister? Of course I would!

It is sixteen years since I resigned from St. George's pulpit. Far the larger number of my old friends are dead. Those remaining are widely scattered, and I have no way of reaching them. But at the annual dinner to which they invited me in May, 1921, we sat down, three hundred and forty, and what an unforgettable evening we had together!

If I were beginning again, and I wish I was, I would be a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church, that is if they would let me into it. There is no profession so well paid, for no other draws fees so rich, or receives its fees in such imperishable coin. The joy of serving and of helping, the response of soul to soul, of fire kindling fire—these call forth all that is best in the man. Then the fine freedom it offers to the preacher who *wills* to be free!

I speak the simple truth: there is no platform in all the land to-day where such freedom of utterance is expected and welcomed as the pulpit of the Christian church. People have always crowded, and always will crowd, to hear that man who realizes the immense opportunity of the pulpit and does his best to be worthy of it.

The pulpit can be free. The pulpit must be free. If it is not free, it is not the fault of the people in the pews; they will back ever the teacher who reverences the truth and speaks his mind, even if he may be, and he is sure to be, unwise and mistaken in

some things. It is the inner circle of the vestry that at times threatens the freedom of the pulpit, and before these conservative and often reactionary gentlemen, who hold the purse strings, the timid or peace-loving clergy fail to make a stand.

The custom of appointing to vestries men rich and socially influential rather than men more truly representative of the congregation has done, and is doing, the Protestant Episcopal Church grievous harm.

I was always supported by my vestry, partly because my senior warden, from the very first year of my rectorship to the last, supported my policies; not with his vote only, but with his money. And also because my vestrymen, all of them, knew that if they could not support me officially, their reëlection to that body would be impossible.

As years pass, I increasingly appreciate what I owe to my people. Not to a few, but to thousands, many but slightly known, I owe a debt of gratitude quite unpayable. They trusted me, they unburdened their hearts to me, and often it was from those unburdenings my best sermons grew.

Better and more lasting than books or plays or pictures is the work of the preacher who lives among his people, though to the unobservant it seems to have little permanence. He reaches hosts of people who, for one or another cause—want of time, or want of education, or want of taste—are not greatly influenced by them. The writer offers them facts; the dramatist, life; and the artist, beauty—in vain. But the preacher, himself susceptible to the most vital currents of his time, receives and gives forth. It is as natural and necessary to him as breathing. And with what he gives goes a certain subtle something; something of himself he gives to those he reaches. He may not know it, nor may his hearers, but long after he has passed on and is forgotten, that seed of his own life grows and yields fruit in the lives of other men. *Is that not worth doing?*

I say you can do more good, you can see more good, yes, and in a not unworthy sense you can have yourself a better time in the ministry than in any other profession on earth.

And now one short closing word about my own dear church. In spite of the fact that it has become a class church, try to enter its ministry. The Protestant Episcopal Church was not intended to be a class church. In spite of its *safe* policies and

safe bishops, in spite of its system of representative government that makes a farce of representative government, press into it, stay in it, and from *within* fight to reform and liberalize it.

We are in but "the morning of the times." We are on the eve of great events. I long to see that church which should be most comprehensive of all Christian churches, *for she represents a main current of the religious evolution of the most comprehending and comprehensive of the world's great races*, take the place that, by right of her great past, is hers. She should inspire and guide the hearts of men in the great new days coming as she did in the great days of old.

But if she would do so, she must find, equip, and commission the preacher.

CHAPTER XXVII

Theodore Roosevelt

By time, I du like a man that ain't afeard.
—Hosea Bigelow

Nothing I have to leave my sons do I so highly value as a photograph, and a few words written in a shaky hand underneath it. Shortly before he died, Theodore Roosevelt sent it to me:

To Dr. W. S. Rainsford,
From his old friend, fellow worker, and admirer.
Theodore Roosevelt.

He was hated by some and feared by some, as a good man if he is brave (which good men too often are not) ever must be. But he was the most loved and trusted man of our time.

He honoured me first with an acquaintanceship, and later with a friendship, for which I can never sufficiently thank him.

He had faults, of course. These stood out on the surface of the man. He was at times intemperate in his advocacies as well as in his oppositions. I do not think that his judgment of men was unusually good, though he had confidence in his judgment of men. He was impetuous, a trifling fault. He was ambitious, a second-class virtue. As father and husband there could be none more tender or more true.

To the land he ruled and loved, his highest faith and an almost religious devotion were given. For her sake "he counted not his life dear unto himself."

To me he was the kindest, most charitable, most faithful

friend a man ever had. When I resigned St. George's, a sick and broken man, a friend of mine told him of the book Dean Hodges and John Reichert, my secretary, were jointly bringing out, describing the sort of church I had striven for—the Institutional Church. He said he would write an introduction to it. Here is what he then wrote:

BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

The Church must be a living, breathing, vital force, or it is no real church; and therefore not only all good citizens, but especially all earnest Christians are under a real debt of obligation to the Rev. William S. Rainsford for what he has done with St. George's Church in New York. Every serious student of our social and industrial conditions has learned to look with discomfort and alarm upon the diminishing part which churches play in the life of our great cities—for I need hardly say that no increase in the number of fashionable churches and of wealthy congregations in any shape or way atones for the diminution in the number of the churches in the very localities where there is most need for them. If ever the Christian Church ceases to be the church of the plain people, it will cease to be the Christian Church.

Dr. Rainsford has stood preëminent among the clergymen to whom it has been given to prevent this condition of things from obtaining. His remarkable physical and mental equipment, and the appeal that ethical considerations make to him, put him in the forefront of those both able and eager to do the task. He was keenly alive to everything that appeals to men as men, and his broad and deep sympathies made him keenly sensitive to the need of others, no less than to the way in which these needs could be effectively met. With such an equipment, he took an empty church and filled it. He filled it with the men and women of the neighbourhood. He made these men and women feel that whether they were rich or poor mattered nothing, so long as they were Christians who tried to live their Christianity in a spirit of brotherly love and of sane, cheerful helpfulness toward themselves and toward one another. He brought the church close to the busy, working life of a great city. With his strong human hand he felt the throbbing pulse of the people among whom he worked, and he fired their hearts with the spirit that was in his own. As a preacher, as an executive, as a citizen among his fellow-citizens, Dr. Rainsford made St. George's Church the most notable institution of its kind in the world. He did lasting work for social and civic righteousness. Not only New York City but the Nation as a whole owes him a debt of gratitude for his moulding of American citizenship in the form in which it should be cast. The kind of citizenship for the upbuilding of which he laboured, is that which rests its sense of duty to city and country on the deep and broad foundation of the eternal laws of spiritual well-being.

I keenly regret Dr. Rainsford's retirement from active duty, and I welcome this book as giving a record of a life work full of inspiration for

his fellow-men. To Dr. Rainsford can be applied the words of the German poet:

Wer nicht gelitten, hat nur halb gelebt;
Wer nicht gefehlt, hat wohl auch nicht gestrebt;
Wer nicht geweint, hat halt auch nur gelacht;
Wer nie gezweifelt, hat wohl kaum gedacht![1]

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The White House,
Washington, D. C.
April 7th, 1906.

The first time I spent an afternoon and evening alone with him was in 1904. His letter of invitation is characteristic:

DEAR DR. RAINSFORD,—

Is there any chance of your being in Washington at any time within the next few weeks? I should particularly like to see you. If you can come down, will you not let me know in advance, so that I can arrange to have you to lunch or dinner? Moreover, if you will bring some rough clothes, and if you are willing to take a slow walk with a President who, like Mr. Tracy Tupman, has become both old and fat, I should like to take you down Rock Creek, where, if you go on the footpath, and not on the carriage road, the scenery is really beautiful.

Sincerely yours,
Feb. 12, 1904. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I answered, saying I could go to Washington on the 23rd, and place myself at his service. That I feared I was in no condition to join him in a "Tracy Tupman walk," but I would do my best. There came a reply.

Feb. 15, 1904.

Will you dine with me on the 23rd, and spend the night? Can you get here early enough to go for a walk with me, say about 3:30? And then after dinner we will have the evening to discuss matters. I think I shall get Taft to come to dinner.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Mr. Taft could not come.)

I arrived on time, and found the President and Senator Lodge ready for a walk. We drove to the park in a light wagon,

[1] Who has not suffered, has lived but half;
Who has not failed, has sure not striven;
Who has not wept, has forsooth but laughed;
Who has not doubted, has hardly thought!

left it at the gate, and made for the bed of the ravine, down which, in moderate flood, for there had been a semi-thaw, the stream ran. It was a clear, cold winter day, and here and there new ice fringed the bank.

Presently the gorge opened, the stream widened, and in front of us, on the opposite bank, the cliff rose precipitately, presenting a face of rock ribbed with ice and snow.

"Can we do it?" said the man who had proclaimed himself "both old and fat."

I was not at all sure that I could do it, and a side glance at the Senator showed me very plainly that he was even more uncertain of his powers than I was. However, I had not come from New York to go back on my host's challenge (for that was what it was) so I said I'd try to continue a habit I had contracted for some years past of following him, and waving an adieu to the Senator, we waded across that icy stream.

The cliff is a scrambling climb in summer time. In winter, with slippery surface, and hand and foot-hold very uncertain by reason of frost and thaw, it required care and effort. I cannot remember the exact height. The President, of course, chose the highest and steepest face, but I do know that when at last I gained the top, it was with a sense of genuine relief.

There was small opportunity for conversation during the next two hours, for we went straight across country at a slashing gait, and the pace was altogether too fast for talk. We got back to the White House just in time for dinner.

I have in all thirty-nine notes and letters received between 1899 and 1918; a few are, I think, important enough to enter here.

In December, 1902, most of the men of influence I knew were bitterly opposed to the man and his policies. The future proved Theodore Roosevelt to have been absolutely right and wise in what he did and tried to do. His stand was that of a great man who saw the nation's danger, and taking his political future (which was rightly dear to him) in his hands, unflinchingly, without one particle of compromise, he faced the storm. It is a sad thing to have to confess it, but it must be confessed with all plainness that many good men, patriotic in intention, up to their lights, were by their action undermining the very foundations of democratic government. Some con-

fess now, who could not see it then, that a number of those who controlled the wealth of the United States had persuaded themselves into the habit of belief that what they wanted to do they could do, and that they were advancing their country's fortunes, as well as their own, by doing it.

They were law-abiding, according to their own belief, but when the law thwarted their purposes, they depended on astute lawyers to steer them round the law or venal politicians to tamper with it. Some such men I knew. Moved by what I heard and saw among such, I wrote a long letter to the President, in December, 1902. It is not worth quoting the whole of it here; its plea was that he should force on Congress the issue of "publicity of Trust accounts." I said:

> Some of the strongest men financially in the East believe in the reasonableness and the great need of this, but the trouble with them is that, while they hold this opinion individually, they are loath to break line, and they won't go back on each other. Give them a lead. It is the business of the President of the United States to give them a lead. I don't think you realize how superb are your chances of leadership, and how faithful to that leadership multitudes of people, great and small, are at this moment prepared to be.
>
> It seems to me there was an element of ebb and flow in your "message"—a talking round the question, that somehow missed the point. . . . It seems awfully conceited of me to talk in this way. I only venture on it because I know you to be a man so big of soul, so kind of heart, that you will not misunderstand even a blundering effort to help the Great Cause. . . .
>
> With affection and respect,
>
> Dec. 18, 1902. W. S. R.

My letter was marked "Personal and Private." I promptly got the castigation I deserved. I was ignorant of those procedures that control the Executive.

December 27, 1902.

Personal.

My dear Dr. Rainsford:

I thank you for your letter. You say it is difficult for the politicians in Washington to understand what is needed and not to be timid. I agree with you. But one of my main difficulties arises from the fact that thoroughly good outsiders do not understand what is possible to do, or indeed what is done. I am glad you wrote frankly about my message. I know you expect me to write with equal frankness in return. Your letter was a genuine disappointment to me, because it showed you had misunderstood what most emphatically no man has a right to misunderstand. My message was ab

solutely clear. I spoke of the need of publicity. But are you aware that to make publicity an issue is mere nonsense unless Congress frames legislation which will give us a chance to get it? Are you aware also of the extreme unwisdom of my irritating Congress by fixing the details of a bill, concerning which they are very sensitive, instead of laying down the general policy? I said in my message just what I had said in my speeches, only I used the phraseology appropriate to the occasion. I went over every word with Attorney General Knox, and went just as far as I thought we could with safety go. He and I are now in close consultation with the Congressional committees having the legislation in charge.

Don't you think that you will get a better idea of what I am after if you remember that I am seeking to secure action by Congress rather than to establish a reputation as a stump exhorter? The latter is a good course, too: follow it at times; but the first is the main thing now.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Dec. 29, 1902.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—

I know you are rightly seeking to secure action by Congress "rather than to establish a reputation as a stump exhorter"—of how best to secure such action you are a good judge, and I no judge at all. All the same, I hold it can do no harm for a sincere friend to point out, as I tried to do, the even larger work that has been entrusted to you: the leadership of the youth of this nation.

That leadership you have won not by "stump exhortation," but by a fine, high-minded consistency, and the following of a moral purpose evident to all.

May God grant you now and always, courage and a "sound mind." May you and Mrs. Roosevelt and all your children have the best and happiest of New Years.

Very sincerely and obediently yours,
W. S. RAINSFORD.

DEAR DR. RAINSFORD,—

Of course it is always a pleasure to hear from you. I am glad to have you write to me with entire frankness.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

One letter written during the rush of the campaign of 1912 I must here give. During that campaign Theodore Roosevelt rose to a greater height than any he had yet attained. So those of his friends believed who stood by him. So the majority of the Republican voters of the country believed, and proved their belief by voting for the man they trusted, though behind him was no party, no machine, no organization. In his own downright,

straightforward way he stood up before them, and won out against the regular machine. Some good men in the Republican party "stood by the ship," so they described their action, choosing a shaky party instead of a steadfast man.

Many of us who are not politicians but who have tried to do our political duty by our country, who have tried to see straight and go straight, find it hard to forgive "these choosers of an old ship"; and hardest of all to forgive one of the chief leaders of that party, Elihu Root.

Surely the man makes the ship, rather than the ship the man. Consequences tragic beyond words, world-wide in the misery and loss they wrought, resulted from the fatuous choice that preferred to stand by a cranky ship rather than a great captain. If Theodore Roosevelt had been elected President of the United States in 1912, as was the will of a majority of the Republican voters expressed at the polls, the whole history of the world might have been different. There might have been no war; or, if there had been, most surely it would have been shorter and millions of lives would have been saved.

In his great Carnegie Hall address in April, 1912, he made perhaps the finest appeal he ever made to his countrymen. After it, I wrote him a little line. Here is his answer, written from the *Outlook* magazine office:

> I am glad you liked my address. I think you would have liked my address at Boston, the other night. In this campaign I have been able to take as pronounced a stand for an ideal as it has ever been my good fortune to take at all. In a wearyingly large number of cases in politics, one has to accept the best possible, when it is far short of the best. In this campaign, however, I have been able to place the questions just as they ought to be placed, and I think we have conducted it upon as high a plane as ever a campaign in America has been conducted.
>
> In great haste, faithfully yours,
>
> April 30, 1912. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In 1915 there was the Barnes trial, and I felt called to write a letter to my leader that I was sure no one among his many friends would venture to write. Not that I was intimate with him as were some others, but that, ever since he had been Governor of the State, I had consistently tried to help him in the only way I could, by letting him see what enemies or half-hearted friends were saying or doing. From experience I know

well that this sort of help is the hardest to get or to give, and is often misunderstood and resented. But by now I knew that my friend knew that I might be stupidly mistaken or wrong-headed, but that I loved and honoured him.

The only important thing in my letter I here briefly state:

You are going to meet a hostile crowd. Your enemies will be there. They will catch at any opportunity to hurt you. They will do what they can to make you appear to the world to be the sort of man they have always declared you to be. You know what they accuse you of being. Let me remind you. As you face them remember it well.

(Then, categorically, I named three popular accusations.)

(1) You call all men who differ from you liars.
(2) You want everything for yourself.
(3) You never admit you are wrong.

W. S. Rainsford.

The answer touched me to the heart. It is humble and beautiful and true. It should find, it will find, a place in the history, at some future day to be written, of Theodore Roosevelt:

Oyster Bay,
April 10, 1915.

My dear Dr. Rainsford,—

That is an awfully nice letter! I must thank you for it, and I am going to try to show my appreciation by not using the hard language of which you complain any more.

It is awfully difficult to strike just the middle between a sappy refusal, even to condemn wrong in the concrete, which is one of the failings of our public men, and the overstrained violence that defeats its own ends.

With renewed thanks,
Always faithfully yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

Years after that trial, see William Barnes's own plea to Theodore Roosevelt to accept the nomination of the Republican party to be Governor of the State. There is nothing more remarkable in our political history:

I signed a call addressed to Theodore Roosevelt to enter the Republican primary as candidate for Governor—because we require, above all else, in the highest affairs of trust and power, not only men of integrity, but men who

can see into the future, who could not be content with doing only these things which become obviously necessary.—Had this nation been led by vision the war would have been already won.—Statement by Wm. Barnes, July 19, 1918. See "Theodore Roosevelt and His Times," Vol ii, page 453.

In 1916, I begged Roosevelt not to go to South America. I had had personal knowledge of one or two who had travelled in its wilder regions. I dreaded for him its fever. Theodore Roosevelt had never spared himself. His physique had been magnificent, but he had made heavy draughts on his superb stores of vitality. He was reckless in the use of himself. No persuasion would make him take common care of himself. This I knew too well, for Cunningham, a good friend of mine, who had been his guide in Africa, explained to me what trouble the President put him to during those months. Ordinary precautions he would not bother to take. From a very extended experience of my own I knew how much depends, in a country where climatic conditions are bad, on taking not only ordinary, but extraordinary, precautions—planning beforehand for the right sort of food, etc., etc., etc.; going to considerable expense, if necessary, to secure things that, to the careless or ignorant, might seem scarcely worth troubling about at all.

Even if he had been well, he should not have gone to South America. And he was not well. The fierce campaign had worn him down, and he was temporarily discouraged. He was very far from realizing the immense impression he had made on the whole country. I don't think that to the very end of his life he fully understood that it was he who had led the people to war. No! What he felt he said to me: "The people are tired of me."

When it seemed likely that we would enter the war, and there was a possibility of his raising (not commanding; he never asked for or expected any command higher than Brigadier) a a special volunteer division, I wrote, asking to be remembered, saying I wanted to go as a chaplain.

In March, 1917, I received the following letter. It is in his own handwriting. Most of his letters were written by a secretary, and signed by him:

Sagamore Hill, Mar. 6, 1917.

DEAR DOCTOR,—

As usual, your letter gives me real pleasure. Indeed, if I am allowed to raise a division, I should peculiarly like to have you as one of the chaplains. But, as you say, I fear there is no such luck ahead.

Wilson prepares for war with Germany essentially on the principle of the school boy who prepares for trouble with his teacher by putting a geography in the seat of his trousers.

I am glad you find a growth in the national spirit. But it is a very slow growth. The hideous wrong that Wilson has done the American spirit has been *to drug it*, to stultify it. I make no apology for our lamentable spiritual falling off, which has permitted him to do this. But after all, good, simple, hardworking people, such as those who necessarily compose the immense majority of our population, cannot be expected to think out international questions for themselves. They *must* have a leader; and normally they will accept the President as that leader. When, by a multitude of adroit and shifting speeches and gestures, he bewilders them until they do not know what has really happened, it is hard to blame them for following his lead into what they are told is safety.

The men I blame are the professional intellectuals, the professional moralists of the *Evening Post*, *Springfield Republican*, *New Republic*, and *Atlantic Monthly* type.

I hope Mrs. Rainsford gets some benefit from the quiet.

Always yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Congress voted Theodore Roosevelt his division. It is no exaggeration to say all Europe cried out for the presence of the man they had learned to trust and honour. Clemenceau wrote a long personal letter to President Wilson. "Your troops are coming, but where is Roosevelt? My poilus are crying to me, 'Give us Roosevelt.'"

The sending of the Roosevelt Division was blocked by President Wilson.

In May, I wrote, trying to say partly what I felt, for I knew well that the refusal of his services pretty well broke his heart. His message to the men who wanted to follow him to France was fine as anything he ever said or wrote in its manly dignity and its utter unselfishness. It was worthy of a great leader on a great day.

(In his own handwriting)

Sagamore Hill,
May 24, 1917.

DEAR RAINSFORD,—

I have received many, many letters I valued during the last few days but none I valued more than yours. Well! You and I did our best to be

allowed to render service which we could have rendered; we were denied the privilege, and now we must do the best we can anyhow.

It is not pleasant to try and fight a great war under the lead of a Buchanan; but there is no alternative, and of course our country is all that we have in mind.

Ever faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

When his son Quentin was killed, I wrote to him:

Ridgefield, Conn.
Sept. 20, 1918.

DEAR LEADER,—

I must thank you from my heart for your article "The Great Adventure." There you strike, may I say, a deeper, holier note than in anything of yours so far as I know, written. The iron has entered your soul, and you are speaking to the millions whose souls it has entered, or must enter, before this cancerous thing, threatening the race's life, has been cut out.

The supreme mystery and tragedy of life you face, and, facing it, you speak to all of us. Not to those only who still retain the vastly comforting assurance that at the other side the veil their loved ones, glorified, are awaiting them, but also to the multitudes of thoughtful men and women who, having surrendered at least certitude on that point, still, with a self-sacrifice and faith in the worth-whileness of life, as high and as holy as this poor world has ever seen, "go forth to their work until the evening."

The Master of us all said, long ago, that "the Comforter had many things to say to us." His message changes as the ages pass, but he is with us still.

May he abide with you, dear friend, and with your wife.

Gratefully yours,
W. S. RAINSFORD.

The Kansas City *Star*,
Oct. 3, 1918.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—

Your letter touches me. I thank you for it. In it you show, I think, that you and I have really at heart the same creed, a creed I never have spoken to you about. Give my heartiest regards to your gallant boy.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

One last short line I had, just before the end, dated January 1, 1919. He said he had had much pain, but he was getting better, and then added: "Well, our boys did their duty, as their mothers and fathers would have wished them to do."

Well! We loved him, that Greatheart of our time! And many, many of us would have gladly died in his place, if by our dying he might have lived on, once more to guide and rule the land he loved.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Four Dinners

Love will put a new face on the weary old world, in which we have dwelt as pagans and enemies too long.—R. W. Emerson.

We climb like corals, grave by grave,
That have a pathway sunward.
—Gerald Massey.

Gerald Massey, whose fine brave insight into the ways of God the two lines I quote illustrate, is known to few. He was one of that great little band whose faith and courage saved England in the early years of the Nineteenth Century. He was the poet of the poor. "I worked," said he, "in a silk mill when I was eight years old, from five in the morning till six-thirty in the evening, for a weekly wage, beginning at ninepence, raised to one shilling and threepence. That was in 1830. Happily a fire destroyed that mill, and I and a number of other children stood for hours in wind and sleet and mud, watching joyfully the blaze that set us free. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember I had an aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow." Yet this was the man whose splendid faith is certain of the "pathway sunward."

The "aching fear of want," its deadening, hope-destroying power in the home life of many millions of the poor, I began to realize when I was a boy. I saw it in crowded East London. It followed me in the less huddled but scarcely less poverty-stricken courts of old Norwich, where thousands of beaten shoemakers were making a last vain effort to compete with modern machinery-made footwear. And after a few years' interval, I faced it again, in the intolerably wicked conditions of New York sweatshops and tenement house life.

Any intelligent man must see that such poverty must de-

base and degrade. I ask myself the question: How was it that every decent man and woman did not see this; see it so clearly as to feel compelled to leave other things that interfered, and set themselves to the undoing of the horror of it? There is an answer. Christians had not realized that in the scheme of their universe *man is his own saviour.* Most do not realize it now. We somehow pictured to ourselves a complacent sort of God that approved things as they were. We were the fortunate ones; and if so, *noblesse oblige* naturally was our motto. But that was a very different matter from "bearing other's burdens in order to fulfill the Law of Christ." (Gal. VI, 2.) A very different matter from raising our fellows on the low mounds of our forgotten graves, as Gerald Massey saw mankind raised.

Yes! Massey was a truer prophet of God, when he wrote for the Chartist rioters of the 1830's, than all the bishops and all the priests of the Church of England. The spirit of human progress and salvation was with the Chartists rather than with His Majesty's government and the English Church. The Chartists made mistakes. All reformers are human, or they would not be effective. They were the first beginners of modern labour unity. They claimed a larger share in the product of industry for the rank and file of labour's great army.

The mistakes of early Chartism have been forgotten. The mistakes of our labour unionism will some day be forgotten, too. But the aims of neither will be forgotten nor baffled, for they are just and righteous and certain to be achieved. Labour must have a far larger share in the profits of its industry. Assure it of this, and it will be more efficient and industrious. And so the twin curse of stunted childhood and undeserved want, that have for so long scarred the lives of the poor, shall no longer, like the sword of Damocles, hang suspended over the labouring man's home.

Mr. Roosevelt had filled President McKinley's unexpired term for three and a half years. In those years he had made history. He had spoken to the coloured citizen the first word of honest, straightforward encouragement that his race had heard since Lincoln was shot. He had carried through the "Taxing public franchise law" against fiercest opposition—

opposition in which, alas! many of the rich men in the country joined. And he had won the Northern Securities suit. In 1902, he took the unprecedented step of forcing a settlement of the coal strike that threatened the nation with dire calamity. Everyone, friend and enemy, told him he was committing political suicide. But Roosevelt saw the matter through, and the nation blessed a great leader.

In 1903, he broke up the political gang of land thieves in Oregon, made open warfare on the two Senators of that state, and his policy, relentlessly pursued, sent one of them to the penitentiary.

In the beginning of 1904, Elihu Root came to New York, to speak in defence of the administration. As everyone knows, Root for very many years had been Senator Platt's admirer and henchman, and had performed a similar office for others, whom it is not necessary again to name, but, alas! still in our city, (though happily "they rest from their labours,") "their works do follow them."

Everyone was glad to welcome Mr. Root back to New York. "Glad to see you, but leave the Administration alone; if you don't, you will raise hell." "Well, then, I am come to raise particular hell," said Root. For in two speeches, one in Chicago and the other in New York, he defended Roosevelt's policy and practice as no other advocate in the United States could have defended them.

Judge John Clinton Grey gave Mr. Root a dinner the night after his New York speech, and I was honoured by an invitation. The dinner was both pleasant and good, as were all dinners where Judge Grey was host. As I remember, we sat down about twenty. I waited for a chance, and when it came, late in the evening, I said: "Mr. Root, I want to say that though I have been fortunate in hearing many good speeches since I lived in New York, I think last night's was the very best I ever heard."

"Thank you, Doctor Rainsford; that is kind of you."

"Now let me say something else," I persisted, and I *felt* silence round me. "Mr. Root, I don't think you could have made that speech a few years ago."

Mr. Root met my challenge finely. "I am more glad of your second statement," said he, "than of your first. You are

right. I could not have made that speech if I had not worked with and worked under Theodore Roosevelt."

It was nobly said, but so bitter was the feeling against Roosevelt then, among the crowd of rich men and Republican politicians in the city, that it drew forth no applause whatever at Judge Grey's dinner table.

In November, shortly after Roosevelt's election, Mr. John Morley came as a visitor for some days to the White House. On the last evening of his visit the President gave him a dinner, and to it I had the honour to receive by telegram an invitation. I reached Washington in the evening, and got to the White House only half an hour before dinner time. The President met me in the hall. "We will have an interesting time; you will enjoy your company." Naturally I had not the least idea what shape the dinner would take. My invitation simply ran, "to meet John Morley."

All the company, fourteen or fifteen, came in pretty well together. One of the first was a tall priest, one of the Paulist Fathers from New York; I cannot remember his name. Then Carrol D. Wright, Commissioner of Labour, with whom I had served on the Committee of Fifty on the liquor question for many years; Secretary Morton, Sargent, Commissioner of Immigration, Stone, Hannahan, Clark, Morrisy, chiefs of the following Brotherhoods respectively: Locomotive Engineers, Firemen, Conductors, and Trainmen; Fuller, who was legislative agent of those Brotherhoods; James R. Garfield; and Joseph Bucklin Bishop, then editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. I think John Mitchell was there, too, but I am not sure. (Mr. Garfield has kindly assisted my poor memory in making the list.)

The dinner was soon over. The President hurried things along. He had, by the way, one bad dinner habit. He was a big, careless eater. He persistently "rushed" his food. I remember, years after, Cunningham, whose devotion to the President, whose wide knowledge of African conditions, and, on one occasion, whose fine courage and equally fine shooting saved Mr. Roosevelt in a moment of great peril, said to me: "Why, Doctor, he eats twice as much meat as an ordinary man, and twice as fast, and then he sits up half the night writing."

Well, the table was cleared, and the Secret Service man placed outside the dining-room door. Then the President rose and said, as nearly as I can remember:

"I have wanted to give this dinner for three years. I could not give it before, because people would say I was seeking votes. They can't [with his own chuckle] say that now. Mr. Morley has been staying with me. I told him of my desire, and he has kindly allowed me to give the dinner as a courtesy to himself. Now you, each one of you, are my friends. You are each of you men who have, in your own several ways, won some special knowledge of our country. You are men I trust. To-night, I have called you together, not merely to meet Mr. Morley, whom we all wish to honour, but to help and advise me."

Then, with evident and deep feeling, the President said: "Gentlemen, I have great problems before me. We are living in momentous times. And God is my witness, I want to do what is wise and right by the people of this country, who have elected me their president by so great a majority vote. Specially, I must face three problems:

"1. Control of the Trusts.

"2. How to increase the powers of the Railroad Commission and stop rebating.

"3. Government by Injunction.

"I will not speak to-night on any of these. But I have asked you men whom I know and trust to come here and tell me what you think the President of the United States can and ought to do to solve them for the public good. Let each man speak out his mind. Do not hurry; you have the night before you."

The President did not rise till after one o'clock. Now and then he asked a question, or called on someone to speak. Except to do these, he never opened his lips. I thought the discussion was very able and very frank; and though there was wide difference of opinion, no one lost his temper.

The invitation to that dinner was the greatest honour ever done me. It was an extraordinarily interesting and inspiring occasion. When it was over, I was so tired that I did not sit up as usual and make notes. What was said was important, but the real significance of that night was the revealing light it cast on the great President's way of going about his tasks. All he had and all he was, was at the service of mankind.

Nothing written about Theodore Roosevelt since then is truer or finer than Kipling's lines:

Hard-schooled by long power,
Yet most humble of mind
Where aught that he was
Might advantage mankind.
Leal servant, loved master,
Rare comrade, sure guide
Oh, our world is none the safer
Now Great-Heart hath died!

Mr. Morley and I were the only men of the party who slept that night in the White House. The President breakfasted next morning in his own room, and Mr. Morley and I breakfasted together. Of course I had to put to Gladstone's great lieutenant the usual questions.

"How do you like what you have seen of us?"

"Have seen two wonderful things: Niagara Falls and Theodore Roosevelt."

"And how did last night's dinner impress you?"

"Well, I would to God we could have it in Downing Street."

Between this dinner and the next I shall tell of eight years elapsed. Meanwhile, the spirit of utter fairness and the policy of a square deal for both Labour and Capital that in season and out of season Theodore Roosevelt had preached and practised in the face of day—the spirit that made that night in which he called a few of his friends to council an unforgettable night—had begun to leaven the whole land.

One quite extraordinary instance of its working I had intimate knowledge of. It is well worth recalling. Our memories are too short, and events that should be unforgettable are too often swallowed up and smothered in the mass of stuff with which the daily press is gorged.

During the garment workers' struggle for better conditions, I came into touch with an inconspicuous sort of man, J. E. Williams, who impressed me as being singularly clear headed and clean hearted. I received a letter from him, giving details of the Cherry Mine disaster, on November 13, 1909, in which two hundred and fifty-eight persons, including ten rescuers, were killed in a few minutes, suffocated, sealed in a burning pit.

One hundred and sixty women were left widows and four hundred and seventy children fatherless. Of these, four hundred and seven were under fourteen years of age—by law too young to work.

The mine was owned by the St. Paul Coal Company. That company was practically dependent on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, to which company the Cherry Mine yielded coal. So, apart from the railroad company, the mine had small value.

J. E. Williams was no longer a labour leader. He had retired to Streator, Ill., where the Cherry Mine was, and was manager of the Plum Opera House there. He had himself been a miner; he knew thoroughly the facts; he sized up the extent of the disaster, and quietly, this one man, a self-appointed mediator, went to work to save the half-crazed camp. What followed is a great story, but too long for me to tell here except in outline.

Williams went directly to Chicago, and sought an interview with President Earling, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. He actually asked for two hours of the President's time, I believe! That time was given. Mr. Earling listened with attention and sympathy, and at the end said:

"I admit a moral obligation. What I can do with my directors I do not know."

Mr. Williams wrote to me, asking me to ask Mr. Morgan to use any influence he might have to induce the directors of that railroad to do what of course there was no legal claim on them whatever to do, viz.: give money out of the funds of the great railroad company of which they were directors to pension the widows and orphans of the men who had met death in a mine whose fortunes they absolutely controlled but did not legally own.

I met Mr. Morgan a few days after I had received Mr. Williams's letter. He recalled at once the names of the directors, and as quickly said:

"Mr. Earling will get nothing out of them, for W.——R——is about the strongest man of the lot, and he won't give a cent."

"I acknowledge a moral obligation." With that fine answer of the President of the St. Paul, an epoch-making settlement was finally arrived at. The English workmen's Compensation

Act of 1906 was proposed as a basis, and almost half a million was paid in settlement of claims, one quarter of which could not have been met by the liquidation of the coal company itself.

This brave, simple-hearted servant of his fellows lived long enough to see the task he had undertaken finished, and was later appointed United States Fuel Administrator for Illinois. I heard he was in poor health and wrote to him. He answered that he had to go to a hospital to undergo a severe operation, and of it he died, a few days later. I print part of the last letter I had from him:

DEAR DR. RAINSFORD:

Pardon pencil, but I am on a sick bed, and want to acknowledge your kind letter before I leave home for the hospital, where I go to-morrow to be operated on.

My dear Sir, your praise is very precious to me indeed—but I am over-paid already. It was a privilege to have been permitted to engage in it. It was an inspiration to come in contact with human souls as I did, in those supreme moments when they are put to the test, and to find nobility and grandeur where common report would lead us only to expect selfishness and greed. It seems worth while to have lived in this obscure place for the better part of a life time, that so I might command the confidence that enabled me to become the instrument for this work. In the atmosphere of suspicion and jealousy that was aroused, no one could have succeeded as a mediator whose life was not open and free from taint of false motive, political or other.

So it seems providential that my long and uneventful years were turned to such profit, and that I was enabled to capitalize my quiet life into an asset that nothing can take from me.

Very cordially yours,
J. E. WILLIAMS.

Albert J. Earling, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, writes to J. E. Williams:

No one could have gone to Cherry in its hour of disaster without being profoundly impressed with the futility of mere legal remedies. At such an hour, the question of legal rights and duties becomes insignificant, as compared with the impelling call of humanity.

I am glad that the Cherry settlement bids fair to be an epoch-making event in the relations between employers and employed in this country. All who had part in bringing it about must have their share of credit. But above and beyond them all, no single factor is of as much importance as your own undaunted persistence in the presence of circumstances that so often seemed hopeless.

If, out of the wreckage of property and tombs of men at Cherry, there shall

come forth a permanent betterment of the relations of employer and employed, it shall stand as a monument to your unfaltering effort to establish among men a lasting principle of equity and justice.

That dinner in the White House foreshadowed the work of these two great men, a miner and a railroad president, so unlike in many things, but so finely united in one.

Shortly after my return from Africa in 1913, where I had been conducting a small scientific expedition in the interests of the American Museum of Natural History, I ran against an old friend on Fifth Avenue, Howard Taylor. In the '80's, he had been often good enough to play tennis with me. Good enough, I say, for I was a poor player, and he a "crack." We had not met for years.

"You must come and dine with me to-morrow. I am giving a dinner to celebrate my own birthday, and a group of men whose lawyer I have been are coming. I want you."

I protested that I was a back number, and would be out of it in such company, but since Howard Taylor would not take a refusal, and said that he really wanted me there, I accepted, without having the least idea of the shape my host had planned that this dinner should take.

Next evening the company was on time, and I found myself one of an unusual crowd. All there had done things, and some of the things some of them had recently done had been declared illegal by the courts of the country. All present I cannot remember, but there were Judge Gary, President of the United States Steel Company; G. W. Wickersham; F. W. Whitridge, President of the Third Avenue Railroad; Duke, tobacco magnate; Hamilton Fish, and a western railroad president whose name I cannot recall; and Judge Lacomb, then almost seventy years old, of the Circuit Court of Appeals.

Our host was genial and tactful. The dinner was good; and when it was over, everybody was in a good humour. Then came a surprise to me, and I could see to the company as well. When Howard Taylor had thanked his friends for accepting his invitation and drinking his health, he said:

The hurrying life of New York does not make it easy to gather together the sort of company met here to-night. Suppose we do not waste our evening. Here are men whose circumstances have compelled them to look at life from

different points of view. Let us be frank with each other. Let us say what we think of the present conditions and tendencies of to-day. I drink to the Judge.

The Judge spoke at length and with emphasis. He deplored the flood of legislation that was pouring forth from state legislatures and from Washington. He thought too much of it was ill-considered and rash, and would prove ineffective. His chief objection to it, however, was not on these general accounts, but that it seemed to him to be an effort made at the instigation of the masses of our people to despoil the rich.

In short, the Judge feared that to-day ninety-five per cent. of the citizens of the United States were trying to see how far they could despoil the other five per cent. Judge Gary followed Judge Lacomb.

The trust magnate spoke impressively. There was a note of deep feeling in his voice when he said:

Gentlemen, no man can have any idea how bitter and intolerable a thing it is to a man trying to do right, trying to direct a vast business in such a way that it can be reasonably prosperous and keep within the law, to find himself in conflict with the government of the land he loves and wants to serve. I am responsible to my stockholders; there are many thousands of them. I am responsible to my working people; there are many thousands of them. As president of the United States Steel Company, I have honestly, openly, sought direction from the very highest legal authorities of the United States as to what I might and might not do.

Here he turned to Mr. Wickersham and said: "Is this not so?" Mr. Wickersham nodded his head.

I could get no clear answer; I could only go on my way publishing fullest reports, improving machinery and life-saving devices in the works, and the condition of my employees outside of them.

He, too, deplored the flood of legislation, and held it useless and dangerous.

At this point, at the bidding of our host, we took a rest.

Mr. Whitridge was noted for both his ability and his mordant wit. What barred him from the widest fields of social usefulness was his persistent despair of the institutions of his country, and of the capacity and honesty of all men, great and small, elected or appointed to public office in it.

The going, as our host had said, had been heavy, and he would suggest a lighter vein, and so turned his glass to that of the "gentleman whose letters amused, even when they did not inspire, New Yorkers."

Old New Yorkers will remember that Mr. Whitridge was a constant publisher of letters in the daily press. Extraordinarily clever they were, each like a scorpion with a sting in its tail.

But round our dinner table the atmosphere was still heavy. The letter-writer was in a gray mood. The commissioners, politicians, ignorant masses, were playing the devil with the country, according to him. Public officials were either stupid or corrupt. As he prepared to sit down, the company was startled by his final statement:

"Nothing can save us from national calamity but a revival of religion."

Now, coming from the quarter it did, this was startling; and had he remained he would doubtless have been induced to tell what sort of religion he hoped to see revived. But having made this Parthian thrust, the letter-writer fled the company. I may say that this was a well-known habit of his.

Next to speak was a representative of one of New York's oldest families, Mr. Fish. He agreed fully with the previous speakers.

"The trend of legislation was highly dangerous. It looked only to the despoiling of the rich, but it must be remembered that this was nothing new. He had had occasion years ago to present before a congressional committee his views of the matter. On that occasion he pointed out that ever since the first quarter of the last century an organized campaign had been on foot by the 'have nots' to rob the pockets of the 'haves.' This wholly unrighteous and unpatriotic movement was gaining ground, and he saw but one means of finally defeating it. The last speaker had named that means—a revival of religion. Nothing else could save the country, for when men *ceased to believe in God they would cease to respect property*."

At this frank statement, which fitted in exactly with the letter-writer's views, everyone sat up. Then Howard Taylor called on me.

"I have an old friend here to-night who, I know, will defend the ninety-five per cent."

I felt rather alone in the crowd, but the last sentence of the Judge's talk gave me an opening. As he sat down he had said, with some feeling, "We judges, gentlemen, are lonely men." So I began my brief defence of the ninety-five per cent. of my fellow-citizens by accepting his statement and enlarging on it.

From the nature of the case the judiciary cannot always be expected to be in sympathy with the masses of our people, or always sympathetic with their aims.

The judiciary expounds the law.

The law expressed the will of the past—the efforts of other generations to defend man's rights as those generations conceived of them.

The judges have neither time nor opportunity to mingle with the people. There is a certain necessary aloofness about the atmosphere of the Bench.

Neither from the bar nor the dock can they get an unbiased view of contemporary life.

When it comes to weighing and calculating the meaning and value of popular movements, the judges are sometimes poorly equipped to do so.

A ripe and final judgment should not be expected of them.

Nor can the very rich man be expected to judge fairly. He is, at his best, human, and subject to his environment, as we are all of us.

In short, no one class in the community is really Christian enough to be entrusted with the fortune of another class. Almost all men vote in favour of their pockets.

The fate of the fortune of the rich cannot be left to the poor, nor can the fate of the poor be handed over to the tender mercies of the rich.

The man whose judgment is most likely to be fair and balanced is the man whose life brings him in intimate acquaintance with both rich and poor, and such men, I assert, are never pessimists on these great questions we are discussing.

You cannot persuade them that ninety-five per cent. of the people of our country are seeking to take what is not rightfully their own.

Those who know anything of history, those who have studied other lands and peoples, will be ready to assert that in no other land and at no other times have the masses been so intelligent, so fair-minded, as are ours.

Let us admit that the democracy is making law; admit there is too much of it; admit it is often unwise and hasty—that does no more than prove that a fair-minded majority want a square deal, and are taking the only way they know to get it.

I heartily agree that we need a religious revival, but a religious revival is not coming; it *has come*, and the big men won't see it.

It is not, it can never be, a revival of the sort of religion that they look for and hope in, namely, a revival of the religion of a God of property. That God is dead as a Juggernaut.

But a revival of a real religion is on us; is vitalizing our land, is changing

our habits; is revolutionizing our ideals of justice and right. It is leavening our people as never before. *It is the religion of the God of men.*

Property is all right. Property is so necessary that we are not likely to make too little of it, but before, far before the rights of property, come the rights of men, and women, and little children.

Then spoke the man whom all wanted to hear, the chief guest of the evening. Said the Cabinet Minister:

No, the ninety-five per cent. are not trying to despoil the rich; they are only trying, by mistaken methods it may be, to get a fair deal.

You blame them for this flood of ill-digested legislation. How could any one with his eyes open expect them to take any other course? For twenty years what have they seen? They have seen the vastest fortunes the world knows of poured into the pockets of the few. How? By legislation. I speak what I know, and no man in the land is in a better position to know than I. Those fortunes, swollen and unrighteous, could not have been made except by unfair legislation. Legislation sometimes obtained by dishonesty and even crime.

These are the facts, gentlemen. They are facts of record. They cannot be denied. Who then shall blame the masses of the land if by legislation they seek to undo some part of the wrong that by legislation has been done them?

Mr. Wickersham spoke with absolute frankness of the great fortune that was not represented at the table, the Rockefeller fortune, and a great fortune that was Mr. Duke's, and ended: "Neither of them can be defended in morals or in law." (I quote his exact words. I wrote them on my shirt cuff at the time!)

There was no answer made to Mr. Wickersham's masterly statement of a plain case.

After some further talk, the last speaker, the railroad president, rose to his feet. Very slowly he spoke, but no one had addressed us more impressively than he now proceeded to do:

I fully agree with the late Attorney General. For many years it was my special business to make railroad rebates, as some here know. I had to visit many parts of the land. I did as others did. I did what at the time all approved. Every man tried for rebates and vast numbers got them. Rebates were defended as but the exercise of a constitutional right to use your own money as you pleased. Mr. Wickersham spoke of vast fortunes mainly gotten by such means. I will add to what he said, and I will say that there is not a city of 100,000 people in the United States where I could not put my finger on an ample fortune made by rebating. Gentlemen, it was all wrong. It was demoralizing and unfair. It was playing with marked cards.

but it is over. No man in the United States can get a rebate to-day, and every honest man is glad of it.

But mark you, this great, far-reaching, and highly just reform was won in one way, and one way only. It was won for the people, and by the people, by legislation.

No one present at that dinner will, I think, forget it. I do not think such talk would have been endured, I do not think that dinner party would have held together, ten years earlier. And more, I think that to Theodore Roosevelt's influence and example, more than to any other cause, or all causes put together, was due the spread of so fine and frank a spirit of fair dealing as was then displayed. I should add that the fine old Judge, as we bade each other good-night, said: "This dinner has done me good, gentlemen. I have had a new light to-night."

A great honour was done me when I was asked to be present at the fourth dinner of which I now speak. In May, 1919, some time after its demobilization, a company of the 307th Regiment of the 77th Division, New York, met for a farewell dinner. It was not a charitable affair. After a long service overseas, the company's fund had something left over, and so voted itself a farewell dinner in a large New York hotel.

Officers and men came on time to the rendezvous, and at the appointed hour we sat down.

Some were in uniform, some in mufti. There were only two other civilians present beside myself. One of these had lost his son, a lieutenant in the company, who was killed in action; the other had devoted his energies during the war to keeping together the wives, parents, and friends of the boys who had gone overseas. My son Kerr had captained the company in the first days of its fiercest fighting in the Argonne, and had turned over his command when severely wounded. I was an outsider, of course, yet long residence in New York and an intimate knowledge of its East Side had given me more than a fair knowledge of the material of which this band of men was composed.

Men demobilized in New York scatter quickly, and it said much for the strength of the new tie, which a common cause and a common danger had created, that over one hundred men of that company, and all of its officers remaining alive, gathered round the table for their farewell to one another that night.

As I looked down the long table something of the wonder of that gathering, something of its immense significance, came to me. As the evening passed (we met at seven-thirty and did not separate until after midnight) this feeling deepened. Less than two years before I had seen these very men taken almost without notice or warning out of the great city's life of which they were a part.

Raw and most unwarlike were they then, many of them understanding little of the great world movement that was laying such violent hands on their bodies and their souls. Some of them not wanting to understand it, going to Camp Upton only because they had to go. Some were American in name only, some were not even American in name, and many of them could not speak English.

The company officers, on whose young shoulders had descended the extraordinarily difficult task of making soldiers of them, were most of them Plattsburg men. They brought little military experience to their task, it is true, but in my judgment they had brought something more than that. Generally speaking they were men of some culture. Good schools and universities had given them some knowledge of men, and very many of them had already won a moderate success in the profession of life.

Our hastily raised army had of necessity to be a democratic army. The iron discipline of an army of many years' training could not be given it. It was lacking in many things that the professional soldiers consider indispensable. But three things it had to have, if it was to win at all: a fighting spirit, confidence in itself, and belief in its good cause.

I spent some unforgettable days, shortly after we declared war, with Colonel Wolff, Commandant at Plattsburg. Here I saw, and had the high honour of speaking to, the two most wonderful bodies of young men any man ever faced in this country. I felt their spirit, I realized their mighty power. I knew then that America could draw from her sons, officers capable of training and inspiring in peace, and leading in war, her democratic millions of drafted men.

This was Colonel Wolff's conviction, and he was right. But let me get back to our dinner.

It was the last gathering of a company of men who had

trained, toiled, suffered, conquered, and died together. Army discipline for them was now over, many were already back in civilian life. Few were in uniform, and every man there might say his say this night. And say it they did, not officers only, but non-coms and buck privates. We had a right good dinner, with plenty of tobacco and light beer. The bars were down, and it was time for joke and story and song.

As the evening grew later my amazement grew. Many a dinner had I attended in my varied life and in a good many lands—college dinners, racing dinners, club dinners, dinners of all sorts. If at such gatherings here and there a man drank too much and showed it, or told a questionable story; if now and then there was noisy talk—no one resented it, no one was surprised. But here at this company dinner of disbanded soldiers there was nothing of the sort. I speak the simple truth, amazing as it is. Not one vulgar story (and scores of most excellent stories were told). Not one unkind story, though there were plentiful jokes on men by officers and on officers by men.

I had thought that such things might be, but as I sat there and tried to realize what was passing before me, I found it hard to keep the tears from my eyes. I was seeing the actuality of human brotherhood, born and grown to power and high efficiency, finding its fine selfhood in unselfish service for men.

The hour was growing late. Officers had praised men, and men had chaffed and praised their officers and one another. There had been wit aplenty, and fine, unconscious pathos, too, for the brave fellows left under the sod in France had not been forgotten.

Some had to go far that night. The company had to do what it had never done in France: break up.

A big fellow who had not spoken during the evening raised himself up at the foot of the table. He leaned on his crutches, for he had lost a leg near the hip, and one side of his face was still covered with plaster. Said he:

I've got to get back to the hospital, but before I go I want to say something. When I was drafted and went to Upton I could not say one word of English, and I was only twenty-five per cent. American. I have lost a leg and part of my face, and my people say I have lost a lot, but I do not say so. I have gained a lot. I am glad I went to the war. I am one hundred per cent. American now.

And so came to an end a wonderful evening. The boys themselves could not realize how wonderful it was; but to me it seemed the greatest dinner I have ever attended in my life.

As I lay awake that night, old scenes rose before me, and the faces of men I loved who were dead. I thought of the sullen, angry men and despairing women I had seen seated in the Pittsburgh mud, thirty years before, no kinder, juster influence near them than the soulless grip of a corporation. I thought of my friend, the greatest preacher of our time, who, without fear or favour, whether men cursed him or flattered him, had, in season and out of season, preached the "square deal" for all men, home-born or foreign-born, black or white, wherever the flag flew.

And I thought of how "the heat of that spirit had shed warmth through many lands." I thought of Williams's appeal to President Earling, and of President Earling's appeal to his millionaire directors, as he said: "I acknowledge a moral obligation." And of the answer made at Cherry Mine by the five per cent. to the plea of the ninety-five per cent. Such an answer had never before been made in our land.

And—oh, how I wished that every preacher in every church in New York and out of it could have seen what I had seen and heard what I had heard that night! And for one of the bravest and truest prophets of God I ever knew, I longed—I wanted Jacob Riis at that dinner. I wanted him to know how "Tony," whom he loved and believed in, had made good.

There are new tasks awaiting us, and new and great problems to solve. But God has given to us a new power and a new unity with which to meet and conquer them. Of this I felt sure as I fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXIX

Holidays and "Sunlight"

For oh, he stood beside me like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to the dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalation of the dawn.—Schiller.
"Wallenstein."

The night gives back that double day
Which clothed the earth when I was young.—T. Burbridge.

The best way to do your work well is to keep young while you do it. The spirit of youth is the best antidote to the spirit of materialism. Youth means faith in yourself, joy in your work, trust in your fellows, and enthusiasm for the old world you live in. So, say I, keep young.

Wallenstein was one of the grimmest figures in perhaps the grimmest period of European history. The Sixteenth Century abounded in hope; the Seventeenth yielded to despair; but Schiller, in his fine tragedy, makes his hero declare that it is the visiting spirit of his lost youth alone that enables him to brave fate.

When first I read the play long ago these lines I have put at the head of the chapter fascinated me. I say, then, it pays to keep young; pays yourself, your family, your friends, your work. And the best way to keep young is to take every holiday you reasonably and unselfishly can; and even if and when the tough door of opportunity closes on you, and your holidays are but a memory, then still I say in the memory of them you can regain enough of their hope and joy and courage to enable you to live them over again.

Such being my conviction, I want it understood that in this chapter I am on holiday-making bent, and nothing shall induce me to hurry. Holidays are leisurely times or they are

no holidays at all. I shall travel at will the world over, visit places now changed beyond recognition, and once more keep happy company with fine fellows who, almost all of them, hunt and fish and trap and march no longer among the mountains and woodlands we explored together.

I never could see any incongruity between sporting and preaching; on the contrary, I am sure I never preached so well as when I returned from a rest in the wild. By the way, I will quote a story worth repeating, a story of old Castle Saunderson days, just to prove that in my sporting activities, at least, I had what I fear sometimes in other matters was lacking: Episcopal precedent for what I loved to do.

The Bishop of Peterboro, Doctor McGee, was in his day the ablest preacher in England, and as a debater he had few equals in the House of Lords. Before he became Bishop he was Dean of Enniskillen in Ireland, and was well known in County Fermannah. The Earl of Erne was his friend, and when at Crom Castle they had a big "shoot," McGee was among the invited. The Earl's head keeper was a dour North of Ireland Presbyterian and had the placing of the guns. As in duty bound, he gave the Bishop a good stand, but could not resist the temptation of firing a parting shot at the worldly successor of the Apostles as he left him at his place.

Keeper: "I never heard, my Lord, that the Apostles went pheasant shooting."

Bishop: "No, John, they did not preserve game in Palestine, so they had to content themselves with fishing."

Yes, take holidays while you may, and do what in you lies to pass the holiday spirit on. My debt to my father and mother in this matter I have tried to repay by giving my sons what they gave me.

The delicious smell of bacon frying in the early morning, even when it rises to me from a civilized, prosaic kitchen, brings crowding memories of blessed out-of-doors. It is far more than a mere call to the satisfaction of healthy appetite; it brings memories of golden days that cannot be forgotten. Again I am suddenly awakened by the shouting of my companions to meet another day in the wild. Silvery steam is

rising from the lake, and through it bursts the level beams of the rising sun, bathing the world in morning glory.

> "Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,"

cries Lorenzo to Jessica, as Shakespeare's lovers greet the morning.

Blankets are cast off, and into the clear cold water all hands rush with shivering joy. A plunge, a few rapid strokes out and in, and then the second call of the waiting frying pan, and the joys of camp breakfast.

What variety of beauty, what warming memories of adventure, what clean, honest friendships, the sizzling of that odorous pan recalls! What golden days of early youth, when weariness of the flesh was sheer pleasure, when feeling was supremest and reflection scarcely begun! And even fuller days in later years, days of well-earned rest and change, days of refreshment and renewal, "far from the madding crowd!" Frying bacon to call up so much bygone life and beauty! Tush, you say. There is no shallow sentimentality about it, I assure you, dear friend reader. The actual fact is that the smell of bacon frying for my breakfast has often helped me to begin a difficult day's work with grateful memories of what it has been given me to see and feel and know in a world at least as full of joy and beauty as it is of sorrow and of death.

I have told in earlier chapters how the love of the open world, especially in the very early morning, came to be an important part of a little boy's education in the old vicarage at Dundalk. My mother in her garden inviting my aid, and my father denying himself in order to give me a pony and a gun. A high brick wall, heavily draped with ivy, shut out the vicarage from the rambling street of one-story straw-thatched cabins in which it stood. A narrow door in that wall gave entrance to its modest grounds and gardens. Right opposite that door stood the cabin of William Ogle, my first "extra family" instructor in the mysteries of the wild. Most little Irish towns in those days had their local fisherman and shot; sometimes I fear, inclined to poaching. From such men much was to be learned, and William Ogle was the first to take a kindly notice of me and teach me the a-b-c of out-of-doors.

The chase and study of wild things always fascinated me. Some philosophic pacifists will have it that this is but the undesirable unworthy survival of a savage instinct in us, an instinct destined to shrivel to a vestigium like our vermiform appendix. It may be the remnant of the beast part; I suppose it is. But I do know that its immense usefulness has not passed away. It may be the surviving form of what was once a savage instinct. If it is, I hold that still it plays a healthful and most desirable part, and leads to the formation of habits that are essential to happy homes, healthy children and plenty of them.

But again I must insist on the difference between the real hunter, fisherman, and woodsman, and the mere killer of game. The first must be a man of self-reliance and quick decision. He must be a trained observer. I have known him in many lands and of many tints of colour; and I say he has not only these qualities, but is apt to be the best of his breed, and a resourceful, brave, unselfish, and faithful companion. The killer of game I have known, too, or the man who hires another to do his hunting, and contents himself with killing. Such a man (and oversudden wealth has made him common) is not a sportsman, but a destroyer. His house may be full of hunting trophies, which he may or may not have shot; but of wild life, of the habits of wild things, of things that should be preserved, and things that may without loss be captured, he knows nothing. He may have travelled in many lands, and lived among many tribes of men, but if he has done so, they did not interest him, and he has gained little from them. The wonder, the mystery, the beauty of the wilderness that has not as yet bowed her neck to man, her lord—these mean nothing to him. Whether shooting into the herds of big game in Africa, or bragging of his bag of ducks or quail in the Carolinas or Mississippi, he remains a mere destroyer, not a sportsman. He is surrounded by and dependent on men hired to make his sport. He sits in his canoe reading a novel, till his Indian, who has extra pay because he casts the best line on the river, hooks his salmon. Then your millionaire, who has taken up sport in a patronizing way, lays down his book and plays his fish, and enters it in the club record book as duly killed by him. A stranger trains and keeps his dogs. He does not know anything or care

anything about dogs, and naturally the instructive intimacy between master and dog, one of the pleasantest experiences that outdoor life yields, is to him a thing undreamed.

But I am holiday-making, and so must not give way to scolding temper—not though memories will rankle of good fellowship broken, and one's own discoveries of hunting and fishing region barred by the intrusion of the very modern would-be sporting autocratic millionaire. Him I will leave to his novel and his hired fisherman, and go back to William Ogle, who used to make his own rods out of lancewood he bought and a stout ash he himself cut and seasoned; wonders of skill they seemed to me, as they lay on the cabin rafters, and no expensive split-cane salmon-rod ever laid out on the river a better line than did they when William Ogle handled them.

When my father gave me my first $2.50 trout rod, I took it to Ogle for approval. He said it would do, and one warm spring afternoon, a Saturday half-holiday, I remember it well, he did a rarely unselfish thing. He took me three miles up the little river, and then revealed to me the secret place where he had caught many a sea trout. Sea trout were not common thereabouts. They were worth even in Ireland ten pence a pound. (Labourers' daily wages were but a shilling then.) And Ogle was a poor man. On Saturdays I haunted that spot, but for weeks and weeks no silvery sea trout looked at my line.

"Who is the best fisherman?" said someone at the Restigouche Club. "The man who keeps his fly longest in the water," answered poor Stan White. I kept mine in that little pool in the Irish river, and at last the lightning struck; my reel screamed, my rod bent, and my heart stopped beating. I was ahold of a fish—and such a fish! Could any tackle woven by the skill of man curb and capture such a monster? How I played and did not lose him, I don't know. I had no landing net, and the bank was slippery, but in a very agony of apprehension and delight intermingled, I played that fish till he was stone dead, and then, drawing him to the bank, I slipped my finger into his open gill and he was my very own.

I started away at a run for home, and had covered a good third of the three-mile distance before I realized that I had left my rod lying on the bank on the scene of my victory. So back I went, and at last home I got. Just under three pounds my

"wonder" weighed, and my dear Daddy, almost as glad and proud as I was, promptly gave me half a crown.

When I was forty-four I had a message from Harvard that "the class" had elected me Baccalaureate preacher. It was an immense surprise. When I saw my first great lion dead at my feet I felt proud and happy. I had worked for him night and morning for more than a year, and had never fired a shot at a lion before. On my first African expedition I had not killed a lion, and my sons said, as I started on my second, "Get a lion before you come home, Daddy." When I saw my first great bull elephant totter and fall with a thud of eleven tons' weight I felt profound relief as well as surprise. But for keen, stinging triumph, no hunting experience in all my life quite came up to the taking of my first sea trout in Ogle's pool, when I was eleven years old.

Kindly, unselfish old William Ogle, you did more for that boy than you knew when you trusted him with the secret of the best pool in the little river. You confirmed him in his longing to be a sportsman; but more than that, a sportsman unselfish in his sport like you. You were not a regular attendant at church, but you were a right good man.

The real man comes forth at the call of the wild. I cannot explain it, but surely it is so. Checks and disguises are cast aside. If you would test your friend, take him on a good long camping trip. If you want to retain his friendship, be sure of yourself before you set forth. By the way, a happy thought comes to me. Now that girls wear knickerbockers and play football and smoke, why should not young engaged couples take a good long camping trip together before the irrevocable (?) knot is tied? It might check divorce.

When the imperative call of East London first sounded for me I was only a backward country boy, very emotional, having as yet few if any settled purposes of my own. In a boyish way I was fully purposed to do right, and so, pushing away from me the things I loved, I quickly resolved that for me bricks and mortar must shut out the open country. As Father said, I always jumped before I looked. This being so, such balance of purpose as I succeeded in gaining came to me slowly.

Very gradually did I learn to win to conclusions of my own. Very gradually did I dare to differ in any particular from the

autocratic teachers among whom I had been brought up. I was like a young horse, tugging as best it knew how at its load, in a harness that did not fit. I was willing to work. I was more; I was in love with my work, but the pinching harness galled cruelly now and then. And as I looked round at other horses, far longer in the traces than I had been, it grew increasingly evident to me that they, too, had been galled, working even as I was at the self-same load. And galled so badly that whole parts of them had "calloused," as it were—grown insensible to feeling—and had lost vigour, lost something of freshness and of life. They were *grinding along*. They marched bravely, with a fine purposefulness, but there was little of joy of life in their tread, and they seldom sang as they marched. In short, I began to see that if I was to continue to love my work I must never be its slave, and that was just what it seemed to me nine clergymen out of ten, if they were really good men, finally sank into being.

From 1869 to 1880 I never touched a gun but once, and I had in all that time only one brief, soul-saving outing with my rod—(I have told of it)—when my first fight in New York (1876) was won. So, friend reader, you will understand why, between William Ogle and my first big trout, and David Kennedy, my next companion amid the domains of the Red Gods, there intervenes so wide a gap. A better specimen of the Canadian frontiersman than David Kennedy it would be impossible to find. A grizzled veteran of the woods, about five feet ten, splendidly built; still a young man in all but years, and one of the best smooth-bore shots I ever saw. I had been three years in Toronto before we met.

He lived west of Toronto, on the Humber River, and on one of those rare Saturdays when I was able to get off for a long walk, I stumbled on him directing his men and working himself at his last "folly," a great trout pond. (Gossip said D. K. was always working on some "folly," and that he and his wife and children would all end in the workhouse. I was destined to lead him still further, I fear, along the road he already so stoutly trod. So I may, in justice to both of us, say that, wild as some of his schemes were, there was a method in D. K's madness, and I believe when he died he left his people quite well off.)

There never was a man more obstinate than D. K. He must have been a trying husband to live with, but as a companion in the wild, or a comrade in a tight place, he was incomparable. David was a heathen, so people said. He was supposed never to have entered a church door since his wedding day. Naturally I was immensely pleased, therefore, when on our first expedition together after quail I saw in front of me, in the village church where I preached on Sunday, his grizzled head. If there was any pride at having won his attention, it soon had a fall—a sudden and dismal fall. Here is the story. D. K. knew well the country we were shooting in, and usually all the farmers gave him leave to hunt. One large land owner, however, told him to keep off. This man was a prominent Baptist. I was by this time pretty well known in western Canada, and when the news got out that I was in the neighbourhood, there was quite a competition among the village churches to have me preach. Naturally all hands approached me through D. K., whom they already knew, and shrewdly he saw that he held winning cards. Never said he a word to me, but off he goes to the afore-mentioned Baptist and strikes a bargain. I would honour his pulpit Sunday morning if on Monday his woods and cornfields were open to us two. Heaven only knows how far D. K. made me responsible for this bargain. I never got any satisfaction out of him in regard to that. I tried in self-defence to get the facts out of the Baptist brother with no better success. D. K. was laughing and slapping him on the back, and I doubt if he believed one word I said as I protested that I was in no way responsible for my "heathen's" intrusion into church matters. Anyway, the Baptist had my morning administrations while I should have been preaching to the Episcopalians, and we first-class shooting on Monday.

By the way, D's success with the Baptist came near ruining my holiday. Not content with turning my Sundays to account, he wanted me to take up preaching of a week night, and without a word to me, booked me for a ten-mile drive in the winter dark (after a day's tramp), to a Methodist church, this time. Some similar scheme up his sleeve he no doubt had, but I wanted some rest, and struck.

David Kennedy, from boyhood, had had one great desire. I could sympathize with him, for I had shared it. He longed

to know the wide prairies and the mountain chains beyond them before he died. Great good fortune enabled me to gratify this one wish of my old friend's heart. Mr. Morgan would have me to take his son into the mountains for a hunting trip, and the idea came to me that my friend's presence with us would add very little to the expense account and might, on occasion, be of great use, for he was a tower of strength in a tight place, and it was not always possible to know much about the character of the men you had to hire in those days.

Well over one hundred miles we had marched and struggled, sometimes cutting our way through wearying down timber, and then getting above all timber lines, and camping in little mountain prairies, where a carpet of wild flowers sprang up just as soon as the heavy snow mantle they carried from September till the following July melted away. It was mid-August. The weather had been glorious, but now a change was coming. The wind came in gusts from the north, and before you realized what had happened all Nature was blotted out by such a blizzard as only can blow at 10,000-feet altitude in our Rocky Mountains. Fortunately there was a hollow in the long ridge we had been riding to leeward of the storm, and in it a grove of nut pines. I will be held to exaggerate if I say that in five minutes after the first blast of sleet, a horse or man were invisible at twenty yards, but such is the truth. I shouted to Kennedy to find a place to put down the packs, and we each of us grabbed and held as many of the scared ponies as we could. Instinctively, he fixed the right spot; it was under the upturned root of a fallen pine. With its sheltering aid, we stoutly fastened our lean-to (I never carried tents), piled the ponies' loads, and turned them loose. Some idea can be had of what such a mountain blizzard means when I say we did all that eight hefty fellows could do to find those horses and tie them, but during the next three days we never saw a horse, and when, suddenly as it had come, the blizzard passed and the sun shone on us again, we found our horses had never been at any time two hundred yards from the lean-to under which we and our belongings, though buried in deep snow, had lived just as comfortably as possible. Kennedy had a good eye for a camp.

Under fierce August sun the heavy snow pall melted, but the going was slippery and treacherous, and we elected to let

our ponies feed up, after their three days' enforced fast, and to hunt the splendid region around us on foot. We were in the heart of the Shoshone range, and from our blizzard camp made daily excursions lasting, in Kennedy's case and mine, from sun-up to dark.

The upturned rocks under which bear searched for beetles and larvæ; the big, almost human foot-mark, often showed that large grizzlies were about. Still none of the party had yet seen a bear. It was mid-day, and we had made a good many miles since we left camp, climbing up and sliding down the high ridges; carefully scanning with our glasses the ground in front. Several thousand feet below wound the rushing Shoshone River (it was called Stinking Water then, on account of some sulphur springs on its bank). Just below, when we stopped to lunch, a narrow promontory jutted out of the steep mountainside. Nut pines grew thickly on it; it ended in a sheer precipice. Where the nut pine grows,[1] the mountain squirrels swarm; and where the squirrels store their winter granaries, there the grizzlies come to steal, and take a last and plentiful feast before turning in for their long winter sleep. Many such colonies rudely wrecked we had seen, but so far had never gazed on the wrecker. The little grove, with its storm-twisted pines growing close together, was a likely place, and very quietly we slipped down the mountainside and into its shadow.

Surely enough, a big bear had been there just before us. The squirrels' hoards, though buried deeply, were scattered, and the work of a large grizzly was evident. The pines covered but a little space, and less than one hundred yards in front the precipice yawned; so very slowly we crept toward the brink. Then, suddenly, a loud *Ugh, ugh!* It was but an instant's rush and we were out of the gloom of the wood and in the clear space beyond. There, at last—at last! On the very edge of the great gulf the splendid creature stood, reared to his full height. For an instant he bends over, looking into the gulf below; then full round he wheels and faces the intruders whose presence had tainted the air of his undisputed domain.

The sun shone full on his dark silvery coat. Such a picture!

[1] Our nut pine is, I should say, first cousin to the Italian tree, so common in the Apennines, a beautiful, long-lived tree, capable of great resistance to the storm, and bearing a seed that tastes very much like a small almond. Excellent little cakes used to be made from these in Italy. In our mountains, the branches are often much contorted. The fruit is similar.

And such a setting! It was as though the very incarnate spirit of that savage mountainland stood visible before us. Then, growling defiantly and showing his teeth, he came on, gathering pace as he came, with a fine free stride, more like a horse than a bear, looking full at us, with open threatening jaws as he galloped by. He had to pass us at a few yards' distance. The whole thing was dramatic. Not if we had hunted the wild Shoshone for a hundred years could that glorious land have afforded to my old friend or to me a finer picture of what for years we both of us had longed to see.

As the bear charged for safety, Kennedy's pent-up soul at last found vent. He dashed his old hat on the ground, and, utterly beside himself, yelled with all his lung power: "Look at the *elk!* Look at the *elk!*" His wild glee did not shake his aim. Both our rifles rang out together, and without a shiver his first grizzly fell dead as a stone. You could cover both bullet holes with a silver dollar. I had to give my dear old friend the skin.

In years that followed I shot many other grizzlies—twenty-five in all, three of them on that same trip. But never again had I the good fortune to stand face to face with such a beast in open day. And, though two of them were larger, nothing I ever saw in those young days, amid those still lonely Shoshone Mountains, quite came up to that morning's work with my old friend. The scenery, the fine reckless bearing of that king of the mountains, and the utter and complete satisfaction of my old friend, all taken together, made it a day always to stand by itself.

I have not quite finished my story yet. We were many miles from camp, and the country between us and it was too rough for even one of my hardy cayuses. So we must carry the head and skin home as best we could. Both of us could use our skinning knives, and we had a rope with us. Skinning took more than an hour, for a large grizzly is a tough proposition even to two well-sharpened hunting knives. At last the job was done, as much of the heavy white fat removed as possible, and the skin rolled tightly into a solid pack. A stout stick thrust through into the fastening, D. K. took up his burden with grim joy, and we faced the hard climb home, I carrying his rifle.

After a mile or so of hard going D. K. paused, and the dead weight slipping from his broad shoulders, he sat down. He was white and trembling. I, leading the way, had not noticed his state. We were climbing at an altitude of nearer eleven than ten thousand feet, the head and skin weighed over sixty pounds, we had no yoke to spread the weight; and a stick thrust through the bundle pressed cruelly on the shoulder as you carried it. I sat down by my old friend and did what I could to comfort him. This was the first time in a long life that the failure of his natural force had made him relinquish a task he had set himself to accomplish. It went hard with him. Then, in spite of his protest, I shouldered the burden.

I was "fit" in those days, but that afternoon I had my testing time. I knew that if I stopped to rest I could not possibly make camp before dark, and no man could travel the ground we were on even in the twilight. So I gritted my teeth and didn't lay that load off for four hours, till at last I stumbled into our lean-to. I ate no supper that night, and I slept all the next day in my bed.

Kennedy was of an earlier time. Our modern life touched him not. He did not believe in God; if he did, his was the God of the storm and the flood and the earthquake—the only sort of God who would fit into his scheme of things. He was slow to believe in any man, but once given, his friendship was unalterable. If he was slow to forgive his enemies (and he counted a good number of them) he was slower to doubt his friends. He owned a fine faithfulness to his own narrow rule of right. When he saw the right thing to do, nothing could swerve him from doing it. He had lived among a rough crowd, but never was drunk, and always stood ready to share his last dollar with one he trusted. There was heroic quality about old, battered Kennedy. I think he was the most utterly unafraid white man I ever knew. I like to think of him somewhere, somehow, leading one of the multitudinous "Forlorn Hopes" of God. He would do it well. There was that in him which deserved to live on. Could he hear it, he would surely answer the challenge of the Everlasting, Browning so splendidly utters:

> Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
> Strive and thrive; cry speed, fight on, fare ever,
> There as here.

I am holiday-making still, and so have not much time to spend in those jumping-off places where I parted from the railroad and mounted my cayuse. Yet since I visited many of them I must say something of those pitiful lost places, the railroad shanty towns of the '80's. The recklessness and vileness of the life lived in them is forgotten now. The buffalo were gone; the cattle herds were pouring over the plains, pushing even as far as the foothills of the "Main Chain," and every little town on the Union Pacific or Northern Pacific road was fighting all competitors for its future life. I can write more freely if I leave out names, but as a matter of fact, as soon as you got into the cattle country, these towns were all alike. Every other house was a gambling den or a brothel, and when you got off your Pullman car, you literally fell into the arms of poor, faded, outcast women of New York or Chicago, and some of the poor souls had been beautiful women once.

Your hotel was a clap-boarded shanty. The noise inside it and outside made sleep difficult, sometimes impossible. More than once I was awakened by shooting. In one place where I came down in the morning to breakfast, a dead man, with uncovered face, lay on the billiard table.

After cattle round-ups hundreds of cowboys would come in, hard-earned money in their pockets (a cowboy's wage was only $40 a month) all bent on having a good time. Nothing in those lost places for these poor boys to do. They came to sell; they stayed to spend—yes, to spend more than their money, even life itself. In a few days money was gone, and, alas, health and youth too often gone with it. And not one good woman or man to lend a helping hand or cry a warning. Those fine young things were a forgotten folk.

At one of the worst of these cattle towns I found a mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church. A nice, ignorant, innocent young boy, just ordained, fresh from the General Theological Seminary in New York, had been given this hell on earth for his first "charge of souls." Think of it!

I looked him up and asked him how he was getting on. (He did not lack courage, that poor lad! but as for understanding what he was up against, he knew better what was inside the moon.) "Oh, finely," said he. "I have cloths for all the seasons, and a bell."

I had ridden into the town a few hours before, with the best part of an antelope I had just shot tied on my cow saddle. I was bringing some fresh meat to a household in the town where I knew it would be welcome. Everybody was interested in everybody, though nobody liked to appear interested in anybody in those places; and as I sat behind a newspaper in the shanty hotel, I heard a cattle man say to the landlord, "Who are those two men I saw riding into town awhile ago; one of them had meat on his saddle?"

"One's a lawyer and one is a preacher."

"Which is the preacher?"

"The big one."

"Why, he looked big enough to work for his living." I took the hint. I went out and hired on my own account the theatre (sic) for the next afternoon, which was Sunday. Then I went to the local paper and put in an advertisement:

The preacher who came to town yesterday seemed to some gentlemen "big enough to work for his living." He will preach to all who care to hear him in the theatre, Sunday, 3:30. All seats free.

I had a crowd, and one of the most attentive and interesting crowds I ever addressed. I made some friends that afternoon. I preached in the same place for three successive years, and always *had* the town.

Oh, a man; just a level-headed, sympathetic, understanding man, could have done immense good among a class of fellows who, as they said to me, "didn't have a great show." The shanty cattle towns soon passed. Some of them prospered and are now pleasant places to live in. Livingston, Montana, used to be one of the worst of them, and when I visited it with my sons, some fifteen years ago, I found three fine schools and one of the very best normal schools I ever set my foot in.

I had for eight years a little log cabin in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, on the headwaters of Crandle Creek. That region was then, and is still, one of the least visited parts of our beautiful mountain land. The lonely prospector who "located" there could not have been of quite the ordinary type, for instead of following the custom of his clan, and choosing the cheapest and ugliest name to describe what he saw around him,

he called the lovely spot "Sunlight," and Sunlight it remains to-day. Several mountain trails go by there now.

We had climbed for hours the dark, precipitous sides of a pine-clad valley which suddenly opened out into a little green, flower-decked prairie, with an immense red sandstone cliff closing in the upper end of it. This was Sunlight. At the cliff's base, clear and sparkling, ran the stream. After the hard, rough climb, I thought this unexpected Alpine garden one of the most beautiful spots I had ever seen. All round it Nature was in savage mood, but here her face was gentle and her rough garments had been laid aside.

Above it, almost inaccessible, steep snowy summits stood sentinel, and barring all progress up the stream, the great red cliff called on us to halt. The day's march had been hard. Both horses and men were fagged. Here were our necessaries, feed for beast and fuel for man, and what a camping place!

We were making a trail of our own toward the centre of the range. Once already we had been beaten by down timber and snow, and had to turn backward. Now it seemed we had come to the end of the way again. The great red cliff looked prohibitory. But what did anything matter this lovely evening? The sun set and a young moon rose and looked down past the cliff's edge into our sheltered resting place. The day's work was over, and the immediate duty of the hour was to rest and eat.

We had not seen a soul since we had left the rail ten days before, so it was a surprise when a stranger came quietly out of the gloom and squatted on his heels, as mountain men always did, at the fire. He had pushed up the creek prospecting, some years before. An early storm had snowed him in, but he found good feed for his horses in the "Basin," so he built him a log shanty, stayed all winter, and preëmpted the place. He was tired now of loneliness and wanted to sell out. I had then no idea of buying, and when next day he showed us the narrow trail round the base of the great cliff that led up to the "divide," he begged me to remember his desire and help him out.

The visit of the owner of Sunlight was not the only surprise we had. Some little time after another and a wilder sort of man turned up at the fire one evening. As it turned out, Frank C. was to be my trusted guide and teacher in mountain

ways on many a trip and for many a happy day. He was only a lad, just twenty-one, but hardship had told on him; he looked years older. He could stride up a mountain slope at an altitude of over ten thousand feet, and keep his pipe alight as he did so (an almost impossible thing to do). I have seen him race up such slopes for several hundred yards to get a second shot at wounded game; and finally, he was the best rifle shot I ever shot with. He had run away from his home in Nebraska at sixteen, and had worked his way to the land of his dreams. When he had cash enough to buy a rifle and a pack-horse, he started to make a living by hunting "meat" for a small mining town on Clark's Fork, in an out-of-the-way corner of Montana.

When Frank struck our outfit he was in bad luck. Clark's Fork was a failure as a mining camp, and the increasing distance he had to travel to kill and then to sell the meat made a usually precarious business a hopelessly bad one. Thus it came about that Frank was open to an offer, and since he seemed to be just the sort of man I needed, I made him one promptly, and it was as promptly accepted.

I wanted a "mountain man," a man who, before all things, loved to live in the mountains. Such hermits of the wild were not rare, but they hugged their solitary independence, and would seldom consider an engagement. Loafers round the railroad who could "rope" and "pack" and ride there were a-plenty, but you had no guarantee that they would stay with you, or that the first time they were full of whiskey you might not have a dangerous fight on your hands. In short, the difficulty I had to overcome, if my mountain wanderings were to be a success, was that of finding reliable men. They were indeed hard to find, and one bad fellow could spoil the trip for all the party. A good reason for taking my sturdy David K. along, when J. P. Morgan, Jr., came, with me, had been to have a stout arm to rely on if any difficulty arose with hired men. Later, outfitting parties who wished to camp in the mountains became a recognized business, and at many points men and pack-trains could be engaged; but for serious mountain travel it always was difficult to procure men and beasts fitted for work; and success in any wild land depends on, first your knowledge of what you want, and next on the care you take in procuring it.

After a short trial I found I had in Frank just what I wanted. I made him an offer. He was to go back to Sunlight as soon as he left me at the railroad, and try to buy the place. If he got ranch and ponies reasonably, I would send him the cash. The offer delighted him. Sunlight was just the sort of place he longed for, well situated for trapping. I would "grub stake" him till spring, and next July he would meet me at the railroad with saddle ponies and pack-train.

In due time I had an excellent account of his stewardship. He bought the place and forty ponies, some of them excellent saddle ponies, for $400. I never made another bargain like that in my life.

Frank knew the mountains by heart. He never got into inextricably bad places, either with horses or on foot; he was a wonderful man on bad ground. He knew where to look for game, and how to track it. He so completely exterminated the bears round Sunlight (he shot one hundred and four, in all, while in my employ) that I never killed one near the ranch myself.

Let me say here, he exploded for me the commonly received opinion that the grizzly was a wilfully dangerous customer. He declared that he never had been charged by one. Grizzly bears have habits (better say *had*, for the grizzly has passed), it may be admitted, that are not readily understood by those who have not studied them. One of the strangest is, that if shot at from below, when they are travelling a mountain, turning over stones as they go in order to feed on the larvæ beneath, they will roll head over heels, literally in a bear ball, down the steep slope toward the safer cover far below. If a man is in the way, as they roll and rush past, he might be hurt. I once saw Frank almost wiped in that way by a bear that came rolling, tumbling, growling (literally, it looked more like a great football than anything else) at an amazing pace, right down the middle of a steep mountain washout.

Frank had Junius Morgan out with him that day. They saw through their glasses a grizzly a good way above them feeding among the loose stones of the high slope in the usual way. They went up after him, and J. M. was a fairly good climber, but having got within shooting distance of the bear, J. M. could not get any nearer. The going was hard, and it was

shoot then or not at all. He shot and missed. The pace that bear came at, down that gully, was really scaring. There was no time for a second shot. Both men leaped up the sides of the gully, and promptly and most wisely gave that bear the right of way. But to say that bear charged them would be untrue.

I was charged, and not charged, by a fine bear on my next trip. I had shot an elk at a distance from the main camp, in a very likely looking place, as bear bait. I did not go near it for a week. Then, starting early one morning, I rode off to see if I had had a visitor. The carcass lay in a dark, steep valley, where pine trees stood close together, and blazes on the trees marked a path to my "kill." As soon as I got among the pines, there were bear signs. And when I came in sight of the spot where my elk lay, I was confused for a moment by the changes that had taken place. In the dim light I saw an immense mound of earth and stones, even one tree stump was there, piled on top of the bait. I drew near it, one foot at a time, and looking everywhere for some sign of the author of this upheaval, who I knew must be close by. I could see nothing. I was only a few feet from the mound when, from the earth itself it seemed, came a grunting roar, and right over the mound, from the off side, rushed a great beast and threw himself on me. Or he would have tumbled on me, whether he wished to or not, for he could not possibly have stopped himself in the short space, if I had not shot and shot quickly.

What had happened was this: the grizzly heard our soft treading as he lay dozing behind his "cash." He was sure another bear was threatening his store, and so hurled himself forward to defend his treasure. I thought—was it fancy?—that in that fraction of a second of time I could see in his face surprise more than fury. But the circumstances did not favour further analysis of motive, and I shot just as quick and straight as I knew how. He was only some few feet from my rifle muzzle, and he tumbled down the mound to my very foot, stone dead.

Another fine grizzly I got in an unusual way; the largest I ever saw in the mountains save one—that, of course, I missed.

Frank and I had gone, as we often did, away from the main camp for a couple of nights, prospecting for new country. At

evening I left him to get our little fire going and cook supper and went along a high ridge for a mile or two before sunset. When it was growing dark I turned back. I had gone farther than I intended, and was going carefully along the ridge toward camp, when, in the darkness, which by now was complete, a great black shape suddenly reared itself up in my very face. There was no breath of wind; I had made no noise, nor had the bear. I had not even time to put my rifle to my shoulder, so close was he, but shot into him without raising it. The flash blinded me; I could see nothing, and on the instant I made a jump forward to clear my own smoke and get another shot, for I took for granted that he had rolled down the steep incline. As I did so a heavy blow knocked both my legs clean from under me. When I hit the ground I took no chances, but rolled just as fast as I could for quite a bit. When I got up, I still had my rifle, but I could neither hear nor see any sign of the bear. A wounded bear in pitchy darkness was something I had no interest in just then, and so, with many a look into the blackness, I made my way to camp. My leg was bruised but usable.

Soon I made out the welcome spark of fire, where amid the nut pines Frank had made camp. And wasn't I glad to see it!

Frank: "What were you shooting at up there on the divide?"

W. S. R.: "I ran right up against a big bear, a very big bear, in the darkness."

Frank: "No, you didn't?"

W. S. R. "I tell you I did. I hit him, too, and he knocked me over."

This was too much of a bear story. I didn't blame Frank for not believing one word of it. Knocked down by a big grizzly, and yet able to walk quite a way back to camp. Frank said nothing more, but went on getting supper ready. Before sun-up next morning he brought in the hobbled ponies. We packed our few things, had our breakfast, and were ready to start back to camp. Frank, of course, always led the way, leading our pack-pony, and I had hard enough work now to make him wait till I could go to the ridge above us and look over the site of my evening escapade. Frank remained rather sulkily waiting my return, resenting what he fancied was an effort to fool him. When, after a scramble, I reached the spot, I could

scarcely believe in my luck when I saw it. There lay the biggest grizzly I had yet seen. Indeed, he was the biggest I ever saw, except one. He was nine feet three inches between pegs,[1] and must have weighed seven hundred pounds.

What had happened was that when I jumped forward the bear gave as he fell a convulsive kick with his hind legs, and these swept my legs from under me as though I had been swept out of my saddle by a branch.

It is thirty years since I saw Sunlight, but as I sit before my fire in the evening, or as I look at some of the big Wapiti or sheep heads I brought back from it, I can see it still.

The night gives back the double day which clothed the earth when I was young.

If I were an artist, I could draw the outline of cliff and cañon now. It is thirty years since I sat at the little cabin door and watched the shadows fill the valley in the evening, or looked at sunrise for the Big Horn, who would show against the skyline as they looked down on the cabin from the edge of the great red cliff.

The last trip we had together I saw a change in my friend. He was restless and morose at times, not like himself. At Clark's Fork camp, as we passed through, he introduced me to a woman friend. Poor thing, the class she belonged to was too evident. Next year I was ill. There was no Rocky Mountain trip for me, but my friend Doctor Nevin of Rome wanted to go hunting, so I loaned him my riding ponies and "packs," and told him to hire Frank, which he did.

When he came back after the trip he told me that Frank had married, and had insisted on taking his wife along, and that he and she quarrelled perpetually. I also found Frank had charged him for the use of my ponies. This was not honest, and I felt things had indeed gone utterly wrong at Sunlight. I wrote to Frank the best letter I could. It was of no use. I had in reply a disjointed scrawl, saying that after these years he thought he had a right to the ranch; he had had it surveyed, and now claimed it as his own. A few months later came one

[1]The correct method of measuring the length of game requires that a peg be driven into the ground at the nose, another at the heel of an animal. The distance between such pegs is the height or length. To run the tape along the line of the body is not an accepted measurement. Of course skin measurements are wholly useless. A skin can be stretched.

more pitiful scrawl. "He was very ill, feared he was dying. He had done wrong. Would I forgive him?"

So, at twenty-seven, only twenty-seven, Frank died. Died of that strange disease which, lacking a better name, they call mountain fever, and under the great cliff at Sunlight they buried him. He had fine stuff in him, but he was one of those many who lived in hard luck. He never knew but one woman, and she ruined him. "Who maketh thee to differ, or what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" (I Cor. IV, 7.)

I have tramped through the best mountain scenery in Europe. I have camped among the rugged peaks of the Dolomites in Austria, where I hunted chamois, the hardest hunting I ever did. I have followed the rare moufflon among the lovely valleys and heather-clad slopes of snowy Girgenti in Sardinia, where great fields of crocuses are purple and golden as they push their hardy heads out of the snow in spring. But give me our own mountain land before any other.

The lavish splendour of its flowers, the unmatched, rugged grandeur of its cañons and cliffs! Europe has nothing to compare with them. Many now make holiday among our Rockies, but still the best is unknown. Few leave the beaten paths, contenting themselves with hasty visits to the Yellowstone or Glacier parks.

Of many places wonderful in their beauty I recall two that I sometimes went out of my way to visit, when pushing up from the Northern Pacific Railroad to my little ranch. I choose them as they are comparatively easy of access.

On the road to Cook mines (I believe they are now abandoned), a long valley of some twenty-five miles leads easily up to the divide from the east fork of the Yellowstone, narrowing as it rises. Some eight miles from the mines, on the left hand as you ascend, a vast wall of basalt rises sheer from the bed of the stream. It cannot be much less than four thousand feet in height, and is a long mile at its base.

When first I looked up at it, its great dark breast was braided all over with a hundred milky, wavy, flashing waterfalls. For a week we had had almost continuous rain, and these warm showers, for it was July, had hastened the destruction of the snow beds on its crown, and down to the valley fell or trickled

literally hundreds of streams, separating, spreading, uniting, and spreading again, as they crept or thundered downward.

No words can convey any idea of the mingled beauty and grandeur of falling water and immovable basalt when smitten by the glory of the setting sun.

One autumn evening, two years later, we camped at the same spot. We were smoking the last pipe of peace before turning in, when one of our party noticed a clear light falling on the summit above us. As we watched, the light crept slowly downward. At first we scarcely realized that it was the moon. We were down, remember, in a veritable chasm, one side of which, the side facing us, was three thousand feet higher than the other, and thus the moonbeams lit up its edge long before they reached the little prairie at its foot, where our camp lay. A great belt of clouds lay on the rocky ridge at our back, and athwart these the moonlight passed, casting their moving shadows on the great gray mirror we were looking up at. What grotesque shapes they took as they wound and unwound their long folds! There we sat and watched them, till at last such moonlight as you can only see on the desert, or when you are thousands of feet above the damper, denser air in which ordinary life is passed, fell full into the gorge.

I recall another bit of Rocky Mountain scenery. I single it out of a possible many because, like the first, it is accessible to the traveller. I refer to the mouth of Clark's Fork Canyon. This canyon, in my judgment, is in every way finer, deeper, grander than the Canyon of the Yellowstone, and, though but sixty miles from the Northern Pacific railroad, is seldom visited.

Sheer from the water, without one break on its face, a silvery cliff, looking almost south, rises five thousand feet into the sky. I do not know the nature of its formation, but in the sunlight its sheen is most silvery. Right opposite it stands a mountain so rocky and precipitous that no man or beast can ascend it. And this is as dark as her brother sentinel is fair.

I saw these one early morning in September, when I had turned unwillingly homeward, resisting the strong temptation of a first tracking snow. Saw them all crusted and crowned with their first winter icing. As we rode, we were not a mile from their bases, yet these were absolutely invisible, shut out by a dense white wall of mist. But their heads, for the top-

most thousand feet or so, stood out clear as morning sunlight could make them.

An ordinary hill of a couple of thousand feet looks Alpine when you are near its base, if that base be hidden in fog and the crown be clear. Many who read this can doubtless recall experiences on misty mornings when, from canoe or on lake shore or river bank, they looked up at cloud-girdled mountains that, when thus seen, seemed so vast in their proportions that they could scarcely believe them to be the old companions of the night before. But these rocky sentinels, seen as I saw them that morning—I can liken them to nothing I know of. We were not an especially emotional party, but they did seem to us that morning, as they towered aloft into the limitless ether, to belong to another "land that is very far off."

Hunting the grizzly fascinated me. I found him the hardest of all animals to approach, excepting perhaps the sheep, and the extreme difficulty of seeing him, and the lonely haunts he had retired to, made him more difficult to bring to bag than even the Big Horn. I shot twenty-five grizzlies in all, but not one after 1891. In 1903 (I think), I took my sons on one last, grand hunt, our last camping out together before duty called each to take up his profession, and so bid good-bye to boyhood's holidays with his father. I took them through the very best of the hunting country in the United States. We had a fine "outfit," and right up the centre of our mountain land we went, from the Wind River Mountains to northern Wyoming.

We had splendid weather, and often good tracking snow; and yet, in those two months, none of us ever even saw the track of a reasonably large bear.

I got some of my bear by watching near a bait in the late evening. Sometimes I sat up all night, wrapped in my buffalo robe. Of such evenings and nights I retain vivid memory still. One such experience I have especially in mind. What an evening it was, both for its beauty and its good fortune!

My watching place was on the edge of a little mountain prairie. Fully two thousand feet below, the head waters of the Snake gathered themselves, and in its infancy the great river sent up its baby murmur. Behind me the giant heads of the Teton cut the rosy evening sky, sharp and clear as does the

last thousand feet of the Matterhorn. I was comfortably ensconced in the warm brown pine-needles that smothered up the great knees of a gnarled nut pine whose roots offered me an armchair. Round me, for the space of two or three acres, the short, crisp greensward, that is only found where snow has lain for months, was spangled and starred all over with such blue and white and red mountain flowers as are nowhere else seen.

There is nothing quite so beautiful in any other Alpine land I know of. I have counted in one long day's ramble very nearly one hundred different flowers in bloom. I have tried to equal that accounting in the Austrian Dolomites, whose flora is the richest in Europe I believe, but have never been able to approach my Rocky Mountain record.

Amid the lush green of the upper mountain prairies great masses of harebell and borage and gentian carpet the ground. Here and there, contrasting with their vivid blue, wide plots of yellow, purple-centred sunflowers, stoutly hold up their heads, while on the borderland of these natural flower-beds, where the grass shortens in blade and deepens to an intenser green, the delicate mountain lily, with its three pure-white petals fading to a tender green at the centre, reaches its modest height of some nine inches.

This evening my armchair not only commanded this prairie garden, but the heads of two deep ravines leading to it; where these met lay my bear bait, an elk shot some ten days before. Hour after hour passed peacefully by. I had a pocket volume of Tennyson, and I tried with poor success to read it, so gave myself up to the beauty of the scene. At such a time one realizes what a blissful thing it is just to be. Such hours do not come to any of us often, but when they do, with them surely may come an overmastering sense of that Presence Elizabeth Barrett Browning feels when she writes:

> Earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God;
> But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

Without cant, I think that evening I took off mine, as the old prayer came to mind: "We thank Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life."

I was in a state of stable equilibrium, bodily and mental, when a mighty rumpus arose at the edge of the dark woods below me, where Frank's horse and mine were lariated. On his way upward from the gulch, a big grizzly had been joined by a relative, and both, drawn by the scent of the dead elk that I have already mentioned, came suddenly on the horses, hidden and securely tied in a little hollow. The horses shrieked in terror as they found themselves face to face with the bears.

I could see nothing from where I sat, but running down a few yards I came in sight of two sturdy fellows sitting up on their haunches, and surveying our plunging nags. For a moment they evidently held a hurried consultation. The conclusion they arrived at was that they were out for venison, not for horse-flesh; more especially as there was a dangerous smell around. In brief, they struck our trail, and scented our saddles, and so, without loss of time, were off up wind.

Frank was a quarter of a mile away, at the other side of the prairie, so the chance was mine. As they made good time quartering up hill, they gave me a long running shot. Sit down when you shoot, if it is possible. No position so good; an elbow on either knee. You can shoot fast and straight, and the position is high enough to carry head and rifle above small irregularities of the ground. I let drive and missed—shot too far ahead. Always shoot too far ahead rather than too far behind. Sometimes a bullet plumped in front of running game will halt it for a moment, and so it now turned out. The leader reared up for an instant, and the pause was fatal. The next bullet took him fairly in the heart. He had just time to give his solicitous companion a wipe with his paw[1] that would have come near wiping out a strong man, when he rolled over, dead.

Bear number two I got with my third shot. There they lay, not fifty yards apart, two in one evening. Honestly it must be confessed that such shots were more than ordinarily lucky.

Skinning such tough hides is very trying work, but how willingly was it undertaken! And then what time we made down the mountain, tying first our splendid trophies, heads on,

[1] I have seen a wounded bear do this more than once. I have seen a wounded wolf do the same. Lions I have never seen do it—and of course wounded elephants will court danger to help their wounded.

securely on the cow saddles. What cannot a good "bronco" do when he wants to get back to the herd, and when he is getting out of a dark wood where he has suffered the scare of his life? For a couple of thousand feet we led our horses down the steep incline. Then more than three miles of heavy down timber, and not a ghost of a trail. The sure-footedness of a well-trained pony in the midst of such going is only less wonderful than the way in which, with his head now and then stretched to the very ground, he smells out the trail he has come over like a well-trained hound. All ponies cannot do this, but the one I always rode never in eight years failed me. He would steadily travel an unmarked trail, in dense wood, and amid slippery rock, that he and I had forced way through or over weeks before. Many an evening did I race him home. Knotting my reins on his neck, and covering my face with arms and hands against the sharp branches of the forest, we passed rapidly through. (And I gave $25 for that bronco!)

Once out of the timber we could sober down, for all was plain sailing. Three or four miles more, among beaver meadows where, every now and then, we heard, as loud almost as a pistol shot, the beaver smite the water with broad tail as he went down into his own quiet clear pool—and then the welcome blaze of the camp-fire, promising rest as well as good companionship.

Not a great many marches from Sunlight, we had stumbled on an interesting discovery. We found the place where Chief Joseph succeeded in hiding what remained of his Utes, till exhausted people and ponies won a brief rest before making their last dash for the Canadian border. The story of the last Ute war is a story shameful to the United States. The Utes were the best Indians we clashed with. They kept their promises as regularly as the United States broke hers. They were made the victims not only of the shameful corruption and incapacity of the Interior Department, under President Grant's administration, but of a still less excusable breach of faith by the Government itself.

Chief Joseph's march from the barren reservation assigned his tribe to the Canadian border, the best military authorities agree, was a first-class feat of war. Three columns of United States troops were in pursuit of the Indians, and each column

outnumbered the fighting force of the Utes. The famous 5th Infantry, General Miles's regiment, had been called into the field as mounted infantry, and their part was to cut off the Utes from the Canadian line. I had had the great good fortune to be welcomed by the officers of this regiment, and had been their guest on several occasions. So on my way East, after the discovery I have referred to, I was anxious to tell my friends at Fort Keogh about it.

I stayed at the quarters of Major R., whom I knew well. He was a silent man, seldom speaking of himself, or of the many battles during the Civil War in which he had been engaged; but one night, as we sat up late and alone, he told me the story I greatly wanted to hear: the story of the last stand the Utes made, and of his almost mortal wounding.

The regiment was mounted, and it pressed the retreating Utes so fiercely that, once more, they stood at bay, in terribly cold and snowy weather. There was scarcely time given them to throw up a low line of cover when they were charged. With admirable discipline, the Indians held their fire till the mounted men were close to the rifles, and then, with one terrible, accurate volley, they emptied sixty saddles.

Before the shaken squadron could reform, night fell. R., leading his men, was shot through the lungs, and lay in front of the Indians' line, too far from his command to receive aid. How long he lay, almost unconscious, he did not know, but as the first shock of his wounding wore off, he realized where he was, and believing himself dying, commended his wife and children and himself to God. The cold was awful, but the burning thirst, caused by the loss of blood that had poured from the wound of a 45-calibre bullet clear through his lung, was worse. And so paralyzed was his whole body that he could not even moisten his lips with the snow.

He was fast lapsing into unconsciousness when he was aware of something crawling toward him through the snow. He could not move an inch, but he could see it coming, nearer and nearer. Was it a wolf? The terror of it brought him partly back to life. Still nearer it came. And now he saw it clearly. It was a crawling Ute.

Then he knew his last hour had come. He made a prayer and closed his eyes, waiting to feel the steel at his throat. He

thought that he had bidden good-bye to life; that he was ready for death; but the horror of that moment, the Major said, passed all his power to describe. He felt the Indian touch him. He could not plead for his life. He could not even moan. Then—he felt an arm passed under his head; it was lifted gently; a cup of water was pressed to his lips, and he drank. Then his saviour crawled away, silently as he had come.

"Then I knew I would live," said my friend, "and life seemed very sweet to me."

When at length Chief Joseph surrendered, some time after, Major R. did everything possible to find out something about that Indian. "I could learn nothing," said the Major, "but that Ute was a better Christian than I."

That same night, it was the last time I saw him—he also told me the story of his wounding in the Civil War. "I don't think that in all the army of the Potomac another man was wounded in the same way I was. It was at Fredericksburg. You remember we were thrown back across the river, the Confederates pressing after us in some places right up to the bank. In the confusion some units of my regiment were left on the farther side. There they held on, sheltered by the steepness of the slope, and had not surrendered. At dark I was ordered to take a detail and drag a boat down our side and fetch them over. I had the bow, the rest of my men were hanging on to the sides. The boat was heavy, and as we were getting it down our side an enemy's picket on the far side saw what we were doing and fired a volley into us. The men holding back the boat let her go, and as it slipped from the holding, it knocked me down and ran over me, crushing me severely. My ribs were broken and wrenched, and I was invalided for a year. It was a mean sort of wound; there was no glory in it. I don't think there was another man in the whole army wounded just as I was."

Some years after that night, at the headquarters of the 5th, I was invited by a friend of mine, Lanman Bull (the President of the New York Stock Exchange) to go with him into the Adirondacks for a few days' trout fishing, after Easter. When we left the railroad there was a long thirty-six-mile drive to his camp. A wagon from his place met us. His overseer drove it. We put our traps on board, and Bull said to me, "Captain—— is

an interesting man, for he was all through the war. You know something about the war. Get on the seat beside him, and get him yarning. It will pass the time."

Some of the friends of my boyhood, for the pure (or impure rather) love of scrapping, had volunteered into the Confederate army. I had read most of the histories of that struggle, and in 1869 had gone over all the battlefields in the Eastern and some of those in the Western campaigns. My companion proved to be all that my host said he was—a most interesting story teller.

"Were you ever wounded?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "and I don't think that another man in the army was wounded in the same way I was."

"Tell me."

"It was at the battle of Fredericksburg. My lieutenant was ordered to take a boat, etc., etc."

"Do you remember his name?"

"I can't. I have tried. It was an uncommon sort of name."

"Was it Romanes?" He nearly fell off the seat.

"That was the name," he said.

I had the great pleasure of putting the two men in touch with each other.

I am glad the wilderness was not tamed in my time. Glad of the long days of earned rest I have had within it, under the sky and the rain. Glad of the men I met, in wild places and in lawless days. Bad men undoubtedly some of them were, ready with knife and pistol, given sometimes to drinking vile whiskey, but all of them brave, and very few of them mean. One of them, Carpenter Jackson, was a man who bore a name for desperate courage wherever mountain men met. He had lived many years at that famous outlaw retreat of long ago, Jackson's Hole—at the foot of the Tetons. I won his confidence. I found him the best guide and all-round mountain man, excepting poor Frank, I had ever known. His father and mother had perished in an Indian attack on a baggage train. He had been saved by a band of outlaws, whose doings ended in bringing down on them not only the law forces of the Territory—these they defied—but finally the United States Cavalry.

The band was broken up; many of them killed. Jackson was cornered in a cañon, and with an empty rifle held up those who attacked him, till, in the dark, he slipped away. Carpenter Jackson never boasted of his own deeds, so I learned this part of his story from others, not from him.

The outlaws had saved him. He lived with them for many years. Circumstances almost forced him into acceptance of their code, and he had so bad a name that, when I engaged him (in my usual reckless way), to be a guide to my sons, who were with me in the mountains at the time, the other three men I had hired refused point-blank to come along. Finally, I persuaded them, and we had a good time, all of us together. Of course, C. J. was worth the rest of the outfit.

I camped alone with him for several days and nights, and he told me much of his life's story. He said that one good woman, a half-breed Indian, had made him a good man. It was no boast.

One year after I bade him good-bye C. J. did one of the most desperately brave and self-sacrificing things recorded even in those regions where courage and endurance are common virtues. He was in the mountains making his hunt for winter meat when he happened on a sergeant and a trooper from Fort Washakia, who also were hunting elk—or rather he happened on their camp as a sudden blizzard burst. As night drew on the trooper got in, but the sergeant failed to make camp. In the blinding storm C. J. went out alone to look for him. That night and all next day he searched, and at night of the following day found him with both feet frozen. He tied him on his own horse (the sergeant had lost his) and got him back to camp.

The cold was intense, so that, do what they would, they could not thaw out the frozen feet. So again that night, C. J. tied the poor fellow on his horse, and started alone with him for the post. He got there the evening of the second day, his own fourth day without rest, and just managed to save the sergeant's life, but not his feet. Four days without rest or sleep, two of them in blinding storm, two in heavy, clogging snow. C. J. was old for a mountain man (over fifty) when he performed this extraordinary feat of courageous endurance.

The sergeant's comrades made a collection for Jackson. Of

course he would not touch it, but passed it on to the crippled man.

Jackson rested for a couple of days, and then prepared to go back to the Indian reservation where his wife and children lived. Then something unprecedented happened to the man whom my men refused to camp with; who was so notorious an outlaw that I was held crazy to trust myself and my sons in his company.

This happened: an honour guard of the United States Army was ordered out by the Commandant at Fort Washakia to salute that once outlaw, a poor squaw-man, as he rode out of the Post.

"Once a preacher always a preacher," is, I fear, true in my case. Though I am holiday-making, I cannot help scrambling into an extemporized pulpit and preaching a short sermon. Remember I have not been preaching for a long time, and though it has been said before, the hurrying, driving days we are living in makes it worth while to say it again. *Rejoice with your children.* Make much of those early golden days, gone ere you know it. Take holidays; make holidays; and spend them together. Too often I noticed in city life, as boys grew to manhood, fathers and sons had less and less in common. Many fathers acknowledged this and deplored it to me. Sometimes the results were apparent; but even when no harm seemed done a good thing was lost that should not have been lost.

The years between twelve and twenty are years when no one thing in any father's life is so vitally important as that he should know his children, and the boys should prefer the company of their father to that of any one else in the world—their mother excepted. If habits of mutual confidence are not formed then, they seldom are ever formed.

While we have time, let us cultivate our children. They are our first responsibility and our last delight. Perhaps our only immortality. In few of the families to whose intimacy I have been admitted did it seem to me that the boys were as close to, as understood by, their fathers as they might have been. I do not say this of careless or irreligious people only. It was too generally true of that class of business and professional men, the clergy by no means excepted, who had won

success. Yet as years weigh one down, what reward has even a kindly world to give compared to the sympathy and understanding of your own child?

These things I turned over in my mind; and warned by common parental failures round me, I made a plan for my own future holidays. This plan I proposed to my wife, and it won her unselfish approval. When each of my sons was thirteen years old I would take him away from her for weeks into the wild, and half of the summer holidays we would spend there together.

And so it fell out that from 1892 to 1904 my sons were my companions. In Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, I sought out the best woodsmen and guides that could be had, and a very fine set of men they were. When we had together explored these near-by wild lands, I went back into those mountains I knew and loved, and together we camped and hunted the Rockies, from the Canadian border to the Union Pacific Railroad line.

These trips cost money, sometimes more than I could well afford. Especially was this true of our long journeys, all four of us together, while my sons were at Harvard. But no money was ever better spent. I thought so then. I think so now.

I gave my sons a taste for the wild. It is a purifying taste. I taught them to camp, to fish, to shoot. In staying power and in woodcraft two of them certainly learned to better their father. The only thing that saved my pride was that none of them shot so well.

And so, looking back on it all now, I am deeply thankful for those halcyon days of youth we spent together, my boys and I. I owe them much, for their company kept me young. I feel that I am privileged in sharing with them memories that the years, as they come and go, will make not less but more delightful.

Now I must fold my tent and hie me back to the great city. But perhaps I can persuade you, dear reader, before I quite finish writing, once again to go forth among the beautiful wild places, with an older if not a wiser lover of camp-fire and gun.

CHAPTER XXX

Memories, and Good-Bye

O, beautiful is love, and to be free
Is beautiful, and beautiful are friends,
Love, freedom, comrades, surely make amends
For all these thorns through which we walk to death.
God, let us breathe your beauty, with our breath.

—John Masefield.

This last chapter must differ from any that have preceded it. In it I try to find space for some record of things I cannot quite leave out, incidents I think worth recording. I can give them only in outline, and the dates of their happenings are wide apart. So it must be a scrappy chapter, I fear.

And first, as to how this autobiography has been put together. It is my own work entirely. I have sought advice from no one. I have showed nothing but the first chapter to any one, and that to but a few friends, before the manuscript was accepted by the publisher. I am therefore responsible, and I alone, for any mistakes that it may contain. I had planned to write at greater length of the out-of-doors side of my life. It has meant a great deal to me—of my interesting journey through the Indian country in the '60's, and forty years later of my stay in equatorial Africa. But if my book is to reach the hands I want it in, it must not be too expensive, and I cannot find space for an account of these adventurous days. I have devoted most mornings for five years to writing and re-writing it, and for the last half year I have closed my study door on all comers for several hours daily. Ever since my return from Africa, I have spent all my leisure sorting and annotating a large mass of correspondence, and my notebooks, kept since 1873, when I began my clerical life as curate of St. Giles', Norwich, England. I had a mass of material to choose from. I formed the habit of making daily notes of occurrences, of

things I heard, or saw, or said; usually I made them the night of the same day. I kept important letters, and after 1886, I had the invaluable assistance of my dear friend and admirable secretary, John Reichert.

These things being so, my field of choice was embarrassingly wide when I searched for material for this book.

For two years before and for some months after my resignation from St. George's, in 1906, I was in no condition to write anything . I did not have much of a grip on life or on myself. Do what I would, I could not sleep. What helped me most, I think, in those days was that I never under any circumstances touched any form of sedative.

I spent six months quite alone in Africa, moving quietly about in a beautiful and accessible country, and with no companions but my black porters and one unusually good and capable missionary-trained boy, who spoke English and several native dialects: John Connop. (A famous name, his, in that little known land, for his father, with great and faithful courage, had brought from the far interior to the coast the body of his loved master, Livingston.)

Marching till I was tired every day; caring for the hurts and needs of seventy-five native porters; seeing no one, and receiving letters and newspapers but rarely, I partly got back my powers of sleep.

When I had finished my first African journey, my wife met me in England, and we rented a tiny cottage on the slopes of the Grampians, in Scotland, where we spent many happy, peaceful days.

I fully expected, during all this time that I remained abroad, to take up again clerical work of some sort, under the direction of my friend, Bishop Greer. This was his promise to me. So much was distinctly understood between us. When I was disappointed in this, I determined to write this story, and began the long business of going over my material and sorting out from the mass of it what seemed of interest and of value.

I have found great pleasure in the work. It has renewed for me what is best worth in the past. Dear faces of those who are gone have looked in on me; and I have not felt the loneliness that so often is the complaint of people no longer

young. While I and they worked together, I thought that what we were doing or trying to do was worth while. I am still surer of it as I renew a poor memory in the perusal of its record.

After 1901, I began to be a tired man. In earlier days I came back to work with joy as soon as my holidays were over. I laid aside my hunting gear without a sigh. After 1901, I felt a difference. I did not have the spring of life within that, for so long, I had rejoiced in. I loved my preaching. I could hold my audiences. But speaking began to tire me dreadfully, and if I spoke in the evening, it was often hard to sleep afterward. I was forced to admit to myself that I must modify seriously my plans. I must secure assistance of a sort that till then I had of purpose foregone.

I had planned to help my people; more than that, in a small way I had planned to help the church by showing that a large parish could accomplish something in educating the younger clergy: supplementing the worse than inadequate preparation the seminaries provided; and my plans had not been quite a failure. Now I could no longer hide from myself the fact that I myself needed help in carrying a load that had grown beyond my strength.

And this meant a change in my relation to St. George's; meant taking a step that I found very hard to take. I went to my faithful friend and senior warden, and opened to him my heart. "I want," said I, "a senior assistant. One not under me but beside me. One who can gradually step into my place. I find I cannot much longer 'carry on' alone."

Mr. Morgan's response to this was like himself. He assured me of his full support, and more than that (and I want to emphasize this), he gave me no hint even of wishing to have one word to say in the momentous matter of the choice of a senior assistant. As my senior warden he would have been well within his rights had he suggested to me that such a man as I proposed to look for would naturally fill the place of assistant rector, and in his choice the vestry had properly as much if not more to say than I had; I went to him, recognizing this right. I was willing to act on any suggestion as to conference he might make. But in his own great generous-hearted spirit of confidence, which he always showed me, he made no suggestion

in that direction at all. He was deeply moved by what I had told about my feeling of incapacity. "Rector," he said, "you know what you want. You know what St. George's wants. Think it over. Look round, find your man, and I will guarantee if necessary a liberal salary." No wonder I had succeeded in some difficult things when I had that sort of backing!

A week later, after breakfast at 219 Madison Avenue, I said: "I have thought it over. I think I have found the man, and I have reason to believe that he will favourably consider a call, but I am afraid you will be scared by my suggestion. If you do not approve of my choice, tell me so. You have a perfect right to disapprove, and I will not try to over-persuade you. I think Charles H. Brent, of the Society of St. John the Evangelist (otherwise known as the Cowley Fathers), of Boston, is the best man for the place. He is, of course, a High Churchman, but he is not as high as he was when he sought 'the order.' He is a man of God. He is in sympathy with the present time. His eyes are in the front of his head, and not in the back. He can preach. He loves men and understands them, and he is a democrat."

Sure enough, as I named Brent my warden sat up. But I went on quietly with my brief statement of his fitness for our work. After a short silence, he said: "Yes, he is a good man, and a strong man. Would he consider it?"

I said I had reason to think he would.

"Then," said my dear friend, "go ahead, Rector. I will back you. I'll be responsible for his salary." (And without one word from me named an ample sum.)

In the next few days the missionary bishopric of the Philippines was offered Mr. Brent, which of course he regarded as a first call.

If I failed as I did to find the help I needed, I had the satisfaction of knowing that, as the Bishop of the Philippines made his mark in the land, my dear warden did not think any the less of the wisdom of my choice in suggesting his name as that of one eminently fitted to step into my place as rector, and carry forward the work in the old church, the success of which always lay so near his heart.

I must now tell of one very unexpected and delightful thing, a visit from my father. He had been invited to attend the

Northfield Conference, where his friend Mr. Moody still gathered the evangelical revivalists together. Father accepted, for he and Moody were close friends, and had worked together for years on the other side. Father was by then an old man. He rarely left London. A visit to the north of Scotland was as far as he got from home. Of the social and religious conditions on this side he knew nothing at all, and I do not think he had a very high opinion in general of things un-English.

Of my heresies, my wide strayings from the old ways in which he still resolutely trod, he had heard from many quarters. I planned to give Father the time of his life, and a reception he would not forget. I took Mr. Morgan into my confidence, and he was immensely pleased with the idea. "You make him preach in the morning, and I'll send the *Corsair* down the bay, and we'll take him off at Quarantine." (I am afraid there was something of a pull necessary here.)

Everything worked splendidly. In fine weather the liner came up the bay, and the Commodore's yacht came alongside. And, for the first time in his simple, unassuming life, Father had done him, in a foreign harbour, far from home, distinguished honour.

No real preacher, as was my father, could fail to be moved by the splendid congregation and inspiring service at St. George's on Sunday morning. I had the hymns I knew he loved sung by such a choir and such a congregation as he had never seen assembled before in an Episcopal church, and when it was over, and my people crowded round him to welcome him after his sermon, Father was quite overcome.

After that visit he believed and rejoiced in the work we had done; and my people would, when they visited London, go on Sundays to the old shabby chapel, St. John's, Halkin Street, and give him greetings from St. George's. Of such visits he used to write me with evident delight.

The chapel he preached in for almost forty years has been pulled down long ago. It was unsightly enough, but in its day it, and many more like it in England and Ireland and Wales, did a lasting and a good work. From those chapels went forth the only protest then made against that deadening materialism that threatened the life of English Christianity. And more,

what was best in that old Evangelical message lives and works still.

The best leaders, the most trusted, in the Labour movement, the men of courage and character and vision, who to-day in the old land are her best bulwark against revolution: men of the stamp of Robert Smillie and Henderson and Thomas—these men are what they are because they went to Sunday School in those old dingy chapels, and have not forgotten the lessons of Christian democracy they learned in them.

One of the fascinations of the clerical life is the opportunity it gives for insight into the strange and often surprisingly beautiful inner chambers of our human nature. As I turn back the leaves of old notebooks, I find story after story that is worth the telling. By way of illustration, I will here copy the record of parish happenings I find recorded in a *single week, in December*, 1898. I have been asked where I got my sermons from. Here is my answer, in part, at least.

A lady of my congregation, whose charge was a class of boys in the Sunday School, was paying an evening visit to the home of one of them, in a tenement house. When she called, the lad was out. While waiting for him, his sister, whom she did not know, came in. At first glance the girl's appearance did not seem very promising. She was rather showily dressed in a fur collar and blue-satin waist. The visitor noticed that though it was past six o'clock, the girl made no move to take off her out-of-doors dress. Conversation began. Where did she work?—She was a saleslady in a high-class store.—Was she not through with her work for the day?—yes, she was, but she had to go out again.

Here her mother chimed in. "She ought to be done with her work." The visitor did not understand, and the girl said nothing, so her mother went on with the story. Her daughter had a girl friend who lived in Harlem, and who worked in a downtown store that was open till ten. Her daughter did not want her friend to take the long trip home after ten at night, and so she had made an arrangement to take, herself, her place, from seven to ten during the rush season.

I got on with boys. I always pushed aside other arrangements, when I could, to talk to a school or visit a college, male or female.

J. P. Morgan, Jr., came camping with me for three consecutive years, when first I took St. George's, and when he went to Harvard, he asked me to visit him and meet his friends. In much the same way I came to know several universities from the inside, not merely as a visiting preacher. Indeed, I told hunting stories as well as preached when I could. So boys came to see me a good deal in their own shy way. Sometimes they came to me when they were in trouble.

I knew the son of very rich and fashionable parents. When he went to college he fell into bad, fast company. At the outset, he had a revulsion, as many lads have, and went straight to his father and told him all. His father said, "Oh, I expected that, Jack. I always went with women when I was young. All men do. Only keep away from actresses, for one of them may try to marry you." This in the afternoon. The boy had to go back to college that night, but before doing so, he went to his mother. He did not feel at ease. He wanted a heart-to-heart talk with his mother, since his father's acceptance of the situation did not satisfy him, and the boy waited till strangers had gone, and he could see his mother alone. When he saw her, she was too drunk to talk sensibly to him. So far as I know, that lad never amounted to much. He surely was in hard luck. He was full of remorse and good resolution at the time.

This next story seems scarcely believable, but the father told it to me himself. Mr. A., a noted New York lawyer, sent his boy to a good boarding school that I knew well. I should say that Mr. A. was not a member of my congregation, but I had frequently met him socially, and he came to me to ask my advice. The boy at first took no interest in his lessons, nor did school sports appeal to him. During the second term a change set in, and the lad began to come to life. At the end of his second year, the school had such a hold of him that during the summer holidays he counted the days till he could go back. After one more term, Mr. A. took his boy away from that school, his reason being—I quote his own words: "He enjoys the school too much, and enjoyment in a lad is destructive of any true progress." That poor, outraged lad never took any interest again in anything, and he died three years afterward. It may sound unbelievable, but Mr. A. was a man of weight

and of character, and the head of a large and prosperous legal firm.

We did not look on the New York Speedway, or on the drivers of fast trotters, racing home on Sunday afternoons, as specially likely to provide us with evidence of Christian living. Yet on that speedway, in this same week in December, there was a thing done by a sporting man named McDonald that would have made a text for a sermon, and I took it. McDonald deliberately threw his runaway horse to save his dashing into four people jogging homeward in a buggy. He killed his horse, and was instantly killed himself—died that others, unknown to him, might live—followed a greater example, perhaps, than he knew.

One swallow does not make a summer, or one act a Christian; but there is some of God in every man, and a great deal of God in many men who are ignorant of the fact.

A parish happening, and an amusing one, I will tell of here. It takes me back to earlier years, but is worth entry. Mrs. —— was one of the first rich people who joined St. George's. Her husband did not come to church; she came regularly—she and two sons, the eldest a rascal; the younger, her darling, a wild but not an altogether bad boy. Her husband's confidence in his son's character was shown in his will. He named his wife as his sole legatee, leaving the disposition of his comfortable estate entirely to her. He suddenly died; and when, but a few weeks after his death, Mrs. ——'s younger son also died suddenly, the poor old lady suffered utter collapse. Temporarily she was totally incapable of attending to the business thrust on her, or indeed of attending to anything.

I visited her almost daily for a week, and did what I could to calm and steady her poor shaken mind. Calling early one morning, I was met at the door by the old manservant, who had served the family for many years and who knew me well. He was white and trembling. I noticed a large covered carriage that stood at the door. As he opened the door for me, he said, in a whisper: "Doctor, they are taking Mrs. —— to an asylum. She cannot stand it." As I passed from the door, I was met in the hall by the doctor, at that time a very famous alienist, whom I knew slightly. He said: "I am sorry to say, Doctor Rainsford, that I find I must take Mrs. —— to my sanitarium.

She is quite incapable at present of looking after herself." As the doctor said this, I noticed that Mrs. ——'s eldest son was in the drawing room standing behind him.

I looked the doctor full in the eye and said: "Dr. ——, Mrs. —— is naturally utterly broken down by this sudden calamity, but if you take her away from her home, away from her old servants and the surroundings she is accustomed to, you will increasingly unsettle and depress her. She is no subject for your private sanitarium. She will do better where she is."

Said the doctor: "That, sir, is a question for me to settle, not for you." I did not answer him at once, but turning to the old butler said out loud: "Don't wait to put on your hat, but go just as fast as you can to 242 East 15th Street, and ask Mrs. Jay to come to Mrs. —— at once. Say that Doctor Rainsford sent you, and that he is waiting for her at this house."

The old man dived down the steps and was gone. I then turned to face an angry alienist.

"Do you know what you are doing, sir? Do you know the responsibility you are taking?"

"I do, sir, know just what I am doing, and the responsibility I am taking, and I say that you shall not take Mrs. —— out of her home this morning to your private asylum. And you will find that Mrs. Jay, who, as you know, has considerable social influence in New York, and who has been since girlhood a close friend of Mrs.—— here, will back up what I have said. No, you cannot take this poor old distracted lady from her home."

He looked at me for a minute, and then he and Mrs. ——'s son went down the stoop and into the carriage and drove away. Presently Mrs. Jay came, and she camped in that house by the side of Mrs. —— for some days. In the kindly company of a very strong personality, the poor lady soon recovered from the results of shock.

Now for the sequel! About a year afterward I had a letter from Mrs.——. It ran, "Dear Dr. Rainsford—I find that your preaching is becoming so unsettling that I have decided to join another church." Of course the poor old soul never had even an inkling of what I had saved her from. None knew that but Mrs. Jay.

The case of Mrs.——was not the only unpleasant experience I had with alienist doctors. Some, like Dr. Allan Starr, were

a tower of strength in time of need. Some were most unreliable. Perhaps the alienist has not yet quite found his place, his balance in the medical profession. Some of them are too much inclined to act as though, in their treatment of their patients, they were a law unto themselves, and not bound to guard strictly their patients' confidence.[1] The peculiar mental disturbance of a patient who needs an alienist doctor may seem to serve as an excuse for such laxity, but I have known cruel and widespread harm to be done by some who allowed themselves to transgress the ancient and necessary obedience to the universal medical rule of honour.

Mr. Justice Holmes says: "To act with enthusiasm and faith is the condition of acting greatly." I cannot say I acted greatly. I can say I certainly found that in contact with life it was natural to feel an enthusiasm for its service. I took pains to meet and to know people; not only the attractive kind of people, but all sorts of them. My study door stood open to all. I even had a visit from Mr. Hearst, who asked me to write a signed article for the *American* a few days after Mr. Roosevelt's scathing attack on him, when President McKinley was shot. And by the way, though I refused of course to write, he printed an article of mine, the next day, on the first page of the paper, my name at the foot of it in heavy type. Something I had written somewhere was laid hold on for his purpose. I went to my lawyer, Judge Howland, and asked what I could do. He said: "Nothing."

So, as I say, my study door stood open to all. It was a proceeding wasteful of time, but I found it paid. To-day I notice it is often hard for the laity to reach the clergy. A new clerical adjunct, "the Secretary," comes between. One of our reasons for loss of power, I am persuaded, lies here. The clergy are not accessible enough. I have known a man to call twenty-two times on a city rector. Real business he had, and a claim to be heard, and he never succeeded in seeing that rector. It is all wrong! One of the chief sources of power of the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church is the accessibility of its clergy. The poorest parishioner can usually gain access to his parish priest at any hour of the day or night.

Sometimes I was asked, "How do you gain the ear of people?

[1] From the breaking of such a rule I have myself suffered.

How do you get texts?" I have here turned but a few leaves of my life's daily notebook. Here, surely, are subjects enough for a month of Sundays. "Give, and it shall be given to you, by man." Any good teaching or preaching I did, I got chiefly from the faces that looked into mine.

I formed a habit as a boy that I found helpful. I carried a paper and pencil always, and when faces or scenes, phrases, fragments, pointed ways of stating things, anything, anywhere, appealed to me, I noted down there and then my impressions. Sometimes I carefully polished up these fragments in my study, I found I could use them as nails to hang a picture on, or as arrows that, though they seemed shot at a venture as I talked, had polished points to them that went home. When I used them in the pulpit, they may have seemed happy extempore productions, appealing to the listener as quite spontaneous, the flashings of the moment. They were seldom anything of the sort. In this story of mine many of these are set. They represent the poor best I have to give. They are in a way to me precious stones, not of the first water, I know; but again I know they are not "paste."

Still be patient, dear reader, while I say one or two more things about the best ways I know of preaching and helping. You must tear up red tape. You must keep on tearing up red tape if you are to accomplish anything, and this applies to every man's work. The teacher who is positively hurtful to his public is the well-meaning, self-satisfied acceptor of the status quo. He bows before a god of custom, not a God of Truth. Reform's chief enemy is self-complacent persistence in unenlightened custom. To get things done, you must not only at times disregard it, but deliberately flout it. Weak brethren abound. They are sure to be worshippers of red tape. Do not, I beg, pay too much attention to them. Fear of offending the weak brother is responsible for a good deal of weak preaching, of compromising with Truth.

The light that shines through fog and night sends its warning, saving gleam to the uncertain sailor. It fulfils its purpose in guiding him. But the light that saves a ship and crew plays havoc with the gulls. We must be sorry for the gull's broken wing, but surely we cannot on their account close up the lighthouse.

And now one more story and the last. In telling it I keep a promise, made by me to one of the nearest and dearest friends I ever had, one whose loving trust never failed me from the first day I knew him till the night when I bade him good-bye. It was then he told me this story of his boyhood, and charged me: "When I am gone, tell what I now tell you to the people of St. George's."

My people were poor, and the first job I had was at $1.50 a week, in a banking house, where my work was to close and open doors, clean the place, and do as I was told. The head of the firm took a fancy to me, trusted me, and advanced me. And before I was twenty, I had the key of the cash drawer and safe. I cannot even now account for what I did, but I got into the way of taking small sums of money from the till. I had no vices. I did not drink, did not go with women, did not even smoke. But I did love to give boys, not so well fixed as I was, a good time, and this was how the money I took was usually spent. The habit grew on me. I took larger sums, and after this had gone on for almost a year, I aroused myself one day, and to my horror found I had stolen more than $1,200, and that soon I must be found out.

That night I could not sleep. The disgrace, the ingratitude, the cruelty to my parents, came home to me, and I almost went to the river. Next morning, when my friend and employer came to business, I went into his private room. I made no excuses. I told the truth: said I was a thief; said how much I had taken, and what I had spent the money on. My employer looked at me, said nothing, and for a moment put his head in his hands. Then, still saying nothing, he took out his cheque book, wrote a cheque for the sum I named, and said, "Soon as the banks open, go to——, and cash this cheque, and put the money in the till."

Then he rose, put out his hand and took mine, and looking at me, said, "J——, trust your fellow-men."

How any American can be skeptical of the innate goodness and firm, self-sacrificing courage of the people of our land as a whole, after the spectacle that the last great years have given to all observing men, I cannot fancy! If men, common men, all sorts of men, are not worth working for and working with—are not worth trusting—then the universe, so far as we know anything about it, is an abortion. If God is not resident in the hearts of men here and now, He certainly is not hidden away from us as somewhere beyond the stars. If, in the order of the world we live in, He is not observable, He is not a God we can believe in, love, or obey.

That He was in men's hearts, that He was observable and

lovable, that He was revealed in things as they are, Jesus taught if He taught anything. As we look steadily at life, in spite of the sometimes black and pitiless appearance of things, we see that Jesus' faith in a God resident in man his child is justified. Man has grown in grace. Love for his fellows, and a deepening and widening appreciation of possibilities of good in all men do influence our lives, are visible in our laws, as never before.

Let us fix our minds and wills on this great fact; grasping it, living in its light, we, too, find ourselves touching the garment hem of our Master, and realizing anew the healing virtue of a faith in Him who says: "One is your father, even God, and all ye are brethren."

That banker, when he forgave the young thief, and took him back to his confidence, "saved a soul from death, and covered a multitude of sins." He did more: he saved for the city a great citizen. Why did he do it? Because he believed in, and tried to obey, Jesus. Perhaps you say: "I cannot believe in Jesus; something, I know not what, has prevented his appealing to me." Many are in that case to-day. Our orthodoxies have misstated and disguised the great Lord Jesus Christ. But if you cannot take Jesus as your Master, there are two things you can do.

First: believe in the Truth. Try to find it, and when and so far as you have found it, obey it.

And second: believe in your fellow-men, and try to serve them.

Make obedience to these two rules the main purpose of your life, and though you see not Jesus, you are of His high company. You may deny Him. He will not deny you. Of Him, long ago, it was said, "He knew what was in man." He still towers above all the great and all the good that, in all times and in all religions, have called on their fellows to go onward and upward. "He is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

At certain times in my life I have achieved a sense of consecration which brought with it indifference to praise or blame, to personal fortune, or to the winning or losing of the most cherished desires I knew. On that high level I have lived for a time, and peace always, and power sometimes, were mine. Again, I have slipped slowly down, or fallen suddenly down,

from that serene mountain land of life, and found myself chin deep in the valley bogs, struggling to keep my lips above the muck.

Some seem to think that once a man has climbed to the high mountain slopes, he can never descend, but must ever breathe that higher air; that slipping and falling are impossible to those who have so striven, and won. And some others think that no poor trudging soul who wearily shuffles along the valley road to-day could ever really have stood among the high, sun-bathed lands so far above him, or could ever win to their heights again.

I think if we were more frank when we spoke of our religious experiences, we would agree that life in religion, as in every other department of it, has been for all, or almost all, a very up-and-down business—dark days, and much stumbling, and now and then a gleam of the light that never was on sea or land. A smooth path, a steady, uninterrupted stride forward, an unchanging purpose, high and pure! Some few may have attained to it. To judge by modern biographies, one would suppose it was an affair of everyday occurrence. But in our hearts we know it is not so, and from the expurgated and emasculated reports of such lives, we turn away, uncheered and unhelped. Life is life, a broken and imperfect affair at best. If, at the end of it, we are not altogether ashamed to show the Master our hands, then have we lived not quite unworthily.

The hardest part of life, as I have experienced it, is not the failures of other people, but my own failures. The failure steadily and always to thread those high levels which, at times, I clearly have seen. My own sinnings have been the most disheartening experiences I have known. May God, in His mercy, forgive me!

One stone the more swings to its place
  In that dread temple of thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
  I saw naught common on Thy earth.—

Take not that vision from my ken
  Oh what so 'ere may spoil or speed—
Help me to need no aid of men
  That I may help such men as need.

THE END

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